THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 200, Number 9

Aug. 27, '27
5 cents

Summer

Harold MacGrath—Harris Dickson—David Lawrence—Frank Condon
Carl Laemmle—Dorothy Black—Thomas Beer—Grace Sartwell Mason

Another Pen Manufacturer Said:

"I can equal any point but the Parker—

"It is Unnecessarily Good!"

*"That's one of the reasons," replies Parker, "that the present-day Duofold Pens stay in perfect order. Not one can fail, or we'll make it good free."**

The average man might never know the difference if we gave him only an average pen point.

But we make the Parker Duofold to win the pen cranks, too.

Once give them a taste of this ultra-smooth writer and they'd rather let go of-seven dollars than the pen.

For the present-day Duofold embodies perfections unknown to the world until recently. And we give them at no extra cost.

Thirty-one operations on the point alone, when half that number is all some pens receive.

Relieves Pressure

This hand-ground point relieves writing pressure because of a special ink channel ground between the prongs. Try it and see how it writes of its own weight only. And how it starts instantly.

It's a point you can lend without fear or apology. For no style of writing can distort it. Yet it's tempered to yield to all hands.

For the barrel, we give you our lightweight Permanite, instead of rubber as formerly. It will not break though you drop it a hundred times. It has Over-size Ink Capacity. And its colorful beauty rivals lustrous jewels.

In Parker Duofold all the troubles of ordinary pens are ended—even leakage. Keep the cap tight and not even air can escape.

The best way to see the difference is to try other pens beside it. All good pen counters welcome this. See if the pen you prefer isn't stamped "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." That identifies the genuine—so don't be guided by color alone.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match. $3, $3.50 and $4

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3 Sizes—5 Color Combinations:

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All lined up for School and Work

Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U.S. Pat. Office

*To prove that Parker Duofold Pens will stay in perfect order, Parker agrees to make good free, if one should fail even through accidental breakage, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to Parker with 10c for return postage and insurance.

The really comfortable suit of clothes

—*how it gets that way and how you can pick it out*

Most men associate the idea of absolute comfort in clothes with a pair of overalls and a flannel shirt ... It's true you can't beat that combination for comfort, but you can equal it with a correctly cut suit!

When you go to pick out a suit, naturally you are all set to take on something that will *look* 100 per cent—you may take a side-glance at price, but you're after looks primarily. Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to

himself hath said, "Adolphe Menjou and I look pretty good in checks"?*

Every man's concerned with looks nowadays; appearance is one of the big things that put him across. And there's nothing that will help him so much as the ease—the confidence—that comes of an absolutely comfortable suit of clothes.

It's easy enough to cut a suit that looks perfectly comfortable on a dummy. But with human beings, full of artful variations of bones, muscles, ligaments, etc. etc. (see Gray's Anatomy), it's another question altogether. A suit that's *correctly cut* is sure to be comfortable—but how can a fellow pick it out?

A COMFORTABLE SUIT

It's easy to cut a suit that looks comfortable on a dummy. But it takes an expert designer to make one that's comfortable on a human being. Such a suit will always look well—for comfort and good looks go together. This 3-button style by Society Brand has all the looks and comfort a man can wish for: a result of the right cut.

First of all, when you buy a suit of clothes, take a careful look at the shoulders and collar. Try on the coat. If the shoulders are too full, or otherwise incorrectly cut, they will not keep the collar in place. Watch that point especially. The fact is, if you find a suit that *looks* well and *feels* well about the shoulders and collar, the rest is practically sure to be right. Those parts are the crucial ones for the designer.

Here at Society Brand we have just perfected a new kind of shoulder called the Snug-Ease Shoulder, which *absolutely prevents the collar from pulling away at the neck.* That's something men have sworn about and searched for in vain for years. But we've got it—in the clothes for Fall. When you see them you'll want to carry them right out of the store.

And you'll know then why Society Brand has gained its remarkable reputation for correctly cut clothes. They're comfortable and good looking *all through.* There just aren't any clothes to compare with them! (Look for the Society Brand label in the pocket.)

Alfred Decker & Cohn, Chicago; Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.

*Checks, by the way, are not exactly the thing this Spring. You'll do much better to choose our exclusive Haddons. Remarkable, silky fabrics that keep their shape splendidly and wear the same way. Colors: pigeon gray, mauve, tan, brown; plaid shades and stripes.

Society Brand Clothes

[IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS]

PHOTO BY ELLIS

A short story with a long moral

HERE was Polly in Joyce's gay guest room, taking a mysterious box out of her traveling case. She began to remove its contents—three skin lotions, two kinds of beauty soap, a morning cream, a night cream, a cleansing cream, a vanishing cream—

"Is that *all?*" laughed Joyce in amazement.

"Don't laugh, darling—this beauty outfit cost me fifty dollars and I spend an hour and a half a day with it. But I'm going to have your kind of complexion or die in the attempt."

"But Polly! *I just use Guest Ivory and cold cream!*"

We don't know exactly what Polly did with her traveling beauty parlor—but we know what she did with her complexion, which is more important.

Ever since, she has been following Joyce's simple method:

Twice each day (oftener if necessary) she washes her face with a soft cloth, Guest Ivory and warm water, to cleanse and refresh her skin. Polly is now convinced that this perfect safe cleansing gives her skin all the care it needs. Her complexion is clear and smooth. And she loves the dainty little white cakes of pure Guest Ivory, with their carefully rounded edges and charming blue wrappers, for which she pays the extravagant price of five cents each.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

5¢

For the face and hands ✦ *As fine as soap can be*

99 44/100% *Pure* ✦ *It Floats*

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 200 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 27, 1927 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 9

THE CHANGING ROAD

They Had Given Her Chloroform; the Odor Was Still Faintly Perceptible

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

AT ONE o'clock that afternoon Davidson made up his mind definitely. He would proceed to Montreux. Six months had passed since he had set eyes on his sister and father, and suddenly he found himself wanting them poignantly. Each time his interest in life sagged to nadir, contact with Molly and his father jacked it up to normal. Best sports in the world. They thoroughly understood him. They never pressed him to stay; when the inexplicable demon of restlessness commanded him to go somewhere Molly kissed him and his father shook his hand. Both eyed him somewhat wistfully, but there was never any pleading.

Perhaps, after all, the demon of restlessness wasn't inexplicable. It was really the scar which drove him on and on. He hated houses, for there was always some mirror about to mock him diabolically. It did not matter that the scar was a warrior's honor—a bayonet thrust which had laid open his right cheek, a cut which had not been given thoughtful attention at the base hospital for the reason that there had been too many chaps hanging 'twixt life and death for the distracted surgeons to worry over a split cheek.

Once in a while Molly would let go and tell him how foolish he was. But there was always the inescapable fact that he could not range his affliction alongside that of someone more direly mauled and gather any abiding comfort from the comparison. Ronald Davidson—though he might be an imaginative ass—was still himself and nobody else. He forgot the scar only when he was prowling in strange ports, queer little villages, rolling up and down the mountains. But let him come upon a bevy of pretty women, and his impulse was invariably to take to his heels. It would seem that the scar had brought into light an unsuspected yellow streak.

No doubt he exaggerated it through the magnifying glass of his lively imagination. It was even possible that people gave it only a cursory glance. On every street were scarred or maimed men. Nevertheless, he could not get away from the notion that the scar produced mild horror in those who gazed at it. He was presentable enough, left profile; but full on and right! Very well, he would drop in on Molly and have her tonic him with her inexhaustible good humor. He had always liked women—the pearl shadows under their chins, their bright eyes, their vaguely perfumed silken hair, their

many-noted voices, the variety of their gowns. He had liked to be with them, play their games. He knew that women had liked him, too, because he had played the game fifty-fifty. Then suddenly to find himself shut out of it!

He had entered the French Army in 1914. The French, upon discovering that he spoke French and German and Italian fluently, that his English was typically American in accent—to the staff's mind, a valuable asset—at once shifted him from the line to the Intelligence. He had been furious but helpless. Yet scarcely a month after the transfer he had found himself in the middle of a game vastly more exciting than active warfare. Secret service. Given orders, he became his own general, and he had nearly always known what he would be up against. In the line you were ordered here and there, and knew neither why nor what for. Paris, Madrid, Rome—he had come through some spine-curling adventures.

When the Yankees came in, Davidson demanded to be transferred, and in his first engagement in the Argonne—the scar.

The game—the secret observer—had spoiled him. Between the old life and the new there yawned an immeasurable abyss. The spirit of the investigator was still within him, but he could exercise it only passively. A singular murder, a great robbery, always set his mind to working out solutions. Once in a while he solved a riddle before the police did. A crime committed, he followed it—through the newspapers—to its conclusion. It saved him from boredom. There were always newspaper clippings in his pockets.

He was inactively concerned because he had plenty of money and leisure—perhaps a little too much of each. By the mother's will both he and Molly were made independent of the father, who was himself a rich banker, operating the Paris branch of a substantial New York bank.

The scar had wrought a palpable change in the young man who had erstwhile been eagerly sought for his gayety and his handsome presence. From a man of high aggressive moral and physical courage who had gone about the world with his chin up, his glance straight, his laughter ready, he had become shy and diffident, even among men. All at once he dropped out of the social life of Paris, the Riviera and Biarritz, and sought the far-off places.

He neglected the apartment in Paris and the villa at Montreux as much as he dared; for Molly was always entertaining pretty unmarried women, and for a purpose which he understood well enough. Oh, yes, he could be found a wife, no doubt. It terrified him to know how very much he wanted to fall in love with some woman. But always to be in doubt whether it was Ronald Davidson she married or his bank account? No, thanks.

He had a military medal—French—but he never wore even the ribbon. It would have drawn attention to him, which was the last thing he desired—attention.

Brother to Ishmael. The curse of restlessness was his. Nothing happened any more. A man who had played for the highest stakes—a life for a life—could never again find a thrill in penny ante. Some mocking demon played chess with him, now moving him to Madrid, now shifting him to Shanghai, hither and yon, searching for something he could not find. What he needed was some violent tonic, some upheaving antidote, to sweep out this poisonous boredom.

"Do You See Something Shiny—Like the Back of a Car?"

He remembered crossing the Simplon by diligence when he was a boy. It had taken two days in midsummer, those times; now it took something under five hours if you had no engine trouble. He recalled rolling into the courtyard of the Hôtel de la Poste in Brigue. Dusk, and he had imagined the balcony and the pot room alive with swashbuckling swordsmen. He had just been introduced to Dumas. Nor would he forget that afternoon when the diligence made the far side of the mountain saddle. Suddenly came a turn, and more than a mile below lay the green valley of the Rhone and across the way the awe-inspiring Jungfrau range, snow tipped eternally. Never since had he come upon a picture equal to that one. Nineteen years ago. He had no other memory of the famous pass except that it had been an ordinary dirt road all the way to Brigue. Now it would be as beautifully smooth as a Parisian boulevard, with parapets for the dangerous and giddy turns and little taverns with filling stations.

The sky over Domodossola—a forlorn little Italian frontier town—was thick and heavy, as it generally is beginning with October. From time to time a drizzle let down with the breath of glaciers in it. There would be no tavern open on the pass, but there would be vacuum bottles.

"What a world!" Davidson thought. Day by day someone invented a mechanism which vitiated human physical energies. He expected the day to come when an enormous brain would wabble on a pair of feeble shoulders. For instance, there was Ronald Davidson, once a human dynamo, now more or less content with the springy cushions of a touring limousine. True, he wasn't exactly soft yet—the resilience of thirty-four was still his—but soon continued ease would get him. He managed to keep fit, but only that. Too much money; too easy to find easy things to do. The scar ——

He was always damning the scar. It was not only a disfigurement; it was a nuisance. He was always nicking it, even when he used a safety razor. He never entered a barber shop to have his hair trimmed that the barber didn't suggest some lotion to take the redness out of the scar. He was always ashamed of himself, though, when he saw the war blind.

He gazed at the sky and rubbed the scar savagely. That sky did not promise well. No matter. The point was he must get under way at once. He wanted Molly and the old boy, if only for a day and a night. A touch of home and a bucking up—before he started for Nairobi or the fiords of Norway or Timbuktu. He rarely had an objective.

He found Mason, his chauffeur, in the hotel bar, reading a weather-beaten London Times. "Charlie, get the bus around and have the vacuum bottle filled with hot coffee."

"Yes, sir. Where to?"

"Brigue." Mason shot a glance at the sky. "I know," said Davidson; "it doesn't look prosperous. It's a case of must, old man. Besides, I want a thrill. I'm rusty."

"All right, boss. I'll have some sandwiches put up."

There was between them, master and man, a bond which was not publicly known. Mason had driven the ambulance which had carried Davidson from the casualty clearing station the day of the bayonet thrust—driven over a road under bombardment with high explosives.

From then on Davidson had kept track of him, and in 1920 had engaged him permanently.

Mason spoke enough French to get along with comfortably. Eight years in Europe, however, had in no wise changed his vocabulary or his Yankeeisms. He said uh-huh and ye-ah and nope and boss when alone with his employer. But let him drive up to or away from a hotel entrance and his manner became that of a trig military aide. Upon all formal occasions he addressed Davidson as captain.

Mason had once been daring and reckless; now he was still fearless, but cautious. It is a queer turnabout that the most reckless men in wartime are now the most cautious and thoughtful. There was only one flaw in Mason's nervous system—altitudes generally hypnotized him; he was never sure of his eyes or his hands above five thousand feet.

Frankly—though he said nothing to Davidson—he did not like starting over the Simplon Pass this late hour in the day. Fair enough if they had started after breakfast; but winding down to Brigue in the dark, the road greasy and the turns unknown to him!

On a clear dry day Brigue could be made in four hours. But this time of the year and this time of the day—not so good. Whatever kind of weather fell on them would be 100 per cent of its particular brand—everything in the bag, including the bucket.

"All right, boss. Brigue it is."

He started for the garage, but paused on the way to take notice of a closed car which zoomed by at fifty miles to the hour. He watched it; and when at length he saw the car vanish toward the left, he shrugged. Someone else was headed for Brigue. Curtains drawn, too, which struck him as odd. Oh, well, if an Italian or a Frenchman could make the pass, so could Charlie Mason.

The boss wanted some excitement, eh? Mason chuckled. Four years of war and he wasn't satisfied yet! The boss had a funny streak in him. To make a good average he ought to play croquet all the rest of his days.

Mason began to grumble—silently of course. These mountain passes, on a long wheel base! Only a month gone they had made the Stelvio Pass, the highest automobile pass in the world, and only twice in the ascent had he been able to make a turn first off. Whenever he backed to make the second try, the rear tires had peeked down a fall of thousands of feet. He had finished that job shaking with transient palsy.

He did not know the Simplon Pass. Of course there was no losing it, once you were on it; but to keep on it! Last year they had gone from Grenoble to Grasse—enough mountain passes to last a man nine lives. The French Alps, where seldom there was a parapet at the turns and where every turn was an invitation to death! The Simplon wasn't topographically dangerous; it would be as safe on a dry day as the Champs-Élysées. But a greasy road in the dark—and it would be dark by four—and all the filling stations closed! All right. The boss was the best scout alive. He knew what the matter was. The boss was homesick. Though there wasn't any reason—and Mason argued with justice—why the boss couldn't take the train and let the car follow tomorrow.

Having inspected everything but the engine Mason climbed into the seat and threw on the power—and became immediately infuriated. Missed! Of course it had to happen at a time like this. Swearing, he got out of the car.

Meanwhile Davidson waited with some impatience. He knew, of course, that Mason wasn't soldiering; but every minute counted. To pass the time he lit his pipe and reread for the tenth time a newspaper clipping which related to the very recent theft of the Boronov emeralds. All the Viennese police could say was that the theft had been committed. By whom and by how many it was unknown. The emeralds were worth a quarter of a million in American money and had but lately come into the possession of the Baroness Sauer, of Vienna. The servants of the baroness had presented unbroken alibis. The newspapers commented upon the folly of such a theft. Not a reputable gem dealer in the world would touch the stones, even if he failed to recognize them. The ingenuity of the crooked mind! Davidson determined to keep track of this case. Nevertheless, it was high adventure. The rogues who had committed this crime were artists. They had not taken the gems during a ball or a reception; they had chosen an ordinary night to work in, when the baroness would not have the least cause to worry about the emeralds in her wall safe.

The Boronov emeralds consisted of a string of twenty stones, evenly matched. There was nothing like them in the world; and outside the professional gem merchants few knew of the existence of this necklace, since it had never been owned by royalty and therefore was without the usual publicity which is given crown jewels. But now, through the newspaper publicity, the whole continent would be talking about the emeralds.

The princely house of Boronov had been obliterated by the Red Terror. How the baroness had come into possession of the gems it might be indelicate to inquire. The clipping offered no sympathy to the Baroness Sauer, who was the wife of a war profiteer, and added that the new-rich had neither appreciation nor sense of value for rare and beautiful objects of art, since they were always permitting them to be stolen.

A roar distracted Davidson. He looked up to see a high-powered car approaching at express speed. It roared by. His eye followed it curiously till it took the turn to the left, which was the route to the pass. He wasn't so crazy as probably Mason thought he was. Others were making the pass. He returned to the clipping. Life! To seize it by the throat and to rattle the bones; to laugh at conventions, laws, rules; to be captain of one's soul! What I want I take!

He put away the clipping and paced the sidewalk in front of the hotel. It was two o'clock when Mason came around with the car.

"Engine trouble," he explained. "Good thing I found it out before we got under way. Coos like a dove now."

The luggage was stowed away, the luncheon and the vacuum bottle.

"You haven't forgotten anything?" asked Davidson.

"No, sir; not this trip. I've even said my prayers. Only a landslide can stop us."

"We shan't be lonesome," said Davidson. "Another car just scooted for the pass."

"That'll make two. Saw a big one before I went around to the garage. But one thing struck me as queer—the window shades were down."

"Well, let's hop to it. Barring accidents, we should be in Brigue by dinner."

Barring accidents—battle, murder and sudden death.

II

DAVIDSON sat in the rear of the car. The forward window was let down so that from time to time he could converse with Mason. He never rode at Mason's side when there was any mountain climbing. Mason was a bit temperamental; he did not like talk on one side and mile abysses on the other. It ran well today. Davidson did not want to talk; he wanted to think. He had chosen this time of the year to visit the villa because it stood ten to one that Molly wouldn't have any company. The season at Montreux was about over. He wanted to feel that he could loaf in peace for a week or ten days. By dropping in on Molly unexpectedly he would have her in a corner. She wouldn't be able to ring in any petticoat! Good old girl! That was the trouble; always in the back of her head that it was her bounden duty to marry off her brother. True, she never said anything; but a man with half an eye and one ear would have tumbled to her game. But there was a depressing side to this issue. Molly was lovely. She was refusing some fine chaps. Indeed, she might be in love with some one of them. But so long as this rambling, no-account, asinine brother of hers refused the lasso she purposed to stick around.

Oh, well, better take a snooze and forget his troubles. So he wrapped the rug about his knees and lay back in the padded corner. He was just dozing off when the car stopped. He opened his eyes. The Italian customs were at hand. Mason had to show his automobile papers and passport. Davidson laid his passport on the seat, but it was not called for. Fifteen minutes were wasted.

All about were enormous granite bowlders, some as big as houses, and the freshness of the cleavages signified that the avalanche was of recent date. Below, a stream rioted; a mad stream, tinted apple green where it had a bit of runway. Dead water, since nothing could live in it. Yet these

(Continued on Page 104)

The Fury Abated and She Covered Her Face With Her Hands

Ferdinand of Rumania, King and Martyr—By Princess Marthe Bibesco

THE meadow stretched between two forests at the foot of the Carpathians. It was green and damp, and the forests on both sides were filled with squirrels and cut by countless little brooks. I was four years old, with a passion for flowers and for fairies. I talked with the flowers and I believed that the fairies heard me. I was taken there every day by my old nurse to make bouquets of the wild flowers, for there was no place anywhere near where there were such a variety and richness of flowers. Perhaps it was because I was so little, but the flowers all seemed to me very big.

This place was called "the meadow of Prince Ferdinand," and to my small mind the two first letters of the name Ferdinand, which spelled in French the word for fairy—*fée*—had something to do with the fairies who lived in the meadow. The firs and the beech trees beside the meadow are only a few years older. The squirrels never seem to grow old and the flowers that one sees there by the million are as young as ever, and yet I feel that I dare not go back. I fear that the daisies, the cowslips, the buttercups, the bluebells and the martagon lilies have ceased to make, to the accompaniment of the melodious grass, that divine music that I have never since heard anywhere.

PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC.

The Coronation Procession of King Ferdinand of Rumania and Queen Marie in 1922

Prince Carol is Walking Back of the Queen. At Left—King Ferdinand

No Opportunity to Refuse

IN THIS solitary spot where I talked with flowers taller than myself, where I listened to the croak of the great mountain crows, believing they must surely be announcing good news, I used to wander alone with that old fairy, my nurse, sure that I would meet Prince Charming, and, of course, Prince Charming to me was Prince Ferdinand. I might have. In fact, I should have seen him at some time passing through the meadow, which was after all a part of the royal park of Sinaia and ran right up to the castle of Pelesch where Prince Ferdinand was at that time living with his uncle, King Carol, and his aunt, Queen Elizabeth, who was known to the rest of the world as the poet Queen Carmen Sylva.

Perhaps it was too bad I did not see Prince Ferdinand at that time. He was then a very handsome young man, and only a few years later, following a serious illness, he lost his beauty mysteriously before he had even lost his youth. If he had passed across the meadow while I was talking to the flowers, however, I would only have seen a lieutenant of cavalry in fatigue uniform, and he would have seen a little girl led by the hand to keep her from drowning in the sea of daisies, and the meadow which bore his name would have lost its mystic meaning.

When I was six years old my father was named Minister of Rumania to France, and in the salon of our house in Paris, where I was sent every morning to practice on the piano, there were the photographs of the sovereigns my father represented—King Carol with his gray beard, and Queen Elizabeth with her short hair—and below them, on a small table, the portrait of the Crown Prince Ferdinand.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The photographs were autographed; Prince Ferdinand finishing his signature with a flourish that framed it like the background of a Japanese print. Often when I came in there in the mornings to do my exercises I surprised Suzanne, the parlor maid, in an ecstasy of admiration, her feather duster poised, before the portrait of this young man.

It was she who told me he was handsome, and added that often people became engaged to be married merely from seeing a photograph. She told me that he was her "ideal"—a word that meant nothing to my young mind—but she astonished me greatly when she added, with conviction, "With that handsome face of his, if he asked me to marry him, mademoiselle, I would not know how to refuse." Suzanne's sentiments for the heir to the throne were to me a compliment to my country.

One day a fourth photograph was brought into the drawing-room and placed opposite that of Prince Ferdinand. It was the portrait of a blond young lady—the Princess Marie—to whom he had just become engaged. From that day Suzanne dusted all four photographs with equal indifference.

The Changeling

MY FATHER was called back to Rumania some years later to be minister of foreign affairs, and we arrived just at the moment when Prince Ferdinand fell ill with typhoid fever—the illness which changed him. I remember that the bells of all the churches in town rang ceaselessly for three days and public prayers were offered to ward off death from the prince. The fatal news was awaited from hour to hour. Even at table my father received bulletins from the bedside, which he read aloud. The question of a regency arose and Ferdinand's younger brother, Prince Carl-Anton, was spoken of, because Carol, the crown prince's son, was only five years old at the time and the king was well on in years.

My father was as worried as when one of us was ill, and kept repeating, "A foreign dynasty is a delicate plant"—a phrase that remained in my mind and helped to create the picture of this uprooted man as delicate as certain of those rare uprooted flowers he afterward taught me to know.

For more than a month our life, one might say, hung on his, and in the children's play room we prayed for him mornings and evenings, so when he got well we almost burst with thanksgiving, believing that our prayers had saved him.

He was months convalescing, and when summer came he was carried cautiously from Bukharest to Sinaia, and it was there that I saw him for the first time, on the road that bordered the enchanted meadow. He passed in a carriage, pale and haggard, his face old with suffering. His cap was jammed over his ears, but could not hide his baldness. He had also grown a beard, and altogether it was despairing to look at him. Suzanne would never have recognized her ideal. Prince Ferdinand was to live, but the young man of the handsome photograph had left this world forever.

I tried to persuade myself that I would again see him as he was in the photograph, once he was cured, and I tried to believe that if he shaved—if that beard disappeared—I would again find the look of youth. I caught cold that autumn and remained late at Sinaia.

The doctor who took care of me was one of the physicians of the court and he gave us the news from the castle. One day I made so bold as to tell him that we children were going to sign a petition to ask Prince Ferdinand to shave his beard.

The next day the physician said to me, "Prince Ferdinand has commissioned me to tell you that if he is letting his beard grow it is because he wants to resemble those ancient Rumanian princes who are shown with beards in

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

King Ferdinand of Rumania, in an Interesting Pose, Sits for Giuseppe Carzia, an Italian Artist

the frescoes of the churches." This explanation flattered my patriotism, and I renounced forever Suzanne's ideal.

To the exaggerating vision of childhood the convalescent Prince Ferdinand was a victim. He was singled out specially to suffer. I was too young even to suspect what I learned with time—that he was our victim. I did not know that to create something upon this somber earth it is invariably and stupidly necessary to have a human sacrifice. But to arrive at the point of understanding this slowly tortured man, this sacrifice often without greatness, took me many years. I did not discover easily what hardly anyone has ever realized. I hesitated often before fugitive impressions, and then before the agonizing certitude, the last consequences of which horrified me.

A Mask of Superiority

I OFTEN hesitated, in pity, to believe that he must drink the bitter cup and then again another bitter cup that in our country our times might accomplish their task. And in mad youth it is difficult to believe that you are walking, looking at books, smoking cigarettes, learning botany, dining and joking with someone who will be, and in fact already is, the person who will be the human sacrifice.

I am trying to recall as sincerely as I may, from my early impressions, some of them frivolous, some of them serious, also from our friendly conversations, and later from confidences, veiled by the most exquisite modesty of soul, how I came to arrive slowly, awkwardly, by thousands of detours and byways of the mind, at the conclusion that there was something of the divine in all this. I was eleven years old when I wished he would shave his beard and twelve when I first met him. It was at Constantza, on the Black Sea, where my mother, my sister and I had come for the Easter holidays. Prince Ferdinand and Princess Marie were also there on the royal yacht, and thanks to the intimacy that comes of living on the same boat and making excursions together, he made a friend of me. My mother and my sister, who was five years older than me, were also in the party which surrounded the prince and princess on their yacht, but he did not attach himself to them. He picked me, the child.

I did not realize it at that time, of course, but he was extraordinarily and incurably shy, and the presence of a child was a godsend to him. I was certainly the only human being on board whom he did not dread to meet. This fear of other people was a real calamity for a man in his position, but it was irreparable. It was due to an unconscious superiority of feeling before people no longer children, added to a heart too humble to conceive where lay the difference. It made of him a deeply isolated man.

Anyone who does not suffer from this excess of timidity cannot imagine what a drama it is for the timid one to be called upon to make daily gestures of authority and to take the position of priority which rank commands. I am certainly not exaggerating in saying that for this friend of shadow and silence, for this modest man, to pass before women, to walk always ahead of the old men, to be served before his guests, to hear himself always addressed Monseigneur, Your Royal Highness, and later, Your Majesty, were so many small but burning tortures. In consequence he never came into a salon, except sideways, as if his left shoulder was making excuses for what his right shoulder was obliged to do. He blushed in saying "Good day"; he gave the impression that he covered himself with shame every time he covered his head before the others.

The secret of this uneasiness which the necessity of acting like a king caused him came from his conscience and his education. He was profoundly Christian, and Christianity is a democracy. He was born to be a gentleman—that is to say, quite the opposite of a king. In the earthly hierarchy the chief of a state acts necessarily without consideration for anyone. The president of a republic can regain his good manners at the end of a few years, but a king must always act as if he were somehow different from other men, knowing all the time that he is not. This was one of the profound causes of King Ferdinand's unhappiness.

Not Born to be a King

NATURE had not formed him to enjoy the abasing of mankind. To arouse the vanity of women and men wherever he went, to have always before him the spectacle of their pretentions all a-flutter, to see their pettinesses, their meannesses, their egotism, made a hundred times worse by his presence offended his sensibilities. He suffered from the ugliness of the sentiment to which his presence gave birth. He was not made to become a machine to humiliate people. He was not born to be a king. At his birth no one knew he would be one. When the bells rang at Sigmaringen the twenty-fourth of August, 1865, it was for the younger son of a princely family which had already renounced its feudal rights. In giving him to the world the good Princess Antonia thought she would always have him near her in the old Prinzenhof, a sweet unpretentious German house in a sheltered nook under the towers of the ancient uninhabited castle.

Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen neither knew nor had accepted his destiny until he was twenty. His moral education was then already finished. But unfortunately Queen Elizabeth had only one child—a daughter who died in infancy—and the sovereigns of Rumania were obliged to seek an heir among their nephews. The eldest—Prince Wilhelm—refused. He preferred his castle in Germany and the tranquil life of a great lord. In his place they were given the second son, Ferdinand-Victor-Albert-Mainrad, whose thoughts were turned to botany and the Latin authors. He asked nothing more of life than long walks in the country and the delight of uninterrupted reading, but found himself brusquely placed in the falsest of positions—a king on the throne of a foreign country. He to whom the words of Saint John would have applied—"He was called faithful and true"—had to dissimulate,

(Continued on Page 149)

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Prince Carol and His Wife, Princess Helene

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie Entering the Cemetery Val du Pâtre at Soultzmatt, Alsace, Where Many of the Rumanian War Dead are Buried

LOVE IS A DREADFUL THING

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

AS HE came over the fence Lupus noted a wide patch of raspberry brushwood waiting to receive him, and sank into its meshes as resignedly as he could. This was no way to treat any pair of boots, and as a reception for his new boots unpacked that morning from the box lined with purple tissue paper, it seemed too bad. Alkibiades lunged at the rails and thundered when his nose was hurt by thick wood. Retreating ten feet, the image of an annoyed bull, he thundered at the sun and the heavens and anything in his view, and then came at the fence again, with his tiny horns lowered and his eyes shut.

"That's a dumb animal," said Mr. Van Eck. "Dumber'n you, Lupus."

Lupus undid some trailers from a brown wrist, ate a raspberry and sat up to examine his boots. He beamed. Nothing had happened, somehow! Wasn't a scar anywhere on the dull leather of either leg!

"Gee, pop! Looky! Not a mark on 'em!"

His father spat in the direction of Alkibiades and drowsily said, "You big fool! You been on this place thirty-seven years an' two months and you ain't got sense enough to leave a sick bull alone. You're all right with hosses—nobody better—but you ain't got any sense about cattle. I guess it's your Injun blood. A cow's kind of too civ'lized for you to handle. Git out of them bushes. You'll spoil all the berries on us." He shifted the brassbound end of his wooden leg and looked wearily at Alkibiades through smoke of his cigarette, then concluded, "For an old bull, he's got the hell of a lot of life in him."

Mary said fretfully, behind her husband, "What on earth are you doing, Lupus? Do take that raspberry off your left ear and get up! Here's a letter for you, Sitting Bull."

Mr. Van Eck's eyes flashed between their lids and his black lashes closed. He spat twice, warning his son not to say a word about Alkibiades, and then purred to Mary, "Thanky, Red."

"Oh," said Lupus, full of diplomacy. "Did the mail come, honey?"

"It has a habit of coming at nine, Lupus, dearest," his wife stated, looking at Alkibiades. This animal was now pawing the earth and wafting his square head to and fro, studying the fence, which puzzled him by being there. After thinking for a while about this barrier, he turned from it, muttering, and walked across the little pasture to lean on a tree.

"He ain't feelin' so good," Lupus explained, rising from the raspberries. "Did I get a letter, Red?"

"No," said Mary. "Tomorrow's the first of August and the bills will be in. Restrain yourself until then. Are you broken anywhere? I saw that brute pitch you over the fence, you know?"

"Ah, he didn't, honey! I was ten feet ahead of him!"

Mr. Van Eck said over his letter, "You dumb ape, what's the good of lyin' to a red-headed woman? You wasn't more than five feet ahead of him, boy! . . . Here comes Carolus. . . . It's all right, Carolus. You ain't an orphan yet."

"That's nice," Carolus said politely, stopping his large feet in their white cotton shoes on the edge of the raspberry patch. As a Van Eck never displayed his emotions, he lighted a cigarette and merely looked appreciatively at his abashed father, as well as a boy with one eye swollen purple and almost shut could manage an affectionate glance. Lupus, who had often noted that his child was very fond of him, grinned nervously at the long lad, and Carolus told him civilly, "I was kinda scared he'd got you somewheres, daddy."

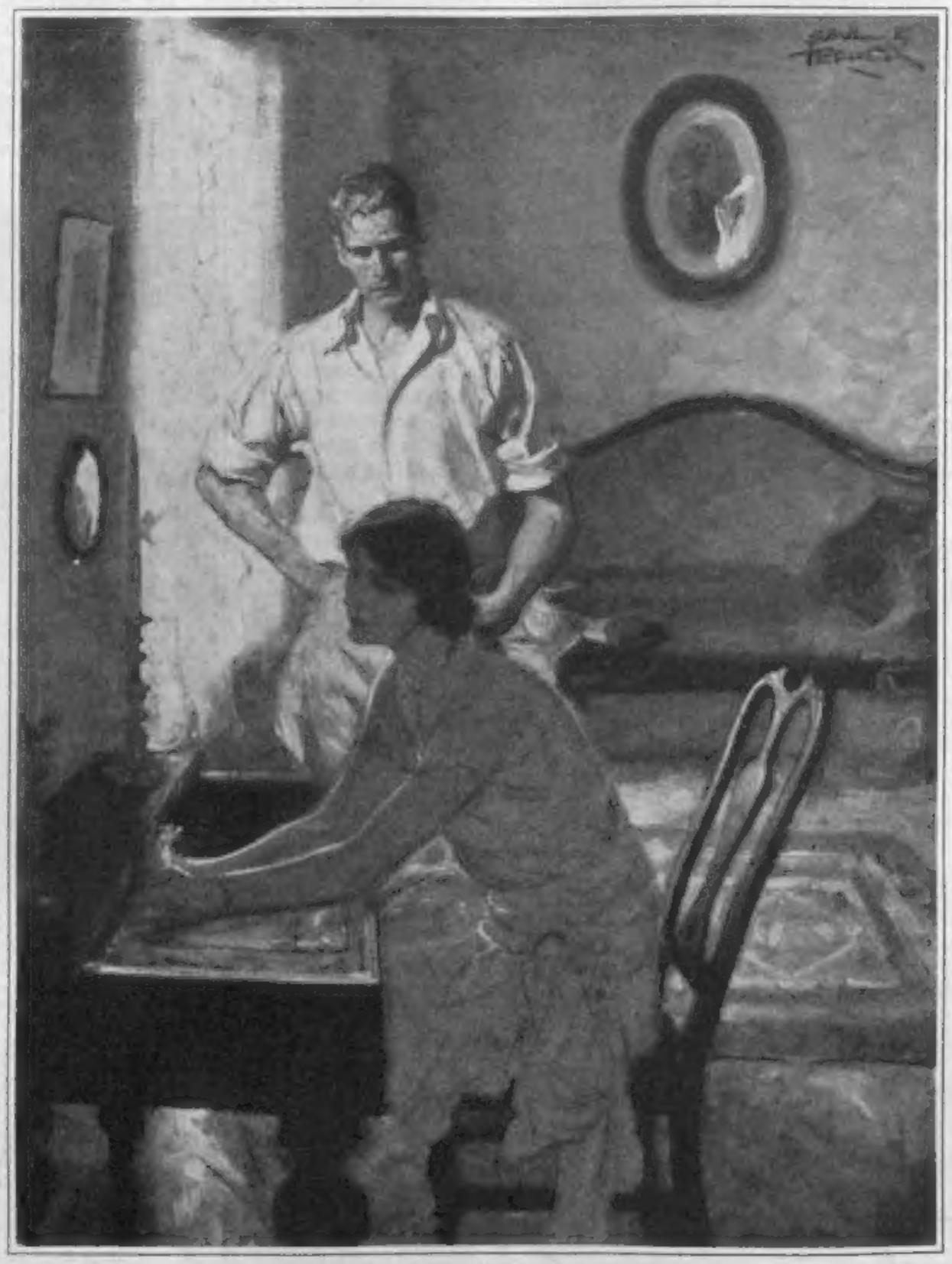
"Your dumb father," Mr. Van Eck purred, "is lucky with hosses and women, but he'll never know bulls. I see your eye's still bunged shut, Carolus."

"Yes, sir," said Carolus. "Did I get any letters, Red?"

"Yes, two or three, stepson," Mary drawled. "Your girls are still faithful. . . . Lupus Van Eck, have you no sense at all? I've been a widow once, you know."

"Practice makes perfect," said Mr. Van Eck.

"Nobody," Mary snapped, "asked your opinion, Rain in the Face! Marrying into an Indian tribe is exciting and all that, but I hate being a widow!"



"Some Woman's Been Shedding Anonymous Letters on Me For Weeks and—and This Morning it Exasperated Me Somehow"

"You mustn't git excited, daughter, when this fool you married makes a fool of himself. I'm sixty. I've been tryin' to keep him out of the grave for thirty-seven years and near two months. You've only had him on your mind two months. I'm scared to go to Saratoga and leave you to handle him, girl, because you take it so hard. When he was seven a yeller hoss we had come down to the river when he was in swimmin'. So this fool you married gits on the hoss bare naked and ain't sense enough to fall off when it starts down the road for Albany. I chased him downtown. It was the first time he got in jail. The hoss heaved him over the Gunns' front fence into Howdy Gunn's birthday party, and Mrs. Gunn—she died before you folks moved here—she gave this Lupus to the p'lice. They had him done up in a blanket in the jail when I got there."

"Gee," said Lupus, with admiration, "you got an awful good memory, pop! I'd forgotten clean all about 'at!"

"The next time I had to git him out of jail," Mr. Van Eck said sleepily, "was when him and some other fools got into trouble in a sour old feller's orchard on the Albany road, and ——"

"It's lovely to have a husband with a criminal record," Mary observed, "after being a blameless parson's widow. I suppose it's the Indian blood in the family. I sup—— Look out, Carolus, here comes your inamorata! Duck, or she'll see you!"

Carolus did not turn to look up the sloping orchard. His white trousers spun over the fence into the small pasture. He became a rapid stir of white and scarlet fabrics across the heavy turf. His trousers and his gay jersey and his flashing shoes dwindled eastward toward the trees masking the Couveris River. The bull Alkibiades did not even try to start after this interloper. Carolus jumped the other fence and vanished into the woods.

"Love is a dreadful thing," Mr. Van Eck purred. "A kid eighteen years old ought to be able to git rid of his women, though. He's a grown-up feller. Where did he git that eye on him?"

"He ain't said," Lupus declared. "I guess he was in a scrap downtown."

"Your brains is workin' good, Lupus boy. It seems likely."

"I think it does," said Lupus. "If he didn't get it in a fight, pop, he'd ha' told me about it. So I think he got it in a fight."

Mr. Van Eck raised a black eyebrow on his amber forehead and considered Lupus for a time. He then spat among the raspberries and purred, "I'm inclined to agree with you, sonny. You're probably right about it, boy. . . . Good mornin', Clare."

Miss Clare Paramore arrived among them brilliantly, but with dignity, in a green silk blouse. She said without concealment, "I thought I saw Carolus."

"You're right, sis," Mr. Van Eck assured her; "you seen him. But he had to go swimmin'. I wouldn't go to watch him in your shoes, because he ain't got a bathin' suit with him."

Miss Paramore's mere existence had been making Lupus thankful that the Van Eck family never produced daughters, ever since her scholarly father brought this invention back from France three weeks ago.

The child now put the handle of her riding crop against her chin and said, "I do think that's so frightfully dull of Carolus! I phoned him directly after breakfast that I'd be ready to ride at nine, and it's nine! Men are rather too awf'ly stupid, aren't they?"

Behind this child Mary pressed both white hands into the fiery swirls of her hair and bit her lips. But Mr. Van Eck just said, "You're right, young woman. It took this feller Lupus here two years to git his nerve up to proposin' matrimony at Mary. You'll probably have to work on Carolus nine or ten days longer, sis, before he comes to the point. Worst is, you got some compytition. There's another blonde and a sorrel and a bay that's writin' him letters from the seashore. You ain't but fourteen. Time you're twenty you'll have had to speak that piece about men bein' stupid a lot of times. It's idjyotic how dumb men are. I been goin' to Saratoga races for more years than you ever heard of, and I've seen ladies tryin' to make their intentions plain to us dumb men in the paddock and on the grand stands and in the hotels, workin' to sweat their paint off, day in and day out. It's enough to discourage

"Have You Really Been in Jail So Much?"

a girl. The only safe way to git a man nailed down is to have him in jail and talk at him through the bars."

Miss Paramore ran her crop down the seam of one smart trouser and stirred her right boot in the hot grass, regarding the tall, lean man as if she thought he meant something or other. The chief Van Eck remained a dark mask of benevolence under her stare, spitting frequently.

"You're very interesting," she said.

"Thanky, ma'am. I aim to please ladies."

Miss Paramore was openly charmed by this admission and looked him over carefully. Then her alarming blue eyes shifted to Lupus and she asked graciously, "Have you really been in jail so much? Mr. Gunn was telling dad and me about the time you spoiled the post office, yesterday. We were down buying some cigarettes. Is this a nice jail here? I went through the jail at Toulon last year. It was rather messy. Are American jails nicer than French jails?"

"I dunno," said Lupus. "I was awful busy in the army in France, sister, and I didn't have time to look at jails."

His father spat at a butterfly and purred, "Howard Gunn ain't ever got over havin' to phone me that Lupus was in jail, the day Carolus got born. I ain't, either. It's an honor that ain't come my way often to have a Gunn speak to me. He phoned out that Lupus was in jail with his leg busted and ——"

"Aw, pop! Lay off 'at story!"

Mercilessly pop went on: "I gave the big fool twenty dollars to buy some drinks and to git shaved. It ain't every day a kid gits to be a proud father on his nineteenth birthday, Clare. So he rode downtown an' the next I knew Howdy Gunn was telephonin' me how Lupus had rode his hoss through the plate-glass window to the post office an' spoiled a p'liceman. It shows you what a curse intemperance is, sister. The whole bill come to a couple of hundred. The time he was in jail before that was when ——"

Master Geoffrey Paramore appeared, coming busily down the grass and stating as he came, "You're to come home directly, Clare, because it's time for your Latin! I've had mine, and dad's waiting. So dad says you're to stop making a damn nuisance of yourself over here and come home."

Either she would swing the crop at her brother's bare tanned legs or she wouldn't. Geoffrey strategically flattened himself against Mary's white frock and braced his scuffed sandals in the turf, awaiting trouble. His sister maintained her dignity and told him, "You're far too young to swear, Geoff!"

"You," said Geoffrey, "come down off it! You're only eighteen monfs an' one day older'n me, you fish cake! And I swum out to the big raft at Biarritz and you couldn't."

It now cost Miss Paramore something to keep her dignity solid, but she contrived to say, "Do tell Carolus I think he's dreadfully stupid, Mr. Lupus," and then she walked up the orchard, her crop slanted over a green shoulder.

She also whistled. The whistle was still going when she distantly rounded the red corner of the Van Eck house and started on her home stretch across the roadway into the Paramore estate.

"You can run down to the river, Geoffrey," Mary said, "and tell Caro that he's safe for an hour or so."

"I don't think he is," Geoffrey objected, wriggling comfortably against his protectress, "because dad gets so fed up with trying to teach her Latin. He mostly drops it when he's worked 'bout half an hour. He says she's got an im—impermeable mentality. But I'll go tell Mr. Carolus, of course."

"You're very obliging, Geoff."

"I don't think I am, Mrs. Lupus. I'm doing it to be polite," said Geoffrey; "and I can help you keep the books afterwards?"

"I'll be delighted, old man."

"Right," Geoffrey said, and set off around the small pasture at a canter.

Mr. Van Eck stood watching the kid run as though he were immovably considering a new colt's paces. Sun, flowing from everywhere, swarmed on the gloss of his black hair and made his narrow, amber face to glisten curiously above his rippling old blue shirt, puffed by the wind or flattened on his ribs.

He could stand so, silent and metallic, by the hour, watching his horses, his ten hired men in the stable yard, or his grandson, and you never knew what the sachem thought of anything until he spoke it drowsily out of his mouth.

"So Howdy Gunn's talkin' about you some more, boy."

"Some more?"

Mr. Van Eck spat.

"Your red-headed woman's a preacher's widder, boy. She may make a joke of bein' married to one of the tough Van Ecks, sonny, but it ain't so much of a joke as she says. S'ciety ain't never a joke to women. Your mamma tried to make me respectable, some, once. You was too young to know about it. She gave up. I don't seem to have no gift for it. I'm goin' to Saratoga tomorrow. You better git out all the silver an' give some dinner parties. You look swell in your dinner coat, Lupus. So long as you don't open your mouth much it won't make no difference what you do. Mary an' Carolus can gas about Rooshian novels and all that"—the sachem spat—"civ'lized stuff to the folks from Couveris. Give three to four dinners an' show Mary how civ'lized a Van Eck can be, boy. Thank God I'll be in Saratoga!"

Lupus shot a look at Mary and his glance pierced mere sunlight. Pop had seen her drift away. The white frock was slowly sailing past the immemorial woodpile behind the red brick house, and some pigeons were peering down at her bright hair from the slate roof.

"Aw, pop! It'll be kinda tough on ——"

"Howard Gunn," said his father, "is talkin' about you."

It was the second time he had mentioned Howard Gunn inside ten minutes. Lupus rubbed a fist on one ear and looked perturbedly at his parent.

"Yeh?"

"Howard Gunn," his father resumed, having lighted a cigarette, "is centrally sitchwated. It must hurt his pride to come down to clerkin' in another man's store, when he was football captain at Yale, or was it Princeton? I fergit. But he's a nicer-lookin' feller than you, boy, because his hair curls and it's yeller. I looked through some of them psychology books that Carolus reads to see why women like men with curly hair, but nobody speaks of it. It's prob'ly one of the most important things in this life, but the professors ain't got 'round to it yet. I was sayin' that Howdy Gunn gits in his dinner coat and goes to all the parties in Couveris. I bet he was at this kid party where Carolus was the other night. He's never been a success at nothin'. He's down to sellin' bicarb'nate sody in Judd's drug store—that Judd rents off us. But he's a nice feller. The Van Ecks have been tough on this farm ever since George Washin'ton, and the Gunns have been nice in Couveris. So runs the world away. That's out of the Bible, I guess. I hear there's some Polacks livin' in the old Gunn house now."

Lupus scrubbed his ear and then rubbed his nose with his fist. This all must mean something when pop came to the point.

"So the best thing you can do, Lupus boy, is to take a whirl at bein' respectable when I'm at Saratoga. Have Mary git in the nice people an' wear your best duds a piece when you ride downtown. It won't hurt you, boy. You got a good constytution. Runs in the fam'ly."

"Yeh; but what for?"

"For love," the sachem purred, "you dumb sheep! Ain't it funny how the brains skip every other gen'ration

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It Was When He Chucked the Big Man Off With a Jolt in the Face That the Tiers of Sassafras Liniment Descended, Toppling Forward in a Green Wall

FROM THE INSIDE

The Business of Motion Pictures—By Carl Laemmle

IN ORDER to comprehend the financial ramifications of the motion picture, it is well to consider how photoplays are distributed since the transitional stage. The average important film play today costs from $200,000 to $1,000,000. When it is completed at the studio a number of positive prints are made from the negative.

In order to handle this distribution the large producers have zoned the country into some thirty-four key centers, each the regional headquarters for its respective territory. These key centers are New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Dallas, Atlanta, Buffalo, and so on.

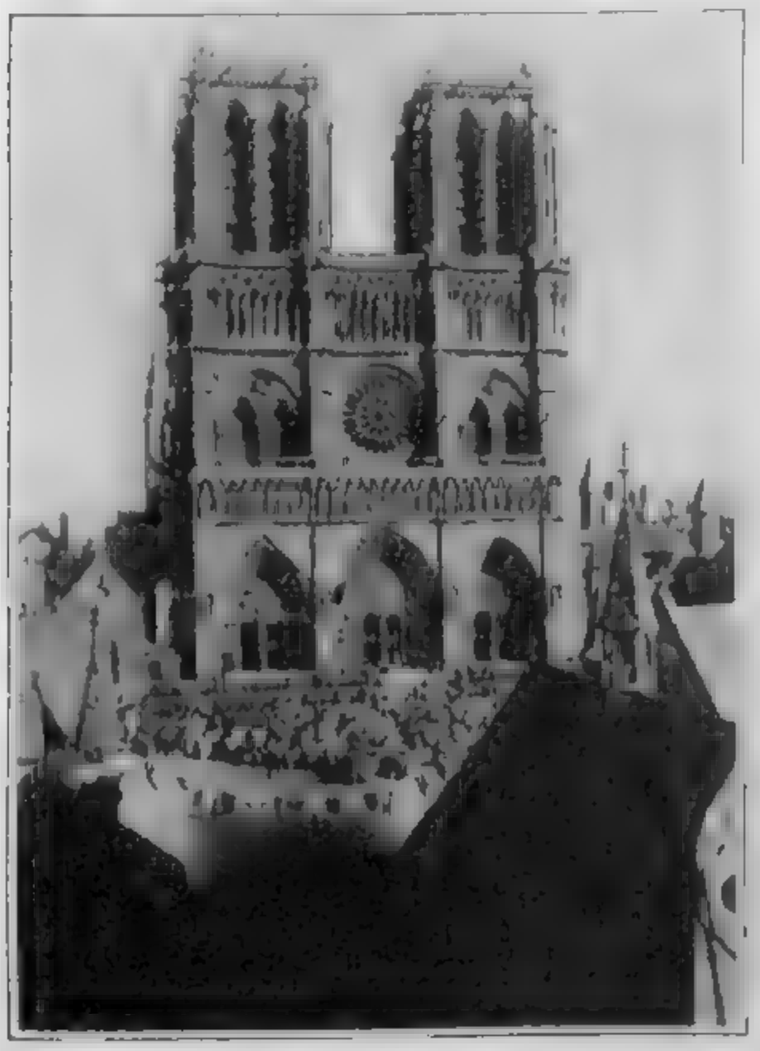
Universal City Today. In Oval—The Late Julus Mastbaum and Carl Laemmle

Cash Business

IN EACH of these cities, exchanges are maintained, with a force of salesmen, film inspectors to examine prints for defects, bookers who enter the play dates, clerks, cashiers and stenographers. The salesmen, fortified with advertising matter, illustrations and publicity facts about the new production, cover the various territories in each field for prospective customers among the theater owners.

The theater owner undoubtedly knows what's coming; for, as a rule, most of them have been circularized or are subscribers to the weekly trade journals devoted to the industry in which notice is given of forthcoming productions. If the salesman's product has in the past benefited the exhibitor, negotiations will be entered into. The chances are that the seller possesses a fairly comprehensive knowledge as to the capacity of the customer to pay a certain stipulated price for rental and, as usual, some amount of dickering takes place. The final figure is then brought into the branch office by the salesman and given to the branch manager, who in turn mails the contract or rental price to the home office in New York. If the rental price is reasonable it is approved. The initial showings of the picture are called first runs and the showings grade to second, third, and so on. Exhibitors pay accordingly. Distribution is generally on a cash basis. The theater manager pays a deposit upon booking a film and completes his payment before he receives his film. Very little credit is allowed among exhibitors.

The selling season usually starts about May. By that time the policies of the producers have been determined and the product for the ensuing year is made known. A national sales convention is held in some important center. It is attended by the home-office executives, district and branch managers and special sales representatives. These conventions last several days, during which time the producing organization's studio representative acquaints the assemblage with the high spots of the stories, the players, the directors and any novelty attractions and special points they may possess.



The Remarkable Building Representing the Cathedral of Notre Dame Constructed at Universal City for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

National sales quotas are established for each picture. These are subdivided into regional or territorial rental obligations, which are in turn likewise subdivided into individual rental figures or prices, assigned for each and every picture for prospective buyers in the United States and Canada, in accordance with the potentialities of the account and the value of each picture as a box-office attraction in that location.

On the Road

AT THE commencement of the season the important first-run theaters in each exchange territory are made acquainted with the details of the season's forthcoming product by the district and branch managers, who, in acquainting those important theaters, also negotiate deals for the rental of the pictures by those exhibitors. Frequently home-office representatives have a part in these negotiations.

At the time that this work is going on there are still many of the smaller theaters which have listed before them the coming season's product available for their use. The salesmen during this time are traveling to these accounts, even though they may be in the remotest part of the country, and continue their work of selling the company's new products.

Salesmen travel by automobile in most instances. There is no place too far or too small for them to go to. If it has a theater, even though it be opened a few times a year, a salesman will ultimately visit it. The salesman's effort in closing deals for pictures in these smaller situations is as difficult and exacting as with the largest houses in the land. In some instances it is even more difficult, because the small theater owner is not, as a rule, as well acquainted with the industry as is the so-called large exhibitor.

Salesmen, naturally, travel most of the time. In some territories, because of geographical arrangement, they are out in the field six days a week and are able to get to their homes only on Sunday. In other territories where distances are greater, which is usually in the more sparsely settled areas, the salesman may be alone on the firing line for two or three weeks, or even longer, at a stretch, covering the route assigned him.

Salesmen on special assignments are away from their homes three and four months and even longer. Some of these men travel by automobile from San Francisco to Seattle, and from Seattle to Salt Lake City, from Salt Lake City to Denver and from Denver back to San Francisco. Having made this round, they work their way northward again, into Canada and all the way across the continent.

Universal City as it Started on the Back Ranch Ten Years Ago

Salesmen of this sort are not the usual run, but are generally special representatives. Nevertheless, the salesman's job is one that keeps him constantly on the jump and circulating over wide areas.

A Rattling Good Salesman

SOME of their experiences are interesting, particularly those who go off into what is called the "sticks" and solicit business from the butcher, baker and the country-store proprietor who operates the theater in a very small town, and who is often guided by the personal impression that the salesman makes rather than by what the man has to say about his company's product.

Our men have, in recent weeks, signed contracts for the program of pictures for the 1927–1928 season, in the bottom of a coal mine, where the exhibitor who owned the theater, which operated on Saturday only, indulged in his major occupation of mine foreman. They have signed contracts on the Alaskan border, in silver mines in the Rockies; in fact, anywhere the theater owner was to be found.

We even learned recently of a salesman who got the attention of a Western exhibitor through the discussion of snakes. The exhibitor in this instance made snakes a hobby. He liked to catch them and study them, and daring the salesman to go with him, he escorted him at nightfall to a mountainous range on a hunt for rattlesnakes. The salesman actually helped him catch a rattler, and lent his efforts to this unusual task with such enthusiasm and effort that the exhibitor became more interested in him than ever, and a contact was established which later resulted in a contract.

Selling film is not an easy task from the physical or from the mental point of view. Most film selling is done at night, when exhibitors are available. This means that the salesman must talk his proposition into the small hours of the morning. And he does it day after day and month after month.

Aside from the sales activities, there are other phases of the distribution problem of interest and importance. Each film that comes into an exchange from an exhibitor after it has been shown on a screen is inspected before it is sent out to another theater. This means that every inch of the thousands of feet comprising the picture must be reëxamined for damage, mutilation or anything connected with the film itself which might have an influence on its proper projection. The same mechanical process must be gone through with a theater that pays five dollars for the rental of a picture as must be done with the large theaters in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere.

When an exhibitor runs a picture he must advertise it. This means that for every picture which an exchange is handling, they must also have on hand an adequate supply of press books, window cards, photographs and other advertising matter. Orders for these items must be handled and shipped out just as promptly as the film itself, so that the exhibitor will have sufficient time in which to put his offering properly before the public.

When the picture is released the cost is usually amortized monthly—50 per cent in ninety days, 40 per cent the balance of the year, and the remaining 10 per cent during the second year. The first three months of a photoplay are the most active, and to be profitable it must practically earn its money the first year. The existence of the average photoplay terminates in two years, although many productions go on earning revenue seemingly in endless fashion.

Sarah Bernhardt, Star of "Queen Elizabeth," the First Feature-Length Production Brought to America and Distributed by Adolph Zukor of the Famous Feature Co. In Oval—Inside the Old Lasky Studio in Hollywood, Showing an Early Picture in the Course of Production

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Trackless Train on its Way to the S. S. Minnewaska, Which Took it to Europe. After Touring Europe the Train Will Return to Culver City, via Asia and the Pacific

It sounds incredible that distribution should exact some 40 per cent of the total overhead charges in any producing-distributing organization, and yet this seems to be the case. To us on the inside the business of regularly supplying 20,000 or more motion-picture houses in the country with their quantity of films has become a matter of routine; but when one stops to reflect upon it and consider the variety which every exhibitor may nowadays secure for his program, this distribution appears nothing short of the miraculous. Our present system of distribution, cumbersome and costly as it may be, accomplishes, after all, certain results.

A Central Exchange for Motion Pictures

IS THERE any need for continuing this crude, costly and altogether unscientific system of distribution? This is the question that has been discussed by exhibitors since we abandoned the regular service to them all over the country. The exhibitor feels that he is bearing more than a just and reasonable share of the cost of this selling campaign. The tremendous cost bears hardest, however, on the producer, whether he belongs to an organized group or travels alone.

It is altogether likely that in the near future the exhibitor may be able to aid in reducing this expensive item of distribution. In many quarters the feeling prevails that a combination of exchanges is feasible. In other words, a system may be devised whereby one great central distributing station will carry just one set of expenses. There

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PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN

By Dorothy Black

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

Open Cars Were Common as Seeds in a Pomegranate, But Until Then There Had Been No Car Seen That Was Like a Rajah's House on Wheels, With Windows and Doors and Silken Blinds

JOSEPH, Number 1 Motor-Car Driver to His Excellency the Governor, was an Indian of a dark shade, from somewhere around Madras. Chance had turned him into a Christian. For when he was young there was a famine over the land, and it was known to all the people that if you were a Christian, the missionaries gave you rice to eat. Beyond this, Joseph's Christianity accounted for little but his name. A dark, lean, lugubrious man he was, of poor physique, and when he donned the dark-blue uniform provided for motor-car drivers to His Excellency the Governor on a dark night without stars, Joseph would disappear altogether into the night and become part of it, until he smiled and discovered his whereabouts by his excellent white teeth.

Sheer chance brought him to the exalted position he now held. Promotion goes mainly by chance in that gaudy land of sunshine that lies at the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal. There had been many a worthier man than Joseph ahead of him when he commenced work as garage boy in the Government House garages. But one by one they had been nipped away, the knowledgeable and worthier ones; here by cholera, there by smallpox or error of judgment; there by a knife in the chest in the dead of night, with love from a jealous wife, as is common enough in that gaudy land of sunshine that lies at the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal.

Time passed so swiftly. Such a little while ago he had been nothing but a garage boy, girt about the middle with a dirty rag. And again a little while, and here he was Number 1 Motor-Car Driver to His Excellency the Governor, with a navy-serge uniform complete with cap in the Cold Weather, and a navy-linen uniform complete with cap for the Hot Weather, and two cars under him, complete with drivers thereto. But he alone drove the big green-and-cream Starbeam in which His Excellency went abroad. His it was to take his stand at the head of any place where motor cars parked or waited. His opinions were sought and respected by all other drivers to Government Officials, merchant princes, lawyers, doctors and other small fry. Not because he had any superior mechanical knowledge, but because he was Number 1 Motor-Car Driver to His Excellency the Governor, and kismet is a thing all men must respect.

Now Joseph loved the big green-and-cream Starbeam with a great love, though in truth it was rather like a bath. He believed that no man could clean it properly except himself. And he believed that for this reason fate had removed the worthier mechanics out of his way and made him Number 1 Motor-Car Driver in their stead. For how can a man believe seriously in anything except fate, in that gaudy land of sunshine where the worthier are nipped away at any moment by cholera, smallpox, error of judgment or the knife of a jealous wife, as is customary in those parts?

In the middle of a vast green compound stood the big red brick and yellow stucco erection, Government House, into which the Governor transferred his person when he alighted from the Starbeam and was lost to Joseph for another day. What Government House was like within Joseph did not know, because he had never been there, but vaguely he pictured it to himself as a splendid place, a cross between the Christian's idea of heaven and a rich Mohammedan's harem—all lights and scents and soft cushions and music, with many mem-sahibs undressed about the shoulders after the manner of mem-sahibs about to dine. And he pictured peacocks and gaudy marigold flowers in profusion, and the Governor himself in gay silken robes after the manner of a Rajah. Ai, ai, no wonder His Excellency looked plump and well-liking. What a wonderful life he must lead there behind those somber green sun blinds that hung all day over the windows of Government House!

Behind the house of the Governor came the house of the motor cars. Each motor car had a space to itself, with, over it, a like space for its driver. Wooden buildings they were, with a window at each end, so that in the Hot Weather the breeze might blow right through them. This was an excellent idea of the white man's, but in practice it did not work. No man dared leave his window open, but slept irrespective of seasons securely corked in behind locks and bolts. Because for one man who has a rupee in that gaudy land of sunshine, there are ever two men waiting to get it from him. And to bury in the garden is not good, for a man may forget the place or a brother may find it before him.

Joseph wore his savings concealed about his person, and was respected by all. He had few friends, being a taciturn and lugubrious little man not given to conversations. And he had never loved anything in his life except the big green-and-cream motor car, which in truth was rather like a bath. At the far end of the paved yard lived the two-seater. This was a ramshackle affair of some antiquity, in which the A.D.C.'s went hither and thither, and drove young ladies round the small lakes in the early hours. It was driven by one of the garage boys and cleaned by anyone who had the time to do it. There was the five-seater open touring car, painted a sensible buff color, with the faded wistful look about it of a lady who has been a beauty in her day but is sadly aware that her type has gone a little out of fashion. This car was used by visitors and by the private secretary, and was driven by a Burman whom Joseph hated. A gay light-hearted fellow he was, forever singing, who polished up the parts that showed with unceasing energy, but never removed the mud from inside the mud guards or the backs of the wheels.

The first garage was taken up by the big green-and-cream Starbeam, and it was Joseph's special charge. In it he drove His Excellency abroad at such times as His Excellency required his person transferred from one place to another on business or on pleasure. A small union jack fluttered on the bonnet. It seemed to Joseph there had never been a time when he did not drive this car, a figure of splendor, through the streets of Rangoon. And it seemed to Joseph that his car was human, and that there was some wonderful bond between the two of them, and he was convinced that the car would not go so sweetly up the great hills to Maymyo from Mandalay by any hand but his own. So he cleaned it and burnished it and was happy. He did not leave mud on the mud guards and such portions as men did not see, after the manner of the Burman driver who was Number 2 Motor-Car Driver to His Excellency the Governor.

He was polishing the big headlights one day, preparatory to putting the car away for the night, when the call came for him. The A.D.C. would speak with him in the office. Joseph knew the office. He drew his pay there. It was large and drafty, with open windows and whirring punkahs on the ceiling. It contained two large desks, one spaniel dog eternally out of breath, and many pictures of horses. At the two desks sat two A.D.C.'s—a young one and an old one.

It was the young one with whom Joseph had to do. A young man with a face as round as the full moon of Tabaung, who always spoke to Joseph in parables, about one-tenth of which Joseph ever understood. For the A.D.C. was young and full of animal spirits and his own importance, through having too little work to do and getting too much admiration from the ladies, who will do anything for a pretty uniform in that gaudy land of sunshine at the other side of the Bay of Bengal.

"Joseph, my lad, His Excellency has a new car arriving on the S. S. Pembrokeshire tonight. And you, Joseph, will go down decently appareled—and not, as sometimes, in negligee—and drive it up here when the coolies have finished unpacking it."

The older A.D.C. at the adjacent desk translated that wearily into disjointed Hindustani.

"A splendid car is this," continued the young A.D.C. "When driving it you will strike envy into the bosoms of all your brother drivers. For it has overhead thingumabobs and aluminum whatnots. Maybe the exhaust pipe is pure gold. You never know. Like the king's daughter, she is all glorious within, Joseph, and for heaven's sake keep her clean!"

Joseph touched his forehead with two fingers and said it was very good, but who was to drive this car when she arrived and where was she to live?

"In future this new car will be His Excellency's Number 1 Motor Car. It will therefore be driven by the Number 1 Driver—yourself, Joseph. The present car will be handed down to the Burman Number 2 Driver. The open five-seater will become Number 3, for use by the A.D.C.'s upon their lawful occasions. The two-seater will return to the tin dump whence it came, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen—and not before it is time. For the damned thing has ruined my constitution bumping me about the roads. And I do not believe Alice would ever have refused me if I had been able to propose to her in a decent car."

Then Joseph said many things, touching his forehead with the two first fingers of his right hand, to show that although he spoke in anger, his intentions were humble and good. He wept at the thought of giving up the green-and-cream car to the Burman who never cleaned where the eye of man did not see. For the green-and-cream car had been his first love. Nothing had ever aroused him out of the dark lethargy in which he lived, before her. She was all he had ever known of love. In her he found every beauty, nor had she ever seemed to him in the least like a bath.

And now she was to be taken from him and given to the Burman, whose head was full of songs and whose cleaning rags were used for other and alien purposes.

Joseph protested with all his heart. His love of the Starbeam was rivaled only by his hatred for anything new, as is customary in that gaudy land of sunshine, where all that a man asks of fate is that everything shall go on the same as it was yesterday.

"Let the Burman take on this new car and leave me the white one," pleaded Joseph.

"You won't say that when you've seen it, my lad," murmured the older A.D.C. from among his files. But the young A.D.C. was thinking of luncheon and the girl he was driving out to Mingladon that afternoon. And in any case he did not understand the half of what Joseph said, because the Hindustani he had learned in Queen's Gate, London, S. E. 3, did not seem to be the same sort these beggars spoke. So he felt convinced that Joseph must be asking for more pay, because when these beggars got excited it nearly always meant they were asking for more pay. So he said it was out of the question and repeated the order:

"At the jetty this evening. To drive home the new car. Jao!"

Joseph went outside and wept. He beat his breast and put some mud on his head from sheer habit, but only a little, because by denomination he was a Christian. He went on weeping, but he had to obey orders. He handed over the green-and-cream motor car to the Burman, who laughed because he was weeping, and then backed the car carelessly into its new home, singing all the while, and set to work on it with his dirty rags to accustom it to its new station in life.

All the while he dressed himself to go down to the jetty, Joseph heard the Burman singing:

"Ma Gyi Lay,
How fat you are!
Go to the shop,
Buy some mats,
Or your mother-in-law will beat you!
Am I a man?
Or am I a tiger?
I am a tiger, the son of my father.
Hela, hela, ho!"

Joseph went, his heart heavy within him, for he was parting from his first love. Its engine would sing through the Hot Days and through the Cold Weather, but never again for him.

So he came to the jetty, where in the dark close heat of the Customs shed all set about with packing cases, the coolies were sweating and spitting over the unpacking of the new car. Joseph sat upon a packing case and watched them, devoid of hope. Upon the packing case was written large as life the word "America," and the only motor cars Joseph knew as coming from America were the works of art of Mr. Ford, which, indeed, serve a man as faithfully and as truly as a dog, but are not things a man can worship.

The big case splintered and cracked. The coolies sweated and heaved. Joseph looked on, filled with hatred and mistrust of anything new, as is customary in that gaudy land of sunshine far away.

So it was he saw her for the first time—she who was to be the one real lasting love of his life, she for whom he was to commit murder and eventually die. Bit by bit she emerged from the packing case. A soft and lovely claret color she was, and the sheen on her wings and on her body was as the sheen on the river at early morning when the sun is upon it.

Now she stood there in all her beauty assembled. And Joseph stood beside her, breathless, for he had never pictured anything like this. To think that he had asked them to give her into the charge of that kutcha fellow, the Burman Number 2 Driver!

"One car I know, another car I know," said Joseph, aloud. "But what is this?"

She was almost more than a car, for the length of her was the length of many a man's house. She had four doors to her, and windows complete with silken blinds. The steering wheel was a slender thing of beauty, and upon the dashboard was a receptacle for cigarette ash, a number of gauges, a silver-mounted clock. There was a bracket containing a scent bottle; also a small book and a silver-mounted mirror in case His Excellency wished from time to time to regard his own features whilst driving.

Joseph examined all this, and then stood beside her. He was speechless and all gone that queer sick liver color peculiar to the darker shade of Indian when he is upset by love, ptomaine poisoning or fear.

He drove her slowly through the crowded streets, back to Government House. People gathered in little knots on

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What Government House Was Like Within Joseph Did Not Know, Because He Had Never Been There, But Vaguely He Pictured It to Himself as a Splendid Place, a Cross Between the Christian's Idea of Heaven and a Rich Mohammedan's Harem

FACTS REGARDING ELMER

He Begged Carla to Marry Him and She Refused Him in Her Friendly Way

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THERE is probably," said George, who is a thinker—"there is probably not enough poison in the United States to do anything worse to that condemned dog than to give him a slight attack of indigestion."

We were, at the moment, discussing Elmer, the boar hound, undisputed property of Carla Gordon, of Port Haven, Westchester County, New York State.

"Not half enough," I admitted.

"So," said George, "in as much as he cannot be poisoned, he will have to be shot."

"Through the middle of the heart," I agreed.

"Immediately," George added, thinking of Carla's old gentleman.

"With a cannon," I said brightly. "There is no use shooting Elmer with anything smaller than a cannon."

There ensued a slight pause during which George plunged himself into what passes with him as thought. "Where would you get a cannon?" he inquired.

"Where would I get a cannon? That is strictly your affair, my lad. You will attend to the details."

"Not me," George said querulously. "This is your funeral."

"No!" I shouted, and we fell at once into acrimonious argument, one of the many that have finally broken up our ancient friendship. The conversation occurred months and months ago. George and I still speak, but the jolly old spirit is lacking.

The trouble began over a girl, and the girl was Carla, one of the Westchester Gordons. Carla is willowy, blond, beautiful, serene in her manner, a tyrant in her home and three times as charming as the movie actress that people are always discussing.

George and I met her simultaneously at a week-end party, the hour being exactly half after four, Eastern time; and, of course, George announced his plans.

"I have finally discovered the right girl," he said while we were dressing for dinner. "That girl in the pink dress is the future Mrs. George Wilson."

"How come?"

"I saw her first. In my whole life, I have never encountered a more delightful human being. Keep your hands off."

"Me?"

"Yes, you," said George, pulling viciously at his tie. "I observed you staring at her this afternoon. Remember that from now on, when you stare, you are staring at my future wife."

I looked at him scornfully. "If you're ever climbing a tree," I said, "and a squirrel gets you all alone on a limb ——"

"I'm warning you," said he.

"Ending this somewhat ridiculous conversation," I remarked coldly, "it may interest you to know that I have already asked Miss Gordon to marry me."

George looked aghast, which is a simple matter for him. He was born partly aghast. "You what?" he shouted.

"You heard me!"

"You proposed marriage to that lovely girl?"

"I did."

"What did she say?"

"Her reply," I said reverently, "is nothing to discuss with strangers."

"Well, strike me blind!" said George. "Of all the silly exhibitions of bad taste!"

"That's enough," I remarked, and I could feel the first wave of the coolness that is now so regretted by our friends.

Of course, George and I have been around together for centuries. We went to high school side by side and battled our way on and up to manhood's estate hand in hand. Together we fought and together we bled. Girls came between us at times and made trouble, but always these rifts were temporary. Carla Gordon was the rock that split us amain, and in no time at all we detested the sight of each other.

I found it virtually impossible to drop in at the Gordons' of an evening without discovering George telling Carla what he thought. Sam Gordon, the father, was introduced to both of us, and his manner indicated that if the thing had never happened, he would still be able to eat and sleep.

I regard myself as an artist and I do some good things in oil and water colors, selling the best of them. Sam Gordon stated in so many words that he didn't give a full damn for artists. This saddened me until I found out what he thought about George. George is a business man, with an office somewhere in easy reach of the Cherry Haven Golf Club; and Sam, who is a real business man, declared that if George was a business man, then he, Sam, was a three-toed sloth. In brief, Carla's old gentleman surveyed us coolly, which made not the slightest difference as long as Carla bathed us in the refulgence of her angelic smile.

I proposed twelve times and came off without a win.

"I like you," Carla said gently. "You have a nice way with you, Henry, but you are really too young to marry. Besides, you must settle down and begin making a living at something."

"I'm doing that now," I said indignantly.

"True, you have your art," she smiled; "and after that phase has passed, you will select your right career."

"All of which means that I am being rejected?"

"No," she said, "not entirely."

"Is there any danger of your marrying George?"

"It would be better to let George ask that," Carla said, and I decided to walk part of the way home.

This frightfully unsatisfactory state of affairs remained unchanged during the summer. George attended to business from nine to ten and spent the rest of the time playing golf, at which he is a pitiful sight. He begged Carla to marry him and she refused him in her friendly way, for say what you will, Carla Gordon is a kind-hearted girl who hates to hurt any living creature, even such a creature as George Wilson.

The general bleakness of the situation was partly responsible for an impromptu party I gave George—or he gave me—I never knew which. We collided accidentally in a theater lobby. The play was over and we bumped in the crowd.

"Hello," I said shortly.

"How are you?" he asked, and I could tell by his voice that the state of my health meant little.

"Fine," I said, dodging the truth, for I was extremely dismal, and had been made even more so by the musical comedy just ended.

"What," George inquired gloomily, "would you think about a small snifter?"

"It could do no harm," I returned, not that I desired to go along with him, but purely out of the depths of my despair.

"Follow me," George murmured, leading the way; and presently we swung a couple of snifters into the main hatch and were able to gaze at each other without wincing.

It must have been about eleven o'clock of a starless night when this meeting took place, quite early by daylight-saving time. . . . How long we remained in the snifter bureau, discussing the general hellishness of life and the irresolution of woman, I do not know and never will. George brought forth photographs of Carla and himself leaning against a sedan and I cheered him up with snapshots of Carla and me on the front lawn.

Ordinarily a strong, robust fellow, George went completely to pieces about the time the man requested us to leave, and from that instant I could do nothing with him. I am not too fussy, but I hate to walk about Broadway, which is a lighted street, with a six-foot male adult carrying a cane and crying.

About four o'clock in the morning – or it may have been 3 :30—we emerged from a hired cab in our dinner garments, glanced about us and noticed that it was still New York City, despite the thousands of miles we had traveled. The street seemed to be upper Broadway, in the vicinity of Yonkers. There we met Mr. Winnie and shook hands with him, being forced to climb up atop of a moving van to perform this simple act.

"Har you?" George asked, giving Mr. Winnie a ten-dollar bill to demonstrate that New York people are not the cold-hearted wretches pictured in the Western newspapers.

It chanced that Mr. Winnie was in excellent health and was going somewhere with his moving van, which was a tall, thin, inclosed vehicle propelled by a motor. We accompanied him without comment. Hours wore on, and when the dawn came he turned suddenly confidential.

"You want to see a dog?" he demanded.

"Where is a dog?" George asked in surprise, and I also indicated my disbelief that there was a dog anywhere.

"Inside," said Mr. Winnie, motioning downward.

"You mean to say we've been toting a dog around all this time," George asked, "and you didn't tell us about it?"

"I forgot him," explained Mr. Winnie, who was a powerful, red-faced man with hair on his arms and given, as he said, to forgetting. He immediately halted the van and we descended, pried open the back door and perceived within the largest male dog anyone has ever seen. In fact few people have even seen pictures of a larger dog. He was standing unhappily upon his thick and knobby legs, leaning against the side of the van, and he seemed annoyed. He was a gray dog, with splashes of tan and large eloquent eyes like a cow's, and when he sat down, he folded up in several places like a concertina.

"Mr. Winnie," we said admiringly, "you certainly showed us a dog. How much does he weigh?"

"Oh, eight or nine hundred pounds," replied Winnie. "I dunno how much he weighs."

"Is he yours?" George asked politely.

"No," said Winnie; "not at all. I never saw him before yesterday."

"Whose is he?"

"He's yours," the van man rejoined heartily, shaking hands with us.

"No," George protested, "you're mistaken, Mr. Winnie. He's not ours."

"He is," Winnie said, more emphatically, "because I'm giving him to you. I'm making you a gift of him."

"I don't think we care for a gift," I put in placatingly. "Do we, George?"

"No," said George; "thank you just the same."

"Listen," cried Mr. Winnie, losing his temper, "this is your dog and make no mistake about that. When I make a gift, it sticks." He commenced rolling up his sleeves, not to slaughter us as I feared at first, but to get the dog, and he continued to talk. "Nobody is gonna turn down a present from me," he prophesied.

"We will be very glad to take him," I said, wishing to avoid a scene.

An instant later the animal came out, assisted by Mr. Winnie.

He stood in the middle of upper Broadway, blocking traffic in all directions, for it was now an advanced hour and the local residents were tearing about in their automobiles.

"There you are!" shouted the fellow, and handing the rope to George, he mounted his van and drove rapidly downtown, waving his hand as long as he could see us.

"Pleasant chap, at that," said George, "but impulsive."

We stood in the middle of the highway, glanced at the dog, glanced at each other and eventually glanced at a policeman, who was beginning to show signs of marked interest. The brute on the end of George's rope seemed to get larger every minute.

"Come on, Henry," George said in a loud, hearty tone, his intent being to convince the officer that all was well and that there was nothing unusual about two persons in evening clothes trying to drag a behemoth canine up and down the asphalt streets at seven o'clock of a sunny morning.

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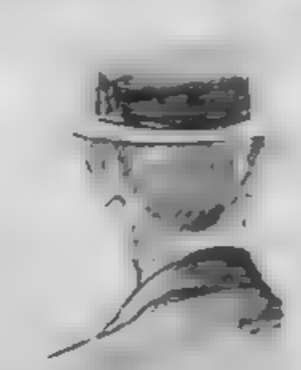
I Proposed Twelve Times and Came Off Without a Win

FAMOUS SITTERS

By Joseph Cummings Chase

A PORTRAIT painter is supposed to see a little further than other people through the mask which all human beings wear. The painter is not sure that his vision is more penetrating, but he has plenty of chance to exercise discernment.

Often the atmosphere of a studio seems to arouse caution in a distinguished sitter, and unconsciously he puts up his guard and wipes from his famous countenance the natural indications of character and individuality. Sometimes a more intimate portrait is achieved if the painting is done when the subject is off guard in customary surroundings, and even engaged in his normal activities. So it is that some of my sitters pose at home or in their offices. This frequently makes the problem of lighting excruciatingly difficult, but it has compensations.



It happened that I had been commissioned to make three pictures of President Wilson. Preferably, they were to be paintings, but in this instance drawings would suffice. I had met the President under agreeable circumstances and I felt that I would not have difficulty in arranging for sittings. With comparative assurance therefore, I went to the White House and saw Mr. Tumulty, who agreed with me that it probably would be a simple matter to make an appointment. The United States had just entered the war. To my great disappointment, Mr. Tumulty came out from the President's private office to tell me that Mr. Wilson had absolutely refused, solely on the ground that he had recently issued an edict to the effect that he would pose for no portraits and sit for no photographs and newspaper sketches until after the war.

At that moment it appeared quite possible that the war might lap over into the next century. As it happened, Admiral Grayson was in the office during my call on Mr. Tumulty, and I appealed to him for help. It occurred to me that the President might be going out for a round of golf, and I suggested to Grayson that I might accompany him and make as much of a sketch as I could catch following him around the course.

"Ah," said Grayson, "I know something better than that. We are going to the ball game this afternoon and you shall go with us. The President need know nothing about it—officially."

So Grayson and I, armed with three large illustration boards and a box of charcoal, betook ourselves to the ball park shortly before the hour of the President's arrival and waited at the Royal Box. When the presidential party appeared, Mrs. Wilson spoke very nicely to Grayson and myself, but the President ignored me utterly. Grayson put me in the chair to the right of the President and he himself sat directly in front and slightly below Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson sat on his left.

The Presidential Conscience Appeased

AS SOON as the President's attention was fixed on the game I began, holding the illustration boards in front of me, and soon had a drawing from that point of view. The familiar saturnine profile turned so far but no farther. As the game progressed, now and again the famous Wilsonian scowl would overcast the presidential countenance, but in the main the mood was more genial than otherwise.

Mrs. Wilson, charming and gracious as usual, chatted across the shirt front of her distinguished husband. When I finished the first sketch I suggested that I change to the seat on the other side of my sitter. The exchange was made. I was praying that the game would continue to be an interesting one. Still, I was as invisible as thin air to the President. I made a suggestion—apparently to the umpire—that the President's hat might be removed. Off came the hat and a second sketch was made.

Just when the crowd was applauding a brilliant play, I suggested to Grayson that he and I change seats. Grayson willingly complied. And sitting astride the chair directly in front of Mr. Wilson, leaning the illustration boards against the back of the chair, I succeeded in getting a characteristic and amusing front view.

Gazing calmly over my head at the diamond, the President remained oblivious of my presence, chatting with Mrs. Wilson and Grayson about the game and occasionally nodding at people in neighboring boxes. Never once did he meet my eye, and never once during that sixteen-inning game did he give the slightest evidence that he was conscious of my presence or of what I was doing.

Thus was a presidential conscience appeased and three pictures—plus several little remarks—were made, despite the official edict that had gone forth.

It was in the fall of 1919. Throughout a certain forenoon I had been painting a portrait of Senator Harding. Then we left his office and went down to the Senate lunch room to eat. Senator McCormick joined us and we were having an amusing hour, when in popped William Jennings Bryan straight from the West.

I had not seen Mr. Bryan for eleven years, but in the old days I had made many a sketch of him at Democratic National Conventions, dating back to the earlier ones of his career, when his silver tongue had resounded through the land.

Bryan possessed the most remarkable memory for names and faces of any public man with whom I ever came in contact. Roosevelt's memory was good, but Bryan's was two sizes larger. This time he walked straight up to our table and said, "Hello, Chase; what are you doing down here?"

"I came down to make a painting of the next President of the United States," I replied.

"When do you want me to pose for it?" said Bryan. And that was a good line. We all laughed.

"Not this time," said I.

"Why not?" said Bryan.

"Well," said I, "I think the trouble may have something to do with your politics. What are you now, anyhow?"

Dog Days in the Studio

BRYAN bridled a bit, and evidently was thinking seriously as he remarked, "Well, for many years I have been more or less connected with the Democratic party."

"'More or less' is good," said I; and we laughed again.

"I can pose for you this afternoon," Bryan said.

"No, not this afternoon. I'm making a portrait of Senator Harding."

"Then how about tomorrow morning?"

"I'm going back to New York on the ten-o'clock train," I parried.

"What hotel are you stopping at?"

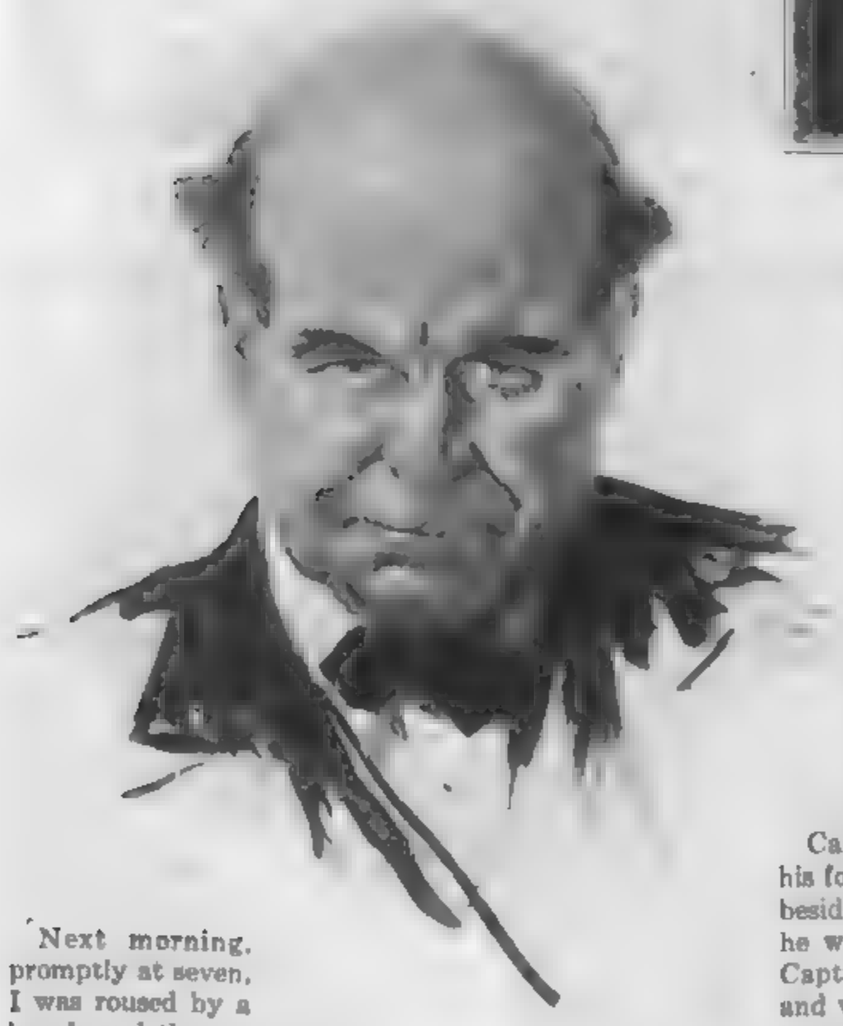
"The Raleigh."

"Well, what if I get over there at eight o'clock?"

"No," I said, "you'd have to get there at seven o'clock."

"All right," said he, "I'll be there at seven then—that is, if I can eat breakfast while you're doing it."

"Couldn't think of it," I laughed. "I'd have to paint your mouth closed for a portrait."



Next morning, promptly at seven, I was roused by a knock and the appearance of Mr. Bryan. Clad in pajamas, I went to work, and the picture was finished in time for me to make that ten-o'clock train. While we were working I had a good deal of fun with Mr. Bryan. In his long adventurous career he had grown well accustomed to banter, which, in private at least, he never resented.

For instance, I said, "Mr. Bryan, why do you wear your hair in that funny way over the ears?"

"Well," he replied, "there's a romance connected with that."

"I never would have guessed it. What is the romance?" I asked.

"You see," said he, "while I was courting Mrs. Bryan she objected to the way my ears stood out and so I let the hair grow to cover them."

"And now that you've caught the street car," said I, "don't you think you ought to do something for humanity at large—with scissors?"

"No," said Bryan slowly; "the romance is still going on." And that is the prettiest line I ever heard him utter.

Rin Tin Tin deserved to have his portrait painted. His owner thought so and it seemed that Rin Tin Tin liked the idea. He has the characteristics necessary for a good masculine portrait—dignity, a thoughtful expression, individuality and the appearance of accomplishment.

By appointment he came to the studio at ten o'clock. He walked in majestically, surveyed the premises with a satisfied air and decided that he would pose in a reclining posture on the Chinese rug We reasoned with him, and he finally acquiesced to our suggestion that he take a seat in a period French chair in front of a beautiful damask background. He said plainly then, "I'm all ready. Why not begin?" So I pushed the easel close to the model stand to make conversation easy.

Capt. Lee Duncan, whom Rin Tin Tin permits to share his forty-dollar-a-day suite at the Roosevelt Hotel, stood beside me and took part in the chat. I asked the sitter if he would mind looking a little to his right, directly at Captain Duncan. He accepted the suggestion so suddenly and with such apparent pleasure that I was a little jolted.

Captain Duncan, in the course of the conversation, reminisced about some of the remarkable feats that Rin Tin Tin has pulled off for the movies, and the sitter's eyes showed understanding and satisfaction. After we had been at work for half an hour I decided that I would like to show the dog's beautiful tongue. This suggestion was evidently not in keeping with Rin Tin Tin's idea of the dignity which he wished his portrait to possess. He seemed to have made up his mind that this was an occasion for a closed mouth.

The captain had a bright idea: "Suppose we give the sitter a rest?"

This rest period was certainly unlike any rest period of any other of my patrons. It consisted of a violent game of baseball participated in by Rin Tin Tin and his owner. The game continued for several minutes and then Rin Tin Tin returned to his posing. This time his breath was coming in quick pants, which necessitated a relaxing of his former dignity, and the beautiful red tongue I wanted to see was in evidence, and continued to be in evidence long enough for me to paint it.

I inquired about the stiffness of his left forefoot and Captain Duncan told me it had been broken in high jumping, which is our hero's favorite sport, and that when the break healed the tendons of the foot had taken an unusually stiff position. "In fact," said the captain in a casual tone, "of all the dogs in my kennels Rin Tin Tin has the least smartness of line and is the ughest."

Listening to Reason

AT THIS Rin Tin Tin's jaws snapped together and his ears began to droop. "But," continued the captain, "in spite of that, he is really the finest pal in the world."

Up came the ears and a suggestion of a smile crept into the corners of the canine lips.

Toward the end of the session two newspaper photographers who had heard that Rin Tin Tin was sitting for his portrait appeared at the studio door in the hope of being permitted to take photographs of him while posing. At the sight of the cameras Rin Tin Tin for the first time showed nervousness and even anger. Captain Duncan reasoned with him and the growls subsided. Then the captain explained that Rin Tin Tin, from the time that he was found at the age of four days, together with his mother, brother and sister, in a deserted trench of the Hindenburg Line, had always lived as a pal with the man who found him—Captain Duncan himself; that he had never had cause to be afraid of anything or of anybody;

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Rin Tin Tin
his mark

THE GIRL ON THE STAIRS

"Just Walk About Slowly. If the Right One is Here—Bless You, My Friend"

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

AT THIRTY-NINE Roger Arnold was still a bachelor. Indeed, he had never, to the best of his knowledge, been in love. But thirty-nine is a golden age—for a bachelor. Safely behind him are the treacherous fevers of early youth. The hour has not yet struck when a man catches up with his own limitations, comes to the conclusion that the human race isn't so much, and cultivates a determined optimism. At thirty-nine a man—if he is a bachelor—can afford to read novels with sad endings; he can bear to sit in solitude in front of an open fire. For he is still a secret romantic; he still believes that anything may happen just around the next corner.

Thus, Roger Arnold was on the whole a fairly contented man and quite well aware of his blessed state. He had reached this fortunate age under the most favorable auspices. He had been born into a family that had tranquilly enjoyed wealth and honors for several generations. As individuals they had escaped both financial difficulties and the tabloid newspapers. Their houses in and about New York were impressive without being ostentatious; their social position was good without being burdensome. They handed down to Roger Arnold a well-balanced mind and body, a good international banking business which he found sufficiently interesting, a fine collection of Early Georgian furniture along with the taste to enjoy it—and a tradition.

Possibly it was the tradition that was to be blamed for—or credited with, according to the point of view—Roger Arnold's single state. Several generations of male Arnolds had laughed at and acted upon a vague family belief to the effect that early marriage was peculiarly unwise for an Arnold. Roger himself made light of the tradition, but he had been brought up by two bachelor uncles—his mother died when he was eight, his father a few years later—and there was no doubt their influence had been on the side of caution in affairs of the heart. But his cousin Geraldine laid his hardy bachelorhood to the fact that, in spite of the bachelor uncles, poor old Roger in his early twenties had got off emotionally rather on the wrong foot.

During his last year in college he had met a girl with the most amazingly beautiful blue-black hair. From the moment he set eyes upon that hair he longed to bury his face in it. But when he had done so once or twice the spell was broken. He never quite understood what happened, but suddenly he acutely disliked that girl. She depressed him horribly.

In fact she threw him off girls for quite a long time. In the rebound from her he got himself engaged to an ash-blond girl, but fortunately for them both, one night at the opera they quarreled, she taking Parsifal seriously, and he insisting it was just good hokum set to fine music. She cried, said she could never be happy with a cynical man, and gave him back his ring.

After that he felt very grateful for his two escapes, and yet a trifle sad. For perhaps there was no such thing as love. Perhaps it was merely a sort of seizure induced by the eating of some psychic loco weed which deprived a man of common sense, dignity and freedom. Or perhaps there was something wrong with himself, some poverty of emotion. At any rate, he knew that whatever it was, he had never experienced it; he had never been in love.

But somewhere deep down among his unacknowledged thoughts he knew that he was merely marking time. Sometime undoubtedly the miracle—if there was a miracle—would happen to him. And in the meantime he was not at all unhappy. He lived in thoroughly comfortable bachelor quarters in New York; during the summer he gave small delightful house parties at his place in Westchester County; he perfected his tennis and his collection of eighteenth-century furniture; attended intelligently to his inherited business; and felt rueful but not too concerned when a few silver hairs began to show at his temples.

Often of a late afternoon he could be seen strolling up Park Avenue toward home, the figure of a typical well-bred New Yorker, tall and spare, handling himself with casual ease in the traffic, glancing into a shop window or at the slim girls coming out from tea with an amused interest that softened the somewhat guarded eye of a New York bachelor. Generally he rode uptown in the Subway, having a conviction that the Subway encouraged stoicism and the democratic virtues, in which he felt himself to be deficient.

But when he really let himself go he left the Subway at Eighth Street and, strolling over to the Brevoort, picked up a hansom cab, having a shamefaced passion for this form of conveyance. He always took, if possible, a certain cab drawn by a stout but whimsical horse and driven by an old Irishman who watched for him and remembered to ask how was his bronchitis.

Although he would not have acknowledged it, what he really liked about this conveyance was the personal touch. He liked to hear above his head old Rory muttering pleasantries and satiric reminders to his horse; he liked the mild swing up the Avenue, so close to the pedestrians on the sidewalk that now and then an eye met his, often with a smile; he liked being remembered by the old driver. He would have denied it if anyone had pointed out to him that thus he had, for the past few years, begun to shelter himself from the disadvantages of his advantages—he was beginning to find it necessary to overcome a growing sense of being at times the merest trifle too much alone.

The Arnolds had diminished, as families have a way of doing, with appalling suddenness since he was thirty. With the exception of his cousin Geraldine, he had no near relatives left about New York. He had a wide circle of friends, and it was never difficult to make up his congenial house parties during the summer, but nevertheless there sometimes touched him a faint prescience of what it might be like when he had outgrown the golden age, when there would come gaps in his friendships and lonely evenings by his hearth.

It happened that, without his actually putting it into words, the beginning of some such mood as this was upon him on an afternoon in early spring when he came around the corner on Eighth Street and looked for his ancient cabman. It cheered him up, rather, the way the old fellow's face lighted when he caught sight of him, and the solicitude with which he offered a rug for his knees. It was five o'clock of a raw, cold afternoon. He knew he should not have taken a hansom cab in such weather, for he had been chilly all afternoon, and as he approached his own street he hoped that Conger, his manservant, would not

happen to look out of the window as he drove up. For Conger was tyrannical; if he knew his master was coming down with a cold and had ridden all the way uptown in an open cab, he would wither him with one look and try to put him to bed.

So he bade old Rory let him out at the corner. "There's snow in the air, sir," said Rory, "in spite o' thim daffys in the Park. I hope ye don't mean to go out tonight, sir?"

"That's exactly what I've got to do, Rory," replied Roger, feeling for his latchkey. "I've a dinner on tonight, and I'd rather stay home by the fire."

At the door of his house he stopped and looked up at the sky. It was certainly going to be a dismal evening. Was there any decent way he could get out of that dinner to the South American ambassador? Unfortunately he was to be chairman of the occasion: there were certain international banking problems coming up, and reluctantly he decided there was no stopping at home for him that night.

Afterward he remembered with awe how near he came to missing the most momentous evening of his life. He looked at the fire in his bedroom, at his dressing gown laid out on the bed. There was a new novel on his table, and the Marlowe Galleries had sent down a Queen Anne *guéridon* for him to gloat over. What a thoroughly comfortable, satisfying evening he could have at home!

"I'm certainly getting old."

The thought raised its unattractive head for perhaps the first time in his life. Involuntarily he looked at himself in the nearest mirror. Undoubtedly there was a certain something in his eyes that he had seen in the eyes of bachelors when off guard, a sort of questioning look, as if in spite of themselves a doubt had crept in—a doubt of their own self-sufficiency.

As soon as he had caught this shadow in his own eye he threw back his shoulders, drew in his stomach and assumed a more animated expression. "Funny, what rot a fellow thinks of when he's got a cold in his head. A hot bath and a cold shower, that's what I need. Then a wink of sleep—and I'll be as right as rain."

Nevertheless, later when he stepped into the elevator of the hotel where the ambassadorial dinner was being held, he felt decidedly queer. The furs and white shirt fronts and earrings and rouged lips that surrounded him in the elevator had a tendency to a blurred and distressing movement, as if everyone were making violent gestures. He wished women wouldn't use perfumery and chatter at one another down the back of his neck. He wished their earrings wouldn't click when they talked.

Absently he stepped out of the elevator and then discovered he was not certain whether this was the right floor or not. Two or three festive-looking couples glimmered in the distance and he followed them, only to have them disappear behind a closed door. Listlessly he rounded another corner. At the end of this corridor he now saw there was a wide velvet-draped doorway beyond which gleamed shaded lights and white tablecloths.

At one side of the doorway was a small table behind which, under a hooded light, a young woman bent over a long typewritten list of names. He bespoke her politely—was this the dinner to the South American ambassador?

She looked up from her task of checking off names. She would have been, he saw at once, a quite attractive young person had she not had red hair and a singularly cool and collected eye. She was dressed in a conservatively smart black evening frock, but unfortunately she had already slightly smudged her nose with the lead pencil, and involuntarily he caught his hand stealing toward his handkerchief. He liked a rose-leaf neatness in girls' complexions.

"No," she sighed. "This is the dinner of the Poetry Society." She had a quite lovely voice.

"Really?" He leaned slightly upon her table. An enormous lethargy anchored him there. The hooded light gave him a homy feeling. He did not care for red hair, but the young woman was nice; she was peaceful; she wore no earrings. And how efficient she was, checking off all those dizzy names. Surely there were not so many poets in the world? She looked up again from her task.

"I rather think the dinner you're bound for is down that corridor," she said. "Men have been going past here for some time. They look like the kind of men who would go to dinners to ambassadors."

"Thank you," he sighed. But a reluctance to move was upon him. He looked dreamily between the velvet curtains at the flowers and pink lights. "Poets seem to do themselves rather well," he murmured. "Are you a poet?"

"Oh, gracious, no! I'm a secretary. I organize their dinners and keep them from fighting—when I can."

"You don't mean to tell me poets fight?"

"Something fierce," she replied briefly, and then immediately left him. His wistful gaze followed her as she skimmed into the banquet hall. She was slender and graceful, and it seemed to Arnold in his dreamy state, quite remarkable the firmness with which she stood up to the head waiter, pointing here and there with the lead pencil, while waiters flew to enlarge this table and move that. She made him think of some kind of bird -would it be a red-headed woodpecker? Without enthusiasm he strolled on and around a corner.

Ahead of him unrolled an endless perspective of prune-colored velvet corridor with a velvet staircase unwinding itself at the end of it. It was still and empty.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

He suspected this quotation was overused and he knew it was not apropos, but somehow it delighted him. Whether it was his conversation with the red-headed girl, or the thought of the fighting poets, he did not know, but a pleasant sense of utter irresponsibility settled upon him. Moreover, he was visited by a pleasing fancy: This corridor was a sort of never-never land; it was not actual. Behind him, ahead of him, at either hand of him lay reality, but this strip of terrain was borderland. Anything might happen in it. He might lie down in it and awaken after twenty years, like Rip Van Winkle, with a long beard!

There were innumerable doors on either side of it, all closed, each one more mysterious than the last. He contemplated them one after another with solemn attention. How remarkable that he had never been aware until this moment of the enormous fascination of closed doors. And this hotel, when you came to think about it, how incredible! Twenty parties going at once—a hundred, for all he knew! People in furs and pearls going up in elevators, giving their hats and cloaks to girls in organdie aprons, looking at place cards, greeting one another, pretending to be gay

Suddenly and unaccountably he felt moved to go on with his poetry quoting. He had never been given to this innocent diversion, but there was something about this empty corridor that called for quoting poetry aloud, as a desert island might. And so as he paced the long prune-colored perspective he began to mutter, with appropriate gestures:

"*All in a hot and copper sky,*
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did
stand. . . . ."

The last word froze on his lips, for by this time he had reached the foot of the staircase, and descending it was a pair of blue-green satin slippers. Or rather, to be more accurate, they had come to a standstill on the fourth stair from the bottom. He knew they had come to a standstill out of sheer amazement, or even terror. Their wearer was leaning forward, staring down at him. Reluctantly his abashed eyes traveled upward.

Long afterward the peculiar quality of this moment kept coming back to him. He could only describe it to himself as being like one of those instants of brain slip in which the thing one has just said or done seems to duplicate some other instant far off in space and time. This curious sensation had its beginning the instant his eyes fell upon those blue-green satin slippers. But it reached its climax of strangeness when his gaze, slowly rising, discovered that the girl had black hair.

It was not merely black, it was that rarest thing—blue-black hair. And behind it was the pure blue whiteness of white fur. Roger Arnold reached out a hand and steadied himself by the newel post. For a remarkable and rather terrifying thing had happened to him. He had seen a

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"I'm All Right Now," He Smiled. "A Touch of Dizziness. For a Moment I Saw Things, Rather. I Hope I Didn't Frighten You?"

CIVILIZING CIVILIZATION

By Floyd W. Parsons

OVER the grave of an early citizen of Boston is a well-preserved stone that bears the inscription, An Enemy to Enthusiasm. It was considered a great virtue in those days to be possessed of an aversion for any display of rapturous feeling that might influence one to stray from beaten paths.

That was about the time that the old Madison Cottage, a famous road house in New York, posted its rules for guests, which were:

Fourpence a night for bed.
Sixpence with supper.
No more than five to sleep in one bed.
No boots to be worn in bed.
Organ grinders to sleep in the wash house.
No dogs allowed upstairs.
No beer allowed in the kitchen
No razer grinders or tinkers taken in.

America's chief transportation activity was the building of highways. Then came the canal era, immortalized by the great Erie Canal. Next to follow was a queer combination of travel by both rail and water. Folks had not become speed conscious and did not mind the frequent transfers from quaint railway coaches to funny-looking sectional boats.

There was not much for these early citizens to get excited about. The owners of the first railroad had to pay some of them to ride on the trains to demonstrate that a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour was safe. They were victims of existing conditions that seldom provided any spark to touch off suppressed human emotions.

They would have been just as thrilled over Lindbergh's feat as we were. In fact, no recent display of public frenzy exceeded that shown when the Atlantic was bridged and the first cable became a proved success. Business was suspended. Men left their offices and rushed into the streets to hear the news. Conservative Boston fired 100 guns. In New York and other cities bells were rung for an hour to give utterance to the general rejoicing.

Edison came along with his first electric locomotive, capable of hauling a car containing forty people or pulling a freight train of thirty tons. The first telephone line with loading coils was put into commercial use and people commenced to talk about this "new and astonishing age." It was twenty years later when a great writer ended his editorial by saying: "The trolley and the bicycle, the sewing machine, the phonograph and countless other inventions have become part of our daily life. There is now talk of flying machines, and who knows but what such things may be possible in the years to come?"

If we measure time and success in living by the total of human accomplishments, then recent decades equal centuries in the past. Today you can ride between Bagdad and Damascus over 600 miles of barren desert waste in a luxurious motor car.

A Wonder Age

TUNGSTEN, that was considered a rare metal and produced only in the laboratory a few years ago, is now mined by the ton, and each pound of it, costing only a dollar, saves the users of electric light in the United States $300,000 a year.

An Englishman who invented a little toy called the Wheel of Life never dreamed that his simple device marked the beginning of the great motion-picture industry of the present time. Nor did

Measuring Street Noise in Washington, D. C.

Edison foresee the tens of millions of dollars that would be spent to enlarge on the idea of his peep-show movie for which he charged a nickel a look.

The plan to unite Venice with near-by districts by means of bridges and substitute the electric street car for the gondola for ordinary traffic is a comparatively small thing in itself, but it clearly indicates how rapidly the old order is passing. A few years ago the forces of labor and capital were massed on opposite sides of a wall that separated them in purpose as well as in possessions. Now the wall has been leveled. The labor leader has become a capitalist and the capitalist a labor leader. The banks of the unions are competing for the fruits of ownership, and it is not at all impossible to believe that labor may finally conquer capital by itself becoming capital. At any rate, it is clear that the forces which yesterday were combatants bent on destroying each other have largely abandoned their militant attitudes and are focusing their eyes on ideals that are identical. In 1866 it cost $100 to cable twenty words to Europe. Today a twenty-word message to London costs only one dollar. This typifies what mechanical improvements are doing for humanity in hundreds of fields. The things that cost us more now than in the past are mainly the tasks performed by human hands. The wages of servants have doubled, but there is far less necessity for employing such help.

It is true we are using methods and materials not yet fully understood. Over in London is a unique farm peopled by trillions of creatures possessed of power to kill millions of people if released under favorable conditions. This farm is interested only in germs that either prey on human life or that might be trained to engage in warfare on other types of germs that are the enemies of man. Back of this strange business is the proved fact that dead germs possess some chemical quality which destroys their living brethren when the two meet in the human blood stream. The scientists carrying on this research so pamper their germs that a few select ones placed in a glass tube filled with yellow broth will multiply with such rapidity that within a single fortnight more individual organisms will be present in the tube than there are people living on the earth.

Uncle Sam, Manufacturer

HERE in the capital of our country is perhaps the most amazing manufacturing establishment in the world. We call it the United States Bureau of Standards, and it is our great public shop for carrying on experiments to improve practices and raise the national standard of living. Someone drops into the offices of the bureau almost every hour of the day with a problem to be solved. It may be that the question concerns some vital part of a big locomotive. Or the urgent need may be for the elimination of the accident hazard attending the operation of a certain machine. Often the inquiry refers to nothing more important than a piece of sealing wax or an electric lamp.

At any rate, the Federal scientists here at work make about 200,000 tests a year. Strange methods and machines are undergoing study. Some of the experiments have to do with soundproof walls, the power used by automobiles in overcoming wind resistance, the life of tires, the slipping properties of floorings, and the durability of the paper the Government employs in printing money. Nearly everything that the average citizen uses in his daily life has here been torn apart, worn out or built up anew while undergoing searching observation. Unexpected disclosures are made almost daily and the benefit to the nation is beyond estimation.

Work of this kind is causing us better to appreciate science and engineering. It is causing us to be more hospitable to the forces and reasons that underlie our new order of change. It is leading us to a plane of higher moral and intellectual development, as well as doing away with arduous manual labor. We live

A Gasoline Sleigh Invented by Frank Horner of Alaska. It Has a 22 H. P. Engine, Makes 30 Miles an Hour, Carries Enough Fuel to Travel 200 Miles, and Can Go Anywhere a Dog Team Can Pull a Sleigh

(Continued on Page 95)

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

THE sun poured liquid gold through the windows of the fast-moving train carrying me to the little Dutch village that was destined to be my home. It was June. On June 7, 1922, I had embarked for Holland from my home at Saabor in Silesia in response to an invitation from the master of Doorn.

After a brief delay at Bentheim, the last German outpost, we were approaching the frontier of Holland. When the Dutch conductor examined my ticket and noticed my destination, he pricked up his ears and said in a low tone of voice, "Are you going to see the Kaiser?"

I looked at him. His face, flushed by the sun, seemed friendly. I answered, "Yes."

"That's right," he replied. "The poor Kaiser must be lonesome."

This expression of sympathy from a foreigner touched me deeply. Suddenly the sun seemed to shine even more brightly. The June day put on a more brilliant dress.

"Not long ago," the conductor confided to me, "one of the Emperor's sons was in this train. He was very pleasant, and helped me with the baggage."

It seemed strange that I was really on my way to the Kaiser!

My present mood was not unmixed with fear. What if the evil rumors were true—if the Emperor's sanity had not withstood the triple shock of losing the war, his throne and his wife? While my conscious mind revolved these matters something deeper than logic told me that the story of the Emperor's mental unbalance was an invention disseminated by foes who feared his return and by cowards seeking to justify their desertion. They had succeeded in destroying his popularity.

The world lay at the feet of Emperor William in 1913 when he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. An American college president, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler—I remember his name, though not his exact phraseology—expressed the idea that if the monarchy were elective William II would be chosen as the head of the nation by the vote of his people. This statement was no exaggeration. But now—many a blundering politician, many a vainglorious general or admiral, writing his reminiscences, sought to place the blame for his own ineptitude upon the shoulders of his imperial master.

The Entrance to House Doorn. In Oval—George William, Hermine's Second Son

The Meeting on Foreign Soil

THE trip from Saabor to Doorn takes about eighteen hours. I stopped over in the city of Hanover, where I spent the night. I was occupied with my thoughts. The time passed quickly, until the end of my journey.

"Only a few more stations," the friendly conductor assured me. The last half hour, as usual, was the longest. Minutes seemed to stretch into hours. At last the conductor, politely tipping his hat, called out, "Amersfoort!"

Trains do not stop in Doorn. Guests usually alight either at Amersfoort or at Utrecht. At the station, General von Dommes, formerly commander of the Hussars of the Guard, welcomed me on behalf of His Majesty. One of the most faithful of His Majesty's aides, Von Dommes acts several months every year as master of the imperial household at Doorn. His sympathetic face was wreathed in smiles. He hoped my arrival would help to dispel the gloom that rested over House Doorn since the death of its mistress.

William II and His Gardener

Von Dommes conducted me to the motor that was waiting for me outside. The chauffeur's face seemed familiar. He had been with His Majesty for twenty years. But the horn of the automobile no longer sounded the pleasing "Hali-Halo" which had invariably announced the Emperor's car. Whenever that motive was sounded the waves of the traffic parted, leaving a swath through which the chauffeur conducted his imperial master.

We drove half an hour through the pleasant Dutch countryside, past numerous summer residences, with here and there a baronial manor.

Then from a signpost I saw that we had reached the village of Doorn.

We pass two inns—the pride of Doorn. Another turn. Half a minute more and we have reached our destination. The gates of House Doorn fly open.

The Dutch guards, stationed to protect the privacy of the Emperor, salute. We enter Park Doorn—his realm!

A sting of pain pierces me when I think that this is all that remains to the Kaiser—a little park surrounded by a Dutch wire fence! At the end of the road gleams the castle. The Kaiser stands on the stairs to the entrance.

It is my first personal encounter with the Emperor in nine years. We had last exchanged greetings and conversed in Breslau, at the imperial maneuvers in 1913. How vividly I remembered our first meeting in the presence of Queen Wilhelmina in Bückeburg, at the wedding of my sister Caroline to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Now we faced each other under the protection of Queen Wilhelmina in the Netherlands.

The Emperor's hair is snowy white. It was beginning to turn gray when I saw him last. How changed he looks with his beard! His carriage is firm and youthful. He does not look like a man who permits fate to bend his back.

His Majesty stands before me in his simple field-gray uniform. With native chivalry he helps me out of the car. Gallantly he kisses my hand and conducts me with elastic steps into his home under alien stars. His Majesty insists on taking me to my room. He converses affably with my maid, a married woman Frau Sturm is a native of Reuss-Greiz She was my personal attendant when I was a girl, and she had followed me to Saabor. She worked for me until she got married. By special dispensation of her husband she had accompanied me on my trip to Doorn.

Over the Coffee Cups

THE Emperor departs. I freshen up a bit. A simple but dainty little supper brings us together once more in the dining room. The table blossoms with the most beautiful roses from the Emperor's park.

The Kaiser is a sparkling conversationalist. One listens to him not because he is an emperor, but one forgets that he is an emperor while he speaks. His mind is a house of many mansions, each filled with treasures. At times, when he warms up to his subject, his eyes almost pierce the listener. Spirited, witty, often sarcastic, he sounds every note in the gamut of conversation. He discusses many subjects. He touches upon no theme without illuminating it by some remark, revealing both profound thought and unusual sources of information. In the wilderness of Doorn, William II still has his hand on the pulse of civilization.

The conversation inevitably drifts to conditions at home. His knowledge of currents and cross currents in the Fatherland and in the realm of world politics is positively uncanny. He is deeply stirred and distressed over the course of events in Germany, the land he has always loved and continues to love. I forget my weariness after the two days of travel.

A Pigeon Tower at Doorn. The Structure Rests on Ribs Taken From Old Dutch Sailing Vessels

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FORESIGHT

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Old Reliable Toils for His Brethren in Distress

SOME white folks argufy that no colored person looks ahead; that he ought to see bad luck coming and sidestep it beforehand, instead of scuffling to scramble out after he gets tangled. Shucks! These white folks don't understand half they know about a colored person's business. What's the sense of looking ahead, when troubles never tackle from the front? Various calamities that befell Old Reliable had always sneaked up from the rear and assassinated him. So, in pondering over how things happened, Zack's foresight naturally squinted behind.

No human creature, white or black, would have felt the hunch of approaching catastrophe on such an April day, at such a balmy, dozy, restful noontide. The battle crests of Vicksburg shimmered in sunshine. Locust trees put on their bridal garb. Languid odors floated through the hallway of Colonel Spottiswoode's home, wafted on the throbs of every breeze. Even if a levee had broke in the Delta, an overflow couldn't bother Zack on top of this hill. And why should a reasonable colored person keep his eye peeled for trouble, when all the white folks were gone? Nobody hung around the big house to yell, "Come here, Zack, and mow this lawn!" "Hurry up, Zack, and wash my car." Even Selina had deserted the premises, leaving a serene silence in her kitchen. After preparing dinner to be served when the colonel and Miss Betty came home, their cook had bustled off to attend a meeting of her Sisterhood. Peace, perfect peace. Only the telephone disturbed Zack—twice. Miss Betty was working at Red Cross headquarters, and would take lunch downtown. . . . The colonel hadn't finished setting up tents at camp. Leave a bite for him on the table.

"Huh!" Zack grinned as he hung up the receiver, "An' dat fool nigger preacher corntends dat tain't no seeh thing as luck? Nice hot dinner an' nobody to eat it 'cept me." He opened the stove door and sniffed. "Lawd! Lawd!" A roast, bigger than Selina's coal scuttle, thick brown gravy, new potatoes, asparagus, tender young greens from their own garden. An aroma of drip coffee that perfumed the atmosphere. A critical nose gave several more sniffs. "Lawd! Lawd!"

Tantalizing his appetite by deliberation, Zack laid one solitary plate, right in the middle of the kitchen table, allowing himself plenty of elbowroom. No fat lummox of a wife to take up space and nag him. "Lawd! Lawd!"

Unhurriedly he removed a stiff white jacket in which he served the colonel's meals, flung off necktie and collar that more or less impeded him, opened his shirt at the throat, and rolled up both sleeves.

"Now den!"

Never a disappointment emerged from that capacious stove. Zack even made discoveries—an apple pie, crisscrossed, and scintillating with sugar crystals.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

"Run, Parson, Run," He Whispered, and Shoved Bighead Through the Door

Not a cloud obscured the promise of his horizon. Not a hitch marred the perfection of fulfillment. Fulfillment is a meager word, feebly suggesting the fill-fullment of a well-stuffed Zack.

"Dat's 'bout all!" Reluctantly he shoved the dishes away from him in a semicircle and sat regarding them, for Zack could hold no more. "Reckon I better fix up a plate o' vittles fer cunnel an' keep 'em warm." A proof of colored foresight.

Peace, perfect peace. The colonel's plate steamed gently. Zack's head drooped on the kitchen table. Sweet oblivion. Let that white alarmist who finds prophecies of terror in a violet, who scents a menace in the rose, let him now speak up and warn this colored person that disaster is approaching.

The only shape that actually approached was that of Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode. No harm in the colonel. He might bust loose occasionally and cuss a lot if he got riled, but always wound up by seeing Zack through every muddle. Somebody had brought colonel home in a car, looking weary about the eyes. His tread seemed not so alert. His strong limbs dragged a trifle as he mounted the front steps and shouted, "Zack! Oh, Zack!"

"Yas-suh. Comin', suh."

From the kitchen table a kinky head bobbed up. Snatching collar, necktie and jacket, Zack wriggled into them as he hurried toward the porch, then showed himself at the doorway, an immaculate butler. "Yas-suh, cunnel. Yas-suh."

"Zack, I'm fagged out, getting Fort Hill Camp in shape for our refugees. Please mix me a little toddy. Then set my dinner on the table. Better make two toddies."

"Sholy, suh." Zack would have made two anyhow. After such a gorging meal was not the orthodox schedule for a drink. But of late Zack had revised his notions. The proper time was when he could get it.

"Yas-suh. Two toddies comin', suh."

According to some white folks, such were the baleful circumstances under which this colored person was supposed to squint ahead for trouble.

The planter finished his sketchy meal, then sat smoking, thoughtful and silent. He did not joke with Zack as usual, for a levee had given way above Greenville, and the whole lower Delta must soon be overflowed. Three of his plantations were already under water, stock drowned, cabins washed away, and stampeded labor now huddled along the embankments waiting for rescue boats.

"Zack, I'm going to take a nap. May have to work all night."

"Yas-suh. Sho is equally times."

"I want you to hurry down to the landing and watch for a boat."

"Which boat, suh?"

"Don't know. The Barret, maybe, or the Sprague. I'm expecting more than two hundred of my tenants on her."

"Sholy, suh. Sholy."

"Now, Zack, listen. I must be there when she arrives, and take them out to camp."

"Yas-suh. Us can't 'low dese country niggers to ramble all over Vicksburg widout no bells on 'em."

"That's it. They're wet and hungry, badly rattled. Lost everything. If my tenants scatter, or labor agents sneak amongst them, I'll never get them back to the plantation."

"Cunnel," Zack flamed up wrathfully, "why'n't you-all white folks jest hang dem labor agents? I sho would hang 'em, long as de tellyphone poles helt out. No, sir-ree, I'd bile 'em. Dat's what I'd do—bile 'em."

"A scaly bunch," the planter agreed, "taking advantage of our distress. But, Zack, your job is to watch for that boat and phone me when she whistles."

"Yas-suh. De minute she whistles. On my way, Cunnel."

Zack grabbed his hat from the kitchen, changed to a flap-tailed alpaca coat, and went hot-foot through the dining room when colonel halted him.

"Hold on. Don't rush off without your dinner."

"Lordee, cunnel, I fergits. Studyin' 'bout dem po' niggers pestered me so bad, I ain't got no heart to eat."

"Here's a half dollar for carfare. You may want a little snack."

"Thankee, suh. I mought git hongry. I mought."

No human occupation is more indefinite than waiting for a steamboat which may arrive tomorrow, or some day next week, perhaps. The demands of this job precisely suited Zack—nothing to do but wait, and couldn't start any other work because he was waiting. He loved to stroll around, to mingle as a detached observer in the hubbub of Levee Street, where a tremendous river beat against the sea wall and such a variety of things were happening at once. Attending to his duties as an observer kept him busier than a one-eyed boy at a three-ring circus. The wall threatened to break. Water gushed up underneath it. A sand boil. Thousands of laborers, wearing rubber boots, splashed through the torrent to stop it. Another railroad army was throwing up a levee of sacks around the passenger station. Never had Zack seen such a swarm of white folks as now congregated at the depot—Vicksburg ladies and soldier boys that he knew, thicker than negroes going on an excursion. Under the passenger shed they had little tables sitting around, same as a church festival.

From her seat at one of these tables, with a Red Cross badge on her arm, Miss Betty Spottiswoode beckoned him. "Oh, Zack. Come here. Did uncle get home?"

"Yas, Miss Betty."

"You gave him his dinner?"

"Sholy. Nice dinner. Miss Betty, what's dese tickets for?"

The inquisitive old negro began fumbling at a stack of cards which lay before Miss Spottiswoode, while she explained the system for taking care of refugees.

"You see, Uncle Zack, these cards are to register people as they arrive."

"Reddish 'em? Yas'm. Does dey vote?"

"Oh, no. We are not holding an election. I write down each man's name and give him a card so he can draw his rations."

"Rations?" Old Reliable's teeth gleamed white. "Den he jest shows dis ticket an' gits plenty grub for hisself?"

"And family," Miss Betty added.

"De mo' chillun he got, de mo' vittles he drawa?"

"Naturally. And the more blankets, of course, to keep them warm."

"Give him blankets too?"

"Yes. Then if the family be destitute, the Red Cross furnishes clothing."

"Lawd! Lawd! Feed dem niggers, den dress 'em up besides?"

"Obliged to. They're naked. And the law compels them to wear clothes. Or, if they want to go somewhere else, a card will entitle them to railroad ticket."

"Free?" Zack's eyes popped wide open.

"Of course it's free. They haven't a cent."

"Lordee!" Zack gasped. "Ride on de railroad free, drink plenty free ice water? All he got to do is show dis little paper? Miss Betty, dat's mighty nice. I'll jest take a few o' dese my own self."

As a member of the Spottiswoode family, Zack had always been accustomed to take what he wanted. So his long black fingers picked up a handful of cards, but the girl caught his sleeve and made him drop them.

"Lawd—Lawd, Miss Betty," Zack argued, "ain't me an' you good friends?"

"Yes. But I can only give these cards to refugees out of the overflow."

"Huh! You needn't be so stingy wid dem little ole papers." Suddenly Zack's face illumined. He caught on. "You jest gives dese tickets to high-water niggers what 'rives on a boat? Yas'm. Yas'm. I sees yo' p'int. Miss Betty, when do dat boat come in?"

"We are expecting the Sprague at any moment."

"Den I better go. Cunnel tole me to keep bofe eyes skinned, an' tellyphome him when she whistles."

If Zack had not been so intent upon looking ahead to get a ticket for rations, he might have seen a calamity that came sneaking up behind. But he didn't look behind. At some little distance in the rear, Zack failed to notice two men near the mouth of an alleyway, conversing cautiously.

"Jim," the white man whispered to a pastor-type black who wore a fawn-colored hat, "Jim, out of the bunch that's due on the Sprague, you ought to get me at least two hundred."

"Don't know," the negro shook his head. "White fellers are watching their labor powerful close."

"Yes. But those Delta planters are all broke. Mules drowned. Can't feed their negroes. No crop this year. Spread that news through camp and round 'em up."

"Spread dat news? Not me, cap. Dey'll tie me up to a limb."

The negro addressed as "Jim"—even less favorably known as "Bighead"—was fat and oily. The first impression of him was that of a hat large enough to cover a beer keg, its light fawn contrasting vividly with the tar black of Bighead's countenance.

If Zack had only listened in on this conference between the agent and his employer, as he had listened in on many another private tête-à-tête, he would have heard the white man's instructions:

"Work quick while things are so confused. Slip into camp, give one of the plantation elders a five-dollar bill, then lead his flock away."

"Can't git into camp without a pass"—in his business Bighead had learned to be prudent—"or I'll have them planters leadin' me away—on a rope."

"Not a Chinaman's chance," the white man insisted "Go to that blond lady, sitting by the second post. She's in charge. Say you're a preacher, sent here to hold services in camp. No trick to get a pass."

None of this did Zack see, his exclusive attention being centered upon certain proceedings at a table on which the ladies were stacking up sandwiches. Mountains of bread, ham, hot dogs; barrels of coffee. No labor agents or steamboat whistle now cut a figure in Zack's life, as he sidled like a crab toward these eatables and asked a worker whom he knew:

"Howdy, Mrs. Cowden. Is you-all aimin' to give a picnic?"

"No, Uncle Zack. The boat's coming, and those wretched negroes are starved."

"Yas'm. I'll jest stan' here an' pass out sandwidges."

"Never mind. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Green are the committee at this table."

"Dat's fine. I kin be slicin' ham." Zack grabbed a knife, of which Mrs. Cowden firmly relieved him.

"Den lemme pour out coffee?"

"Thank you. Our arrangements are all made. There! The boat's whistling."

(Continued on Page 138)

"Yas, Ma'am, I'd Love to Git Three or Fo' o' Dem Linen Suits Same as Cunnel Wears. An' a Red Necktie"

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"Those Guys Would Frame You Quick as a Wink. Don't be a Fool"

WHEN I came to, after my father had knocked me down, it was a couple of minutes before I could realize just what had happened. By the time I had a chance to do anything about the blow, he was gone. I think he waited just long enough to see whether I was really going to come out of it, then beat it.

I have said elsewhere that he was a very hard fighter and never was afraid of anything on two feet, but perhaps that was when he worked on the docks and before his hands got white and soft. It looked, when he beat it, as though he did not want to give me a chance to fight back. I could hear him going out of the door and, as long as he was gone, I let the thing rest there. If we were going to fight, I would rather wait until later, because a good punch makes a lot of difference, and he had hit me a beauty. So I went to the buffet and got me a good stiff drink. After that I looked in the mirror and saw that my chin had quite a lump on it where his fist had landed. It would not do to go out and have people see that. They would think it funny anybody would dare hit me as long as I was the gang leader. Also, if somebody got bumped off about that time, I might be suspected, because people would think I had been in a fight. After you get a reputation there are all kinds of things like that happen to you. Things you never knew a thing about come to your coop to roost.

Lefty Todd would be sure to ask me about it if I went to the office next morning. If I told him I was in a fight he would want to start both gangs out to square it. If I told him my old man had hit me, it would spoil my pull with them, because it would show him that me and the old man were fighting between ourselves. You can see the shape I was in. It kept getting harder and harder to decide which way to turn. I wanted to have a talk with Danny and I wanted to see Mary. I called Mary on the telephone and told her I felt bad and asked her if she would come over to see me. She said she would not, but I could come to see her if I wanted to. I always figured that the way to handle a girl is to run her and make her think you do not care much about her in the little things, so I said I would not go.

Fear of the Gang Bearing a Gift

MARY told me over the telephone that evening that she had made up her mind to be a nurse and was going to enter training in a big hospital in our town. She said that was the way she could do the most good and it would always mean a good living for her even when she got pretty old. I told her that was fine, but she would be better off to marry me and we would leave town and settle down somewhere else among strangers and I would get a job and go straight.

"I know you think you mean it now, Jimmie," she told me, "but I know you never could do it."

"I could too," I said. "I am working right now and will make good money and stick at it."

But she would not fall for it. "Going straight is not just keeping out of trouble, Jimmie," she cracked. "It comes from inside a man; from his heart, and you haven't found it yet. I hope sometime you will. I should think your mother ——"

"Aw, rot!" I snapped at her, and hung up the receiver and went and took another drink. Women are always talking sentiment and being sad. But I felt bad and I hoped she would call me back, but she did not. That made me feel worse, but I would not call her back, so I telephoned to Clancy's and asked Clancy if Danny was there.

"Yes," said Clancy, "he's here. An' so is your father. What is the matter with the old boy? He blew in here and started buyin' drinks for the house. He'll be soused in another half hour the way he's goin' at it."

"Lemme speak to Danny," I cracked, "an' let the old man get as soused as he wants." Clancy laughed and in a minute Danny came to the telephone and said he would be right over.

"Twist an' Dandy are here too," he said. "They will come with me."

"I don't want them," I told Danny, but he had hung up the receiver and did not hear me, so I knew the three of them would come in a few minutes.

I bathed my chin with cold water and it did not look so bad, but I was afraid they would see it. Then I set out a bottle and some glasses from the old man's private stock and in a minute the three of them were there. They all took a drink and I had another with them.

"You look like the wrath of Gawd," Twist tells me as he wiped off his mouth after the drink. "What's eatin' you, anyway?"

"I was soused last night," I answered.

"Yeah? What's the matter with your kisser? Did somebody bust you on the chin?" He came close to me and looked at the lump.

"Yes. I got to foolin' around with the old man and he biffed me accidentally."

None of them said anything, but they all looked like they knew I was not telling them the truth. Dandy helped himself to another drink and after a few minutes he said to Twist, "Why not crack the racket?"

Twist laughed and looked at me. "We got some dough for you, Jimmie," he said, at the same time reaching into his pocket and dragging out a big roll of bills. "This is your end of that job Slug and Gat and Dandy and me pulled off this afternoon."

He handed me $700. "What job?" I asked him. "I never knew about any job being pulled off."

They all laughed and said that pals did not have to know everything while it was happening and they had pulled off a fast one and, of course, kept my share for me, because we were all partners. They tried to make it look natural, but something told me it was all wrong

I handled the money a minute, then I threw it on the table and told them to take another drink. "I wasn't in on the job," I said, "an' I don't want any cut of the loot."

"But pals are pals, Jimmie," Dandy said sharply. "We want to share and share alike. You can trust us all the way. When we are playing with pals that's the way we play."

"I don't want the dough," I said, my suspicions telling me that something was back of it all—something I could not see.

"But, by Jiminy, you'll take it!" Twist snapped. "I guess mebbe you think you will do a run-around on us, eh? You'll take the dough or admit that you are tryin' to break with us, and that won't prove so very healthy either!"

That was what had scared me all the time. They thought I was crossing them. I was supposed to be the leader of the gang, but a blind man could see that it was every man for himself and this $700 never would have come my way unless I was to pay mighty well for it.

"What job was it you pulled?" I asked them.

"That pay-roll job down at the warehouses," Dandy answered. "We stuck up the paymaster—don't you read the papers?"

"I was soused last night and I don't feel very good I ain't looked at the papers today."

Danny hunted around and found the old man's paper and there was the whole story on the front page. The paymaster had been stuck up in broad daylight and robbed of nearly $4000 in bills. I only read the headlines.

The Cat Out of the Bag

ALL of a sudden it dawned on me that this was the very job that had made the old man so mad. I guessed right away that Slug had been collared for it and sent word to the old man. For a few minutes I never said a word, then I asked, trying not to show more than normal interest, "Did you make a clean get-away?"

Twist laughed a very hard little laugh. "I guess you know we didn't," he cracked. "I guess that rough foolin' with your old man was over Slug, wasn't it?"

So the cat was out of the bag. Somehow they had got Slug for this job and not all the others. I looked at Danny and figured that he would tell me the truth if anybody would.

"Danny," I said to him, "tell me what happened."

"Slug and Nick and Dutch are collared," he said

"How many of you were there when they pulled the job?"

"Just them three—Slug and Nick and Dutch," he answered.

"Who made the pinch?"

"Strange bulls from downtown farther. The tip is out that our captain is going to be transferred because the gang is getting too fresh around here."

The Old Man Glanced Around the Room a Moment, Then Snapped

"How soon were they caught after they pulled the job?"

Before Danny could answer, Twist cut in: "They got caught in the get-away," he snapped. "It's all in the papers there. You know it well enough. And you might as well know all the sad news at once. The cops got the pay roll back and those three guys are due for a sweet stretch. They'll get ten to fifteen as sure as you're a foot high. That is, they will unless your old man stops it—an' he's goin' to stop it, savvy?"

"Did he say he would?" I asked, sparring for time and trying to think of a way out for me.

"I said he would," Twist cracked back, vicious like. "I say so. If he don't those three guys will talk, and that means a pretty stretch for all of us on that uptown shooting thing."

"I should worry about the shooting thing." I tried to laugh. "I been tried and acquitted. They can't even try me again!"

"Oh, yes, they can! Don't kid yourself, Jimmie. They'll take you in as an accessory, and on this new evidence they will send you to the chair as pretty as they do Slug. You was tried for murder, and the two are different. They'll take you, all right, if those guys talk."

"I didn't talk when I was in," I charged.

The Old Man Steps In

"YOU ain't a stir bug like Slug. If he'll shoot an innocent guy just to save himself from another stretch, it's a cinch he'll turn state's evidence if he gets half a chance."

"Then this $700 never came from that pay roll?" I asked. "You made it up between you just to get me in on the deal! If I was in, you figured the old man would have to kick in with his influence and stop prosecution."

"Sure," Danny grinned at me. "But seein' you don't want the dough, we'll make him kick in anyhow!" He picked up the money and winked at Twist as he stuffed it into his pocket.

"Never turn down cash, Jimmie," Twist grinned at me. "We thought we'd make it softer for you, but now you'll take the job without the money, and we'll make you like it."

"Even you guys knew nothing about the stickup of the paymaster till after it was over, did you?" I asked.

"Not till these other three saps were in the can," they admitted. "But the stickup don't faze us. It's what them three can and will say that worries us. We'll all go over the jumps for that gang fight as soon as Slug starts talking."

I sat down at the table and took another drink. I mean, when things break against you, what are you going to do? Every way I turned there was trouble and it looked as though I would have to try and settle with the old man and see that he fixed this jam. But even after he did, what then? Those crooks would be in another jam in a week and we would have the whole thing to do over again. The old man was smart enough to know that. I was not sure I could do a thing with him.

Finally I looked up at Danny and said, "I never figured you to cross me up."

"Me?" he grunted. "How have I crossed you? They got me in the same mess. I don't want to go over the long road any more than you do and the only chance we got is through your old man!"

I have got to admit that I felt licked. After me telling the old man that stuff about running for alderman, I knew he hated me. As near as I could see, all he had to do was say that his son was no good and go on fighting what he liked to call the battle of the common people.

Even if he never was elected alderman on account of me, he would still be committeeman, and that was not so tough. The talk was all over that he never would be alderman, anyway, because the big bosses would stop it on account of his education and the way he ate. But he could pick the man to go, and that meant just as much or even more power, because he could make the man he picked do things as alderman he never would dare do himself.

So I was up against it good and hard. The three guys just stood around and looked at me, and finally Dandy laughed and threw the bills back on the table and said, "Well, you're in for the rap anyway, so you might as well take the dough and use it."

I picked up the bills and put them in my pocket, and just as I did the front door of the house opened and I knew it was the old man. I thought maybe he would make a lot of trouble finding the guys there, but, after all, maybe they could make him see things better than me, so I did not make them beat it. Pretty soon he walked into the room and looked us over. Clancy was wrong when he said the old man was getting drunk. He was sober as a judge and there was that strange light in his eye which I could always tell meant trouble.

"Oh," he cracked, his mouth set in a smirk, "I see you got some friends in for the evening."

Twist laughed a little and answered, but his voice showed he was none too comfortable: "Hello, chief. We just blew in to see Jimmie, because he was feelin' low."

"Nobody That Is Fine and Noble and Sincere Would Marry a Crook if They Knew It," She Answered Me; "and I Want to Be Fine and Noble"

The old man glanced around the room a moment, then snapped his fingers, and before you could wink, three cops were in the door and they had their guns out and trained on us. Right there I knew my father had decided to fight Slug Dolan to the last ditch. After all, there was nothing else for him to do. If my gang ever got their claws into him they would break him mighty quick. It would be one thing after another, and even a district committeeman has his limits. I sat there and never said a word.

His Fingers, and Before You Could Wink Three Cops Were in the Door

Three of a Kind Takes a Pair of Crooks

"DANDY, an' you, Twist," the old man said, his voice sounding like the bite of a file on hard steel, "I guess these boys have got somethin' to say to you." Before they could answer, he turned to the cops. "An' don't say it here," he grunted. "Take the little yeggmen where they belong. They ain't fit to be with decent people. Take 'em in on a murder charge!"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant snapped. "Come along, you guys. The less you say the better your break will be!" He waved his gun at them and then ordered a cop to fan them. When that had been done the police had both of them cold for carrying weapons. Danny looked at me and I looked at Danny. The cops never made a start for us at all. I looked at the old man, but his mouth was set and there was real fight in his eyes.

"You guys don't know what you're playin' around with," Twist cut in to the cops. "This goes deep, believe me. You better lay off."

"Take the yegg out of here," my old man cracked. "They got no right here an' they ought to be run in. Let them say whatever they please."

"What the hell's your game?" Dandy asked my old man. "You think you can get away with this stuff? We'll have you in, first thing you know! If we hang, your kid does too!"

"Bunk!" the old man sneered. "Take 'em along. Take down whatever they say an' use it against 'em!"

Twist and Dandy started more talk, but the cops were rough with them and out they went. The old man stood looking at Danny and me for several seconds, and even though I knew he was working some pretty slick scheme, I was scared.

At long last he walked over to the table and took a big drink. Then he dropped into a chair, crossed his knees in

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 27, 1927

What Our Navy Needs

INTERNATIONAL agreements are doing much to curb the size and power of the United States Navy. The number and tonnage of capital ships and cruisers, the caliber of guns and their elevation have all been at issue. There are certain points, however, at which our Navy is untouched by these conventions, certain directions in which we are free to go as far as we like. If we exercise ordinary prudence and good sense, and acquire any real understanding of our national needs, we should go a very long way.

Existing agreements and those to which, in the future, we may assent are concerned with sizes, numbers and quantities. Upon quality they place no limitations. If therefore our sea force is to be kept within the narrowest limits which considerations of self-preservation can tolerate, it ought to be the best navy that the resources of man can make it. Ship for ship, gun for gun and man for man, it should be without a peer. The fewer ships we have the better they must be. Within the limitations that we accept, skill, knowledge and manhood must not be spared. If we decide to keep our Navy a little navy, we have a right to demand that in quality, if not in size, it be worthy of the dignity and importance of the nation.

Translated into details, this aim means many things. First and foremost, it means an exceptional personnel, for no navy is better than the men who man its ships. There was a time when the Navy offered young men adventure and prize money. Today it offers them a profession of the most exacting type. It has no place for weaklings or for men of merely average intellectual endowments. In manhood, as in materials, it requires the best the nation affords. In order to get the best it must offer pay and allowances and opportunities for a career which will make a powerful appeal to ambitious young men of the highest type. For the enlisted man it must do all that it has done in the past, and, if possible, do it even better.

There is little general realization of the fact that the United States Navy operates the largest and best trade school in the country. Enlistment means a possible opportunity for mastering one or more out of a dozen or twenty skilled trades. Enlisted men who return to civil life after learning a trade in the Navy are usually able to take a high place in their chosen calling and to follow it with profit. Not only in the mechanical trades but in other fields the Navy is a great educational institution which is performing for the nation services that are rarely appraised at anything like their true value. There is one faculty the lack of which prevents the Navy from receiving all the congressional support and the popular enthusiasm to which it is entitled. The Navy is weak on publicity. It does not know how to advertise. It hides its light under a bushel. It suffers from misplaced modesty. It has no proper literature.

Generations of English-speaking boys have sat up nights reading Captain Marryat's joyous stories of adventure in the British Navy. The perusal of these novels was directly responsible for the entrance into the navy of so many ambitious youngsters that the Admiralty was glad to pension the author in recognition of his services to the nation. We recall very few works of fiction which are having a similar effect upon our own boys. We have no Henry Newbolts to sing of our old sea heroes or of our gallant ships of war.

These are perhaps the reasons why so large a proportion of our population regards the Navy as a cold-blooded public utility rather than as an essential element of our national life, an element to be loved for its own sake. A more general adoption of the latter attitude would do almost as much for the Navy as unlimited appropriations.

Secretary Wilbur and his colleagues, officers in the higher ranks, the Navy League and all who call themselves friends of the Navy may well devote their best thought and energies to selling the Navy to those who have paid for it but do not yet know what they have got.

It is time for the Navy to step out and to make all proper efforts to get more of the indispensable publicity to which its record and merits and importance entitle it.

Our Declining Debt

IN JULY, 1919, our national debt stood at $26,600,000,000. On July 1, 1927, the debt stood at $18,500,000,000. This consists of $15,200,000,000 in national bonds, $2,000,000,000 in Treasury notes, the remainder in Treasury certificates. The average rate of interest is now just under four per cent per annum. The Treasury has been continuously engaged in refunding at a lower rate of interest and reducing the debt by payments. During the past fiscal year the reduction in debt was no less than $1,100,000,000. The $8,000,000,000 reduction since 1919 is about one-third of the former total national public debt. The surplus of the past fiscal year is understood to have been around $635,000,000. During the current fiscal year it is planned to reduce the debt by some $800,000,000, and to provide for a refunding of the Third Liberty Loan of $2,145,000,000. The national debt has been reduced one-third.

Our export of capital during the past fiscal year was about as much as our reduction of the public debt. The total figure for our foreign investments, including the war debts as refunded, is somewhere between eighteen and nineteen billion dollars. Our national debt and our foreign investments are therefore about equal. The rate of interest payable on the foreign investments of American nationals is, however, notably higher than the average rate paid on the national debt.

The national debt has ceased to be a problem; from now on the reduction to a negligible figure will take place almost automatically. In the meantime the figure representing the sum of state and local debts is rising. Old bonds are being paid off by amortization, but everywhere new bonds are being issued. These appeal to the people of the area concerned as essential to the forward march of improvements, but the cumulative figure cannot fail to arouse some apprehension. Debts mean taxes, and the state and local taxes press heavily, especially on agriculture. In 1914 the general property tax paid by farmers in the entire country was around $350,000,000; last year it was over $800,000,000. Our gratification over the reduction of the national debt should not blind us to the problem of the enlargement of state and local debts.

The recent report of the Colwyn Debt Committee contains material for interesting comparisons between Great Britain and the United States. The income tax in Great Britain provides some forty per cent of the revenue for the budget. The limit of income tax is much lower than here. The tax is higher. An American, married, with three children and an earned income of $5000, would pay an income tax of less than five dollars; such a man in Great Britain would pay nearly $400. The part of the British budget going to pay the debt to this country amounts to only four per cent of the total, while the amount going to military expenditures is three times as large as that and three times as large per capita as in this country. The Britisher below income-tax level pays his taxes largely in the form of indirect or sales taxes, of which the tax on alcoholic beverages forms some sixty per cent. The American farmer, who pays little or no income tax, cannot by any voluntary act reduce his taxes; but the British farmer or worker who pays no income tax can cut off half his tax by cutting off alcoholic drinks—that is, of course, reasoning by averages.

Each country has its debt and tax problems. The national debt and the drink tax are no longer ours.

A Half-Seeing World

NOTHING else so arouses the sympathy and pity of humankind as blindness. An accident resulting in loss of eyesight seems to us the worst that can happen, and we admire the blind who become adept in adjusting themselves to a wholly different world. Much ingenuity and effort are taken up in finding and devising amusements and gainful occupations for those who are sightless.

But blindness, after all, is only an extreme and, relatively speaking, rare form of a very common ailment. The world is full of partially blind people who receive no sympathy or help, and, what is worse, in many instances do not take the trouble to help themselves. As a speaker at the annual meeting of the American Association of Workers for the Blind said: "This condition handicaps them in their work, causes backwardness in the schools, represents enormous economic and social waste, and if not remedied makes for lifelong discontent and unhappiness."

At a recent meeting of a state association of optometrists the president of the organization said that vision below normal is present in at least one-third of all motor-vehicle drivers. "In congested city traffic and in all night driving this type of vision creates an extra hazard." The suggestion was made that a strict requirement of visual acuity in the granting of licenses would greatly reduce the number of accidents.

An American physician practising in Peking, who was captured by bandits, in writing of his experiences in a medical journal says that a majority of the bandits were nearsighted. "Their defect did not surprise me, since my examination of Chinese patients for more than a decade had revealed that nearly sixty per cent were myopic."

But the Chinese have no monopoly on defective vision. Many American women and not a few men are too vain to wear glasses, or at least put off the evil day as long as possible, or wear them only when there is no company around. Many older people have never had lenses fitted to their eyes with any real care, and select this immensely important corrective device with less detailed pains than they do their shoes. On the other hand, despite school nurses and clinics, vast numbers of children have never had their defective vision discovered or corrected.

It is fortunate that defective vision is so largely remediable. Entirely aside from the wearing of glasses, much of the actual defectiveness can be prevented. One of the great possibilities is in educating children to correct posture. Then, too, the lighting of our houses, schools and industries can be enormously improved.

To a large extent, lighting is a social disgrace. We live in a half-seeing world quite largely because it is such a poorly and dimly lighted world. Knowledge of scientific lighting has progressed markedly in recent years. The manufacturers of electrical equipment and the electric light and power companies know how a house or office or factory should be lighted to save the eyes of its occupants, and they are passing this knowledge on to the retail lighting dealers and contractors. But there are millions of buildings to be properly lighted, and progress is naturally slow. A great inertia must be overcome before the human eye has the light to which it is entitled.

The President and the Press

By DAVID LAWRENCE

NEWSPAPERS are sometimes regarded objectively as if they were privileged institutions. A mysterious awe is often attached to them. They purvey the news of the day as a matter of business. And yet, though they constitute a monopoly in some communities, they are not subject to regulation like the electric-light company or the gas corporation or the railroads. Under the Constitution the press is free. Censorship except for obscenity is unlawful.

Possessed of such vast powers, the newspapers, however, have recognized their responsibility and have gradually endeavored to formulate a code of ethics. By voluntary action, for instance, they censored themselves during the war. Since then efforts have been made, through the American Society of Newspaper Editors, to bring about a higher standard among newspapers generally. These efforts are still in their infancy, yet they demonstrate the paramount fact that with nineteen hundred and fifty daily newspapers, and therefore nineteen hundred and fifty opportunities for a difference of opinion as to what constitutes the responsibility or irresponsibility of a newspaper, some agreement on principles must inevitably be sought.

But while editors have been trying to write a code of ethics, Washington correspondents have for many years had a code which has been applied by them in their own circumscribed sphere. This does not mean that the Washington correspondents have had the power to punish any of their own number who violated the code—indeed, that has always been its virtuous weakness—but it has represented, nevertheless, a code of action by which reputable correspondents have been content to reconcile the obligations of newspaper enterprise with the responsibilities of citizenship.

Avoiding Direct Quotation

THE central thought in this whole code has been fairness in dealing with governmental officials. The right of a President to be quoted directly only when he cares to authorize a statement has been for many years accepted without question. Some Presidents rarely gave audiences to the press, confining their publicity to formal statements on stated occasions. Other Presidents found it convenient to discuss public affairs with particular correspondents in the privacy of the Executive Offices. President Roosevelt, for instance, used to receive some of his special friends among the correspondents while he was shaving in the morning. The favored few would transmit to the outside world exclusive news, which would, of course, arouse the envy of their colleagues. President Taft tried the experiment of inviting to the White House offices for conference all the correspondents and discussing public affairs with them in a more or less intimate fashion. When President Wilson came into power it was natural to expect that the "open door" which he had established with the newspapermen when he was Governor of New Jersey and the phrase "pitiless publicity," which had become a sort of slogan of his campaign, would lead to extended conferences with the press. Mr. Wilson agreed to meet the newspapermen twice a week and kept up the practice for about two years, discontinuing the sessions when it became evident that much of the information he was giving out in confidence to the correspondents was being promptly relayed to the various embassies and legations by certain foreign correspondents. Rather than draw a distinction between American and foreign correspondents, the conferences were abandoned just after the Lusitania was torpedoed.

President Harding resumed the practice of twice-a-week conferences with the press, but established the innovation of requiring the correspondents to ask their questions in writing instead of orally. Mr. Harding's reason was that when a half hundred correspondents were assembled in his office and one of them asked a question which for reasons of his own the President might decline to answer, significance would promptly be attached to such refusal. He contended that if a correspondent had a question to ask and he put it on a slip of paper and the President decided to ignore it, nobody would know this except that particular correspondent. Mr. Harding stated, however, that he had no objection to oral questions if he himself actually answered a correspondent's question and opened the discussion on that subject. Throughout his administration the correspondents observed the primary rule that the President must not be quoted directly, but they made it clear in their news dispatches that the information they obtained was on the authority of the President. They resorted to such phrases as "The President told his callers," and so on, or "It was learned on the highest authority," or "The President feels that a certain policy would be wise," and so on. It was in effect an indirect statement which the correspondents wrote into their dispatches, and only a few instances occurred in which quotation marks were actually attributed to presidential utterances without authorization.

When Calvin Coolidge came into the presidency he held his first conference with the newspapermen within a few days after he took the oath of office. The late Gus J. Karger, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, inquired if Mr. Coolidge intended to observe the rules of his predecessors. Mr. Coolidge asked for a statement of the rule, and Mr. Karger said: "The President is never quoted, directly or indirectly."

Mr. Coolidge nodded his approval and said he merely wished to carry out the same practice President Harding had adopted.

Who is "The White House Spokesman"

NOW, there always had been a rather hazy understanding among the correspondents as to what constituted an indirect quotation. Some of them took it to mean that indirect discourse itself was prohibited and that never could a statement be worded to read "The President said," and so on. Others took Mr. Karger's statement of the rule literally and cautioned their colleagues that no information coming from the presidential conference with the press could even be directly or indirectly attributed to the President. Naturally there was curiosity next morning as to how some of the leading correspondents would handle the news given out by Mr. Coolidge. Several of them tried to get around the difficulty by saying that "a White House spokesman" had declared, and so on. Others said that certain information was given out "on behalf of the President." Still others thought that a simple way was to use the words "Official Spokesman," and to use these words in capital letters, as if there really were someone designated in such capacity by the President.

For many months the words "White House spokesman" came to be used as an easy device, because, after all, the official spokesman was an anonymous person, and direct as well as indirect quotations were frequently attributed to that individual. Although there has been a popular impression to the contrary, the stenographic record of what has transpired between the newspaper correspondents and Mr. Coolidge ever since he took the oath of office will bear out the statement that the spokesman was really a creature of the correspondents and not Mr. Coolidge's suggestion. In fact several correspondents urged the President to clear

(Continued on Page 117)

President Coolidge With Some Newspapermen Who Had Interviewed Him

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(To Near-Sighted Spouse Who Is Supposed to Be Correcting His Sixteen-Year-Old Daughter) "Good Gracious, Pa! Why, That's Grandma You Have There"

Somebody's Darlings

Is Yours?

ADAM'S garden I don't doubt it—
Was all people say about it.
But with hoein', spadin', weedin'—
Well, our garden isn't Eden. —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

in shape to try for a hop across the Pacific; Fred is caddying at the country club; and even little Rosana, who has just turned four, is playing the lead in juvenile movie comedies at the Piedmont Studios. As for myself, my tea room is a grand success and, with the installation of the new soda fountain, I'll be tied up for the season." R. N. PHELPS.

The Nature Nut

I'M AN ardent nature lover; I have spied upon the plover,
I have pried into the private life of whippoorwills and wrens;
I have snooped on skunks and weasels, know the grubby ground of teasels,
And have pestered all the fauna in their nests and lairs and dens.
Yet about one thing I've wondered—one great puzzle that has thundered
At the portals of my consciousness and still for solving begs.
Till 'tis done I'm filled with worry and my intellect's a-flurry.
Does the purple grackle cackle when she lays her mottled eggs?

I have learned how locusts fiddle with their hinder legs a-twiddle;
I have learned how scarlet tanagers swap plumage in the fall;
I am hep to how the crickets tune their viols in the thickets,

(Continued on Page 166)

Family Life

"I THANK you most sincerely for your generous invitation," wrote Mrs. Upangoing to her friend who had invited the Upangoing family to spend a week with them at their lakeside cottage, "but the fact is, everyone is so busy we can't get away.

"Grandfather has a ten-week contract at the Orpheum in an old-time fiddler's act; grandmother's beauty shoppe is so rushed, she scarcely has time to eat; Mr. Upangoing says he can't take a single day's vacation since he's been made chief announcer at WHIZ; Katherine no sooner came home from college than she opened her summer dancing school in the basement; Richard is getting his plane

"Why, She's Pretty—How Victorian!"

TOMATO SOUP

A sparkle in every spoonful!

SOUP

and why men like it

IT DOES my heart good to see how much my husband enjoys a plate of good, bracing soup. That's one dish, at least, which never fails me. I always know he will be glad to see it brought on the table."

So said a housewife. And you can read between the lines that she finds soup a daily help in the problem of serving pleasing, cheerful, beneficial meals. Housewives everywhere are following her example. It is such a simple matter to provide good soup nowadays. And it goes such a long way toward making the home table a real success.

WHY? What is it about soup that makes it an essential dish in the rightly selected menu? Why are men so eager to eat it? What makes it such a welcome dish to everybody in the family, children included?

Delicious flavor, to begin with. In the tonic liquid food, soup, the skilled cook has the opportunity to blend so many different ingredients and in such a fascinating variety of combinations that the sense of taste responds instantly and always. No other food appeals in the same way or offers such a varied and steady chance to the housewife to tempt and "interest" the family appetite.

The liquid invigorating soup acts promptly and with sure effect. Its savors and its flavors immediately set the digestive juices in freer motion. The result is a keener enjoyment of all the food on the table and greater benefit from it. Soup itself nourishes, and it also aids you to digest your other food more completely.

HOME comes the man of the family. He has had a hard day's work. He is tired. He needs refreshment, as well as solid food. You place before him a delicious, appetizing plate of soup. The very sight of it challenges his taste. Every spoonful is a bright, flavorful invitation and satisfaction. Within a few minutes, he is refreshed and a new sparkle is given to his meal. No wonder so many men feel that they would miss one of the best dishes if they did not get soup every day! And they *need* it just as much as they *like* it!

A visit to your grocer's. A selection from the twenty-one different kinds of Campbell's Soups listed on every label. The addition of an equal quantity of water to each can of soup. A few minutes simmering, then service on the table. How easy! 10 cents a can.

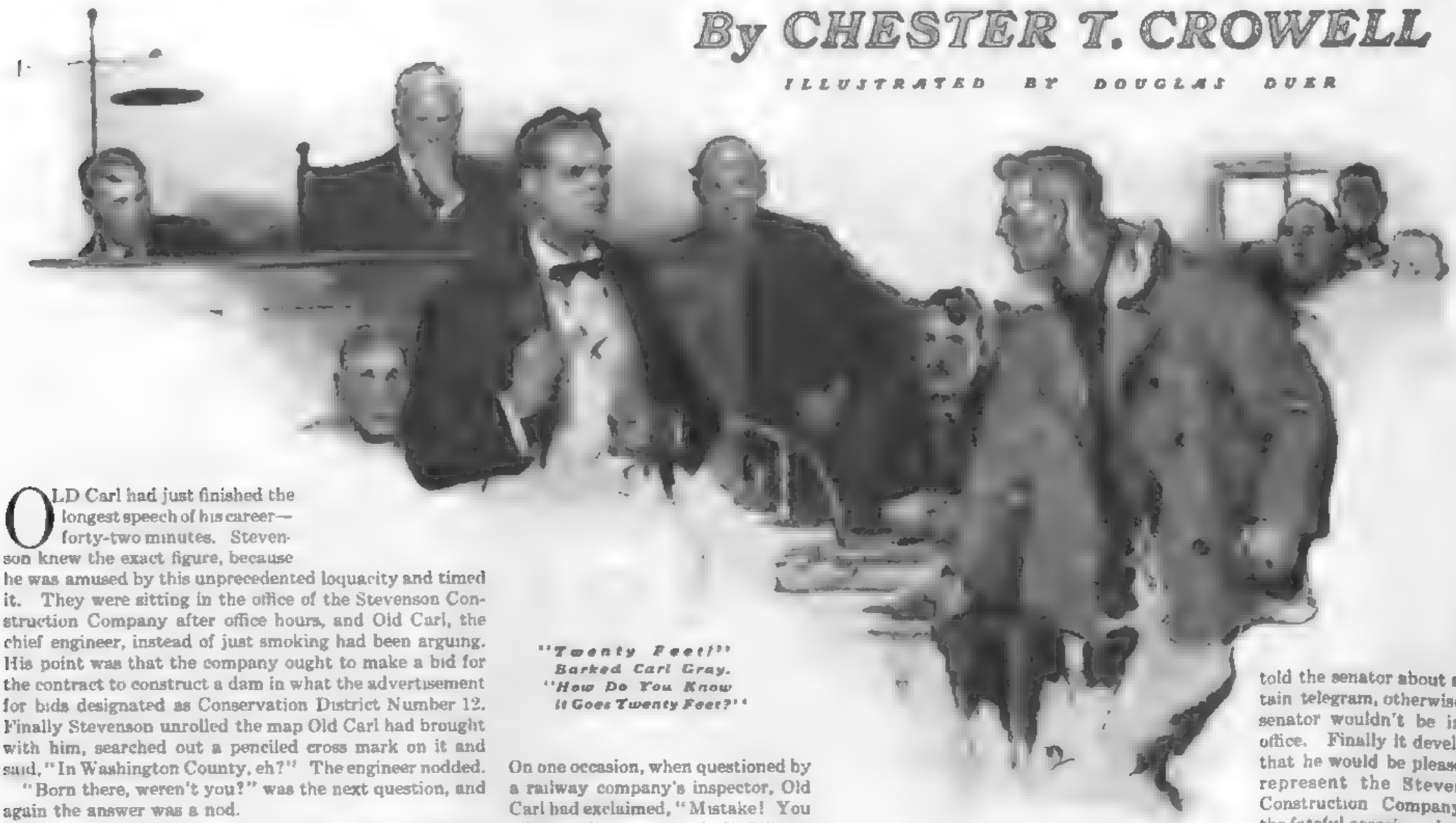
In every town I win renown,
I'm Soup Chef for the nation.
I take my pride in spreading wide
The Campbell's reputation.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

One of the Breed of Builders

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER



"Twenty Feet!" Barked Carl Gray. "How Do You Know It Goes Twenty Feet?"

OLD Carl had just finished the longest speech of his career—forty-two minutes. Stevenson knew the exact figure, because he was amused by this unprecedented loquacity and timed it. They were sitting in the office of the Stevenson Construction Company after office hours, and Old Carl, the chief engineer, instead of just smoking had been arguing. His point was that the company ought to make a bid for the contract to construct a dam in what the advertisement for bids designated as Conservation District Number 12. Finally Stevenson unrolled the map Old Carl had brought with him, searched out a penciled cross mark on it and said, "In Washington County, eh?" The engineer nodded.

"Born there, weren't you?" was the next question, and again the answer was a nod.

"Learned to swim in that creek, I suppose." Stevenson was slyly smiling.

"That is the prettiest creek in the world," Old Carl replied, unconscious of his friend's amusement. "I have always wanted to build a dam there. It is a place that was made for a dam." He bent over the map as though the clear, cool water were visible.

"Well, there are three serious objections to it," Stevenson replied. "First, it is a long way off; second, we don't need the business, with prospects as bright as they are right here; third, I don't like to do business with counties, cities, states, conservation districts or anything resembling them. Whenever you have to get sixteen signatures on forty-seven vouchers before you can collect your money, and have to wade through a shock troop of auditors who are turning microscopes on the signatures instead of the construction work, I'm out, Carl. I don't like it. Even if we pleased the whole outfit of them, and they actually gave us a letter of recommendation, it wouldn't be worth ten cents, while when we make a hit with a railroad company ——"

"I know," Carl admitted; "but just the same, I want to build that dam."

"And go swimming in that lovely creek," Stevenson added with a chuckle. "All right, Carl, we'll make a bid. Leave the papers and the boys will have the bid ready for your inspection about Friday the twentieth."

"Good," said Carl. "I'll take it down there and present it myself ——"

"Why should you do that?"

"Well, there are all kinds of engineers in the world; so I should like to see where those fellows have set the stakes and I should like to test their borings for the foundation myself. There are some funny people in that county and ——"

"I'll bet there are," Stevenson interrupted, laughing. "If our bid fails to land the contract, Carl, I'll buy you a hundred-dollar suit of clothes. That's the way I feel about it."

Fred Stevenson and Carl Gray constituted a combination that even their keenest competitors admitted was hard to beat. The chief engineer was fanatically devoted to concrete construction, while Stevenson knew men so well that he could pick up their little foibles and do parlor-juggling tricks with them. His masterpiece, however, was understanding Old Carl himself, a bull-headed person not given to explanations, and incidentally far from old in spite of the prefix to his name—certainly not more than forty. On one occasion, when questioned by a railway company's inspector, Old Carl had exclaimed, "Mistake! You ask me about a mistake? I know nothing about mistakes. I don't make them." And by some occult wizardry of personality he got away with it. Instead of being hated for such explosions, they made him famous and added no little to the prosperity of the company. But that, of course, was partly due to the complementary genius of patient, long-legged, quizzically smiling Stevenson, who could explain anything.

II

ON THURSDAY the nineteenth, Stevenson telegraphed the conservation commissioners of District Number 12 to ask for information on a doubtful point, and receiving a prompt reply, had the company's bid ready for inspection Friday afternoon.

"I'll look at it Saturday," said Old Carl, "and if it's all right I'll leave Sunday morning." Stevenson agreed to this program and replaced the papers in his desk.

The Saturday in question eventually became a historic date with the Stevenson Construction Company, but not on account of Old Carl's examination of the bid, for that was never made. At nine o'clock Mr. Stevenson's secretary brought in a card announcing Senator William J. Rayburn.

"Good morning, Mr. Stevenson," said the stranger as he was ushered in. "I am Senator Rayburn." And Mr. Stevenson's first impression was that this voice had been intended by Nature for oratory. Even "good morning" sounded eloquent. The man was handsome too.

"What can I do for you, senator?" he asked, wondering why on earth he had not had the wit to consult a reference book and find out where the man was from, for it was now painfully obvious that every citizen of our broad land who could pass a primary-school intelligence test knew Senator Rayburn. Finally, however, a light flickered—Senator Rayburn represented four counties, so he must be a state senator and not a United States senator. Then another light flickered—he was the author of the Rayburn Bill, and this, it seemed, authorized conservation districts. Naturally, he intimated, he would know exactly how to transact business in accord with that law. Next it developed that he resided in District Number 12, and more particularly in Washington County. Also he was well acquainted with the three conservation commissioners of District Number 12. Indeed, it seemed possible that he might have had something to do with their appointment. Stevenson judged that they must be at least friendly enough to have told the senator about a certain telegram, otherwise the senator wouldn't be in his office. Finally it developed that he would be pleased to represent the Stevenson Construction Company on the fateful occasion when the bids were opened and the contract awarded. Thereafter, of course, it would be even more important for the company to have local counsel, he added, because of the great amount of business to be transacted.

"Not if some other company gets the contract," Mr. Stevenson modestly objected, but Senator Rayburn erased that possibility with one eloquent gesture. And then a whole chandelier of lights blazed. The gist of the matter, Stevenson concluded, was that the contract would go to the bidder represented by the ablest counsel. This, however, was good news, for surely under such conditions it ought to be easy to lose the job.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I would prefer not to be represented by counsel when the bids are opened. They ought to speak for themselves. Each contains only a figure and a certified check. The plans, you know, are furnished by the commissioners, and to me, at least, they seemed very plain. If we get the contract, why, of course, it might be advisable to employ local counsel—as a matter of fact, I hadn't thought that far ahead."

Senator Rayburn eyed his man carefully. Just how dumb, he wondered, was it possible for the head of a successful construction company to be? Had the man failed to understand, or was he stipulating that the contract must precede the employment? That would be a shrewd course. He studied his man, weighing the possibilities; while Stevenson, observing this analysis, eagerly offered testimony by trying to look just as dumb as Nature would permit. At the moment he regretted having forgotten how to wiggle his ears and look cross-eyed. Those boyhood accomplishments would come in handy now. For at least fifteen seconds the two men sat silent, staring at each other; then the weather was hastily introduced, cigars followed; and eventually Senator Rayburn departed, expressing confidence that the ably managed and highly honorable Stevenson Construction Company would very probably be awarded any contract it was pleased to flatter with a bid.

As soon as the door closed, Stevenson hurried to his desk, where he violated a wall motto by doing two things at once. With his left hand he touched a concealed button, while his right opened a drawer and produced all of the documents relating to the bid for a contract to construct a dam in Conservation District Number 12. Then a door opened

(Continued on Page 32

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SWIFT

50 YEARS OF FOOD SERVICE

1877 *The old-time "Provisioner," dealing in pickled meats and non-perishable products was a crude cog in a creaking distributive system which took the farmer's products to market 50 years ago.*

1927 *The modern, refrigerated Swift branch house puts the farmer's perishable products into retailers' hands at lowest possible expense, with minimum spread between the farm price and price to the retailer.*

Since the era of pickled meats

FIFTY YEARS ago meat was not shipped fresh. It was packed in salt and pickled in barrels of brine.

"Wholesale Provisioners" received these pickled meats from the packers and distributed them to local merchants who sold them to our grandparents.

Then G. F. Swift and other packers began to ship fresh meat in refrigerator cars.

The "Provisioners" were not equipped to handle it. So the direct operation of the refrigerated branch house became a natural necessity.

Today Swift & Company has 400 branch houses which receive fresh meat and other perishable products from the Swift plants and sell them direct to retail dealers.

There is no waste motion, no lost time, and the rigid Swift sanitary regulations are enforced from start to final delivery.

This system of direct branch house distribution to retailers is one of the most efficient and economical ever devised.

Most wholesale trades have operating costs ranging from 10% to 20% of sales. It costs less than 5% of sales to operate Swift branch houses. The National Distribution Conference in 1925 found the wholesale expenses of the packers' branch houses to be the lowest of 17 trades studied.

Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 30)

timidly and a young man who had just been called away from his adding machines by the buzz of an electric buzzer said, "Yes, sir."

"Jerry, I want you to take this bid," Stevenson began, "and change this five right here to a seven—the five I'm pointing at; see it?"

Changing that particular five to a seven would add twenty thousand dollars to the sum named in the bid; and though Jerry, like most humans, had made mistakes, he didn't recall ever having gone twenty thousand dollars wrong on a mere two-hundred-thousand-dollar calculation. If Old Carl had found the error—and he assumed that precisely that had happened—suicide would be the easiest way out.

"Old Carl made a mistake on one of the figures he handed you," Stevenson continued, "and I'm hanged if I'm going to tell him so. It would just about kill him, wouldn't it?"

"I believe it would, Mr. Stevenson," said Jerry.

"So do I, Jerry. Well, here's what we'll do: You change that five to a seven and everything will be all right. I'll take the rest of the papers and mislay them permanently. I think I'll report that I burned them by accident. Old Carl will tell you to do the whole job over again, and you say 'Yes, sir,' and in due time I'll give these back to you—that is, if we ever want them. Of course, if we don't get the contract, we'll never need them; and if Old Carl ever catches us at our wickedness, I'll confess. In the meantime this is just between you and me, eh, Jerry?"

III

ON SATURDAYS, work always stopped at noon. Ten minutes after that hour Old Carl hurried into Stevenson's office. "The bid," he said, pulling a chair to the desk and a pencil from his pocket. Stevenson produced the bid, but not the data on which it was based.

"Well, now that's funny," Old Carl remarked as he looked at the figure. "I have been going over this thing in my mind like I do sometimes; it is foolish for a man to waste time that way, but I can't help it. Anyway, I came pretty close; I was only about twelve thousand under this. Have you checked it?"

"Yes . . . By the way, I met an old friend of yours today . . . Senator Rayburn."

"What?" barked the engineer, bristling. "He's no friend of mine."

"Well, he's the author of that conservation business down there, including District Number 12."

"That's impossible."

"Why so, Carl?"

"Because that law makes sense. I read it myself, and all the sentences are short. No dumb-head wrote that. And, anyway, Rayburn couldn't be in favor of dams."

"Why not? Do you know him pretty well?"

"No; but he is not that kind of people. He would be in favor of band music or flags, but not dams. I must go now or I will miss my train. Don't forget to tell Jerry."

"I won't forget. Good luck, Carl; that is, I mean a pleasant trip and a nice swim. I hope you don't get the contract . . ."

"Don't worry; I'll get it."

"Now that interests me," Stevenson remarked, rising. "What makes you so sure we'll get the contract?"

Old Carl tapped the envelope containing the bid with a stubby index finger and smiled as a steel spring might smile if a steel spring could smile. Then he answered: "Because we haven't added twenty thousand dollars for graft. This figure will knock them cold. They'll have to give us the contract. I'm going to build that dam even if there are some funny people down there. If Rayburn comes in again, drop him out the window. I must go now. You are making me late with all this talk. Good-by." And Old Carl was on his way, while Stevenson gazed after him with amusement, affection and some alarm. Moreover, the lash of conscience smote him for having double-crossed his old friend, even though it was for his own good.

"I smell the sulphur of ancient hatreds," he told himself. "This business has nothing to do with maudlin sentiment for an old swimming hole. I was a fool ever to think so. There's poison here, and I have done what honest friendship dictated."

Upon this statement Stevenson rested his case and his conscience with at least a fair degree of comfort for the succeeding ten days. Then he received the following telegram:

We win. CARL GRAY

He swore in a low, mumbling monotone for exactly forty-five seconds, meanwhile drafting his reply:

Yours received. Letter follows.

"Herewith all our data on that bid," he wrote, then paused. After all, it might not be necessary to confess immediately. Why not postpone the evil day by sending everything except the summary of totals, which, added, gave the grand total? That one sheet of paper was no longer essential. It had to do with the bid, not the ordering of materials. Plucking it from the bundle of papers, Stevenson tucked it into his pocket and continued his letter: "I know how very anxious you are to make a splendid success of this job, and in that ambition you have my hearty good wishes. If you deem it advisable, do not hesitate to exceed our figures on costs. Since you have undertaken this contract for some other reason than profit, I shall not expect one, more especially if you can make money take the place of time and hasten your return." Then he read the letter, added a few pleasantries, signed it and ordered an envelope addressed.

Old Carl replied with characteristic brevity, his letter and Senator Rayburn arriving simultaneously in the president's office. "Well, Mr. Stevenson, you must admit that I am a good prophet," the senator began. His tone conveyed hearty congratulations.

"You're a better prophet than I am," Stevenson replied. "What's on your mind, senator?"

"Well"—casually—"I thought you might be impatient to conclude our arrangements. Mr. Gray, your engineer, is a very energetic man and seems to have things moving."

"Do you know Gray?"

"I met him just after the contract was awarded."

"For the first time?"

"Yes." And Stevenson was more puzzled than ever.

"Well, senator," he said, "Gray is in charge down there. I wish you had spoken to him about representing us."

"I did, Mr. Stevenson."

"That's fine. I'm glad to hear it. What did he say?"

"The interview was not entirely satisfactory. I assumed, of course, that he had been informed of our little arrangement, but it seems not."

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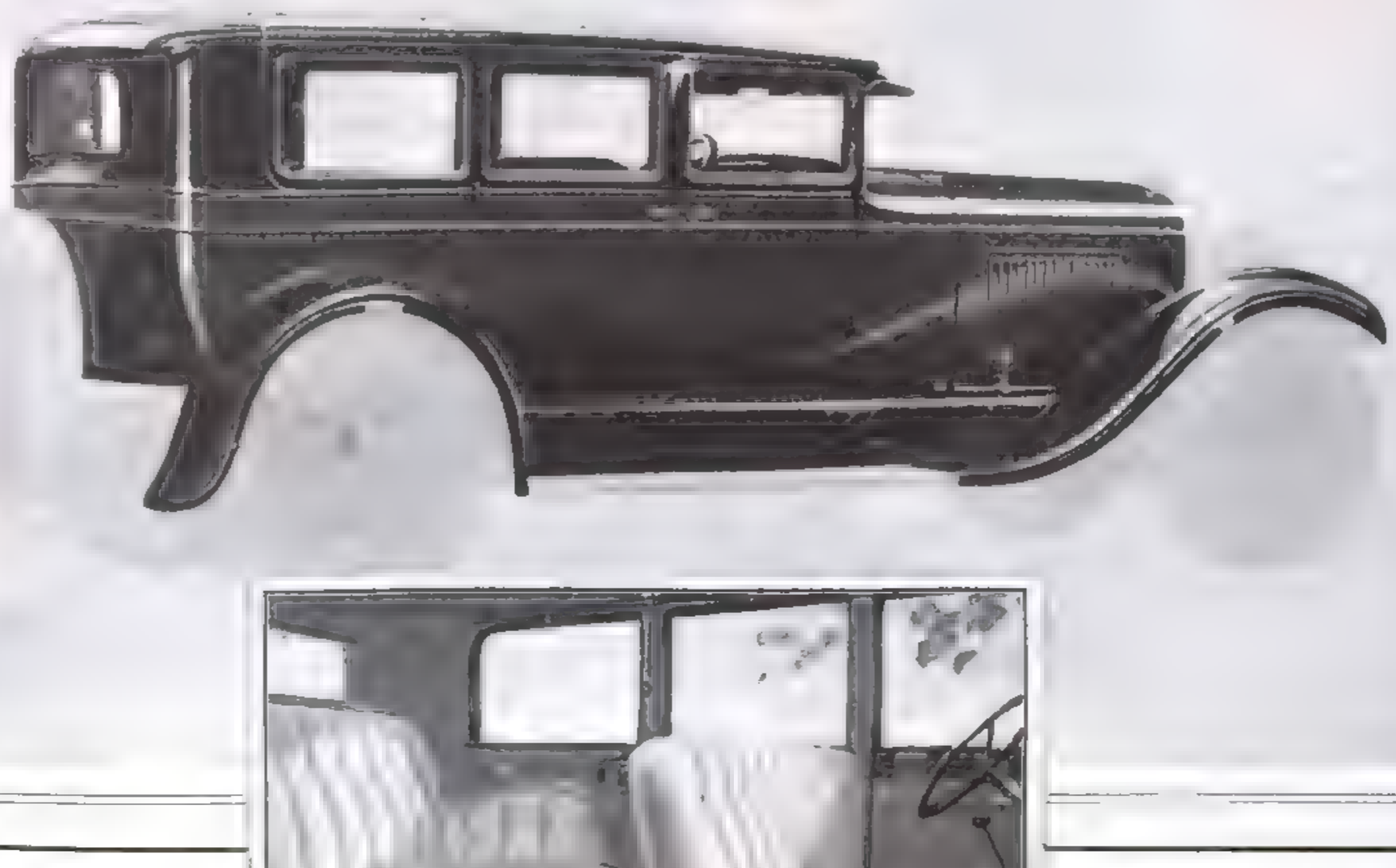
"'Captain Schwartz,' He Said, 'Charge That Battery!'"



When one visits a motor car showroom, eyes and mind are focused upon the *body* of the car under inspection, sometimes entirely to the exclusion of the chassis. The inclination is to assume the goodness of the chassis—but the comfort, the convenience, the quality, of the body—its upholstery, its appointments, its beauty—these are submitted to the all-important test of personal taste. The eager demand for the new models equipped with Body by Fisher proves all over again that the outstanding superiority of Fisher Bodies in every price class, is the determining factor in the selection of a motor car

CADILLAC ✦ *LASALLE* ✦ *BUICK* ✦ *CHEVROLET* ✦ *OAKLAND* ✦ *PONTIAC* ✦ *OLDSMOBILE*

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

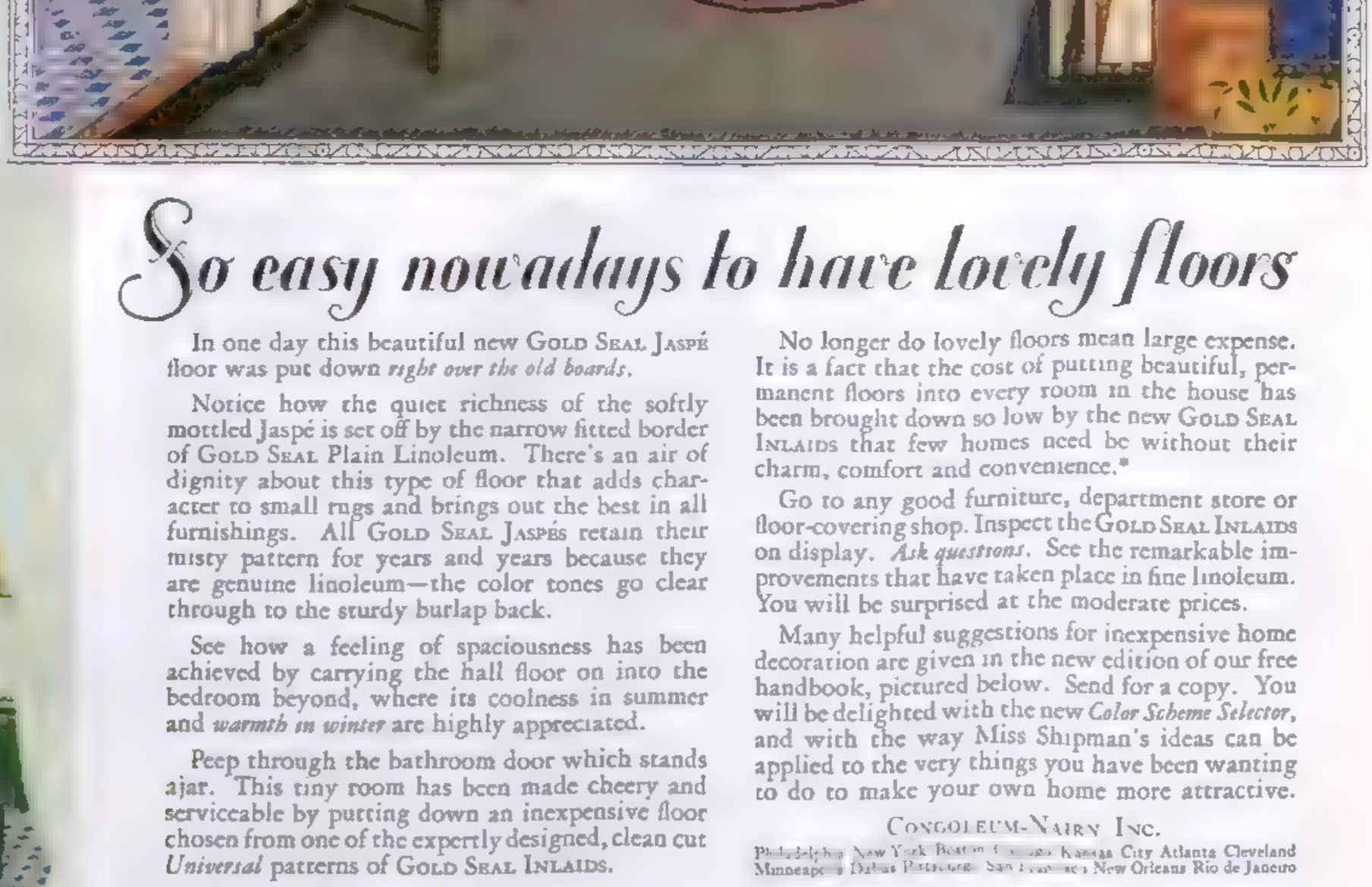
BODY by FISHER

NAIRN
Gold Seal
LINOLEUM
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

This Gold Seal *is more* than a mere guarantee

"*Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back*"—this is the liberal guarantee on the *Gold Seal* which is pasted every few yards on the face of Gold Seal Inlaids (readily removed with a wet cloth).

Back of the guarantee—back of the *Gold Seal*—is the experience of forty years in the manufacture of fine linoleum. These forty years of progress and improvements in processes have brought the *quality* of Gold Seal Inlaids to the highest levels ever attained—and have brought the *price down so low* that the most modest home can now have these new colorful floors.



So easy nowadays to have lovely floors

In one day this beautiful new Gold Seal Jaspé floor was put down *right over the old boards*.

Notice how the quiet richness of the softly mottled Jaspé is set off by the narrow fitted border of Gold Seal Plain Linoleum. There's an air of dignity about this type of floor that adds character to small rugs and brings out the best in all furnishings. All Gold Seal Jaspés retain their misty pattern for years and years because they are genuine linoleum—the color tones go clear through to the sturdy burlap back.

See how a feeling of spaciousness has been achieved by carrying the hall floor on into the bedroom beyond, where its coolness in summer and *warmth in winter* are highly appreciated.

Peep through the bathroom door which stands ajar. This tiny room has been made cheery and serviceable by putting down an inexpensive floor chosen from one of the expertly designed, clean cut *Universal* patterns of Gold Seal Inlaids.

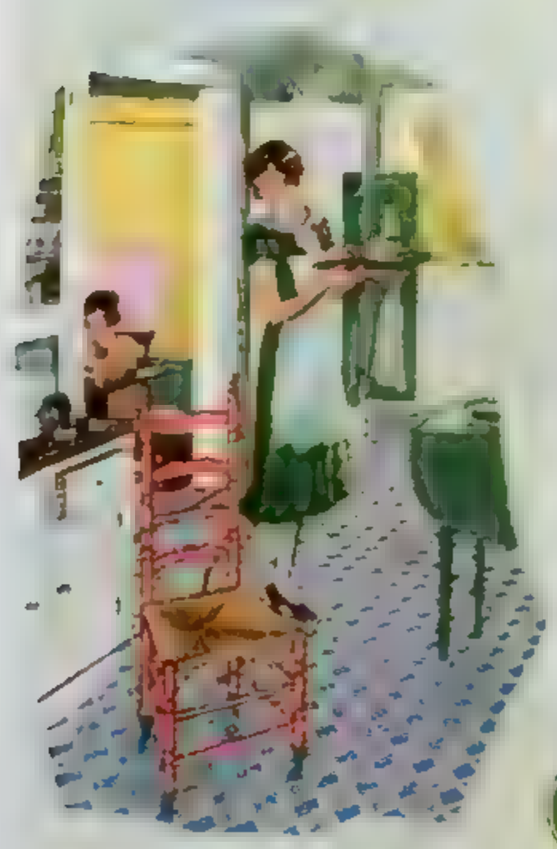
No longer do lovely floors mean large expense. It is a fact that the cost of putting beautiful, permanent floors into every room in the house has been brought down so low by the new Gold Seal Inlaids that few homes need be without their charm, comfort and convenience.*

Go to any good furniture, department store or floor-covering shop. Inspect the Gold Seal Inlaids on display. *Ask questions*. See the remarkable improvements that have taken place in fine linoleum. You will be surprised at the moderate prices.

Many helpful suggestions for inexpensive home decoration are given in the new edition of our free handbook, pictured below. Send for a copy. You will be delighted with the new *Color Scheme Selector*, and with the way Miss Shipman's ideas can be applied to the very things you have been wanting to do to make your own home more attractive.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City Atlanta Cleveland Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh San Francisco New Orleans Rio de Janeiro



HER kitchen glows with a cheery brightness that is catching. This floor is a *Thrift* pattern of Gold Seal Inlaids, softly mottled gray tiles contrasted with smart plain blue. Walls and furniture brightened up after suggestions from Miss Shipman's handbook, pictured at the right. Send coupon for free copy.

When buying **Inlaid Linoleum** ask for **NAIRN**

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

*Besides *Jaspé*, in gray or brown, there are scores of other Gold Seal Inlaids to choose from. Master designers have created patterns ranging from subdued to gay and from plain to elaborate—offering plenty of scope for your individual preference.

Free! The new and ingenious *Color Scheme Selector*, together with Laura Hale Shipman's handbook, *Creating a Charming Home*, in a new and improved edition. Its 24 pages in full colors contain many helps on home decoration. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THAT BUNGALOW CAMP

As Told to Myron M. Stearns

A Camp in the Heart of Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington

AT THE far western edge of Kansas, where the flattened prairies begin pushing up toward the first foothills of the Rocky Mountains, automobiles, twenty-five years ago, were practically unknown. More and more frequently, through the years that followed, they began to appear—dust-covered, baggage-laden machines, roaring and bouncing along the old Santa Fé trail, to be stared at by all who beheld them.

Then automobile agencies sprang up, and garages. Presently, along the same trails that, a few scant decades before, had seen still the whitening bones of prairie-schooner oxen, a steady trickle of cars made their way, paralleling the railroad tracks. Easterners en route to California, Coloradoans driving back to the Missouri valley. As the traffic increased, the roads were graded and improved; short stretches of paved highway projected on either side of the larger towns. Filling stations were put in here and there, supplementing garages and repair shops.

A Store and Two Acres of Opportunity

IT WAS not until 1913, when long-distance touring had grown to fairly respectable proportions, that my own contact with the traffic began. On the road between Dodge City and Lamar, almost on the Kansas-Colorado line, I put in a filling station and took up the gas man's burden. A year later I sold out, glad to take only a small loss on my investment. The tourist trade had not then swelled to sufficient size to make it profitable. Five years later, in the spring of 1919, I started again, buying out a small roadside grocery store nearer Dodge City.

In front of the store a gasoline pump had already been installed. At one side, stretching from the highway back to the Santa Fe Railroad tracks, lay a two-acre plot that I bought with my store.

The location of this place made it far more satisfactory than my first venture. For cars rolling down onto the prairies from the Colorado line, my little store and pump furnished the first opportunity in many miles to buy gasoline.

Less than a week after I had purchased the place, in early May, one of these east-bound cars drew up to the pump just at dusk. It was a rather disreputable little buggy, overflowing with nondescript bundles, baggage and camping equipment, driven by a dirt-begrimed little man in shirt sleeves, wedged in beside an enormous lady.

"Say, mister," he asked me, after buying five gallons of gas and giving me the exact change, "mind if we camp here in the field?"

"Go ahead," I told him. "Make yourself at home."

Inside of half an hour they had a lean-to tent hitched up to the side of the car, and a fire going. The thin smell of frying bacon in the gathering dusk drew like a lure. How much of primitive man there must still be in each of us, to make camp-fire cooking so fetching a fragrance!

A Family in a Tourists' Camp at Bloomington, Illinois, With a Typical Camp Outfit as Carried on Motor Cars

Just as I was about to close the store the woman came over. "I want half a dozen eggs," she said, "and half a pound of coffee, and half a pound of butter and half a pound of bacon and half a pound of Wisconsin cheese, and a can of corn and two cans of peas and a can of peaches, and five pounds of potatoes and two loaves of bread. That's all."

When I opened the store in the morning they were gone, with only a few pieces of greasy paper, a couple of tin cans, and a burnt spot in the field to mark the place. A new quart measuring can that I'd left on the store porch had gone with them.

Welcome

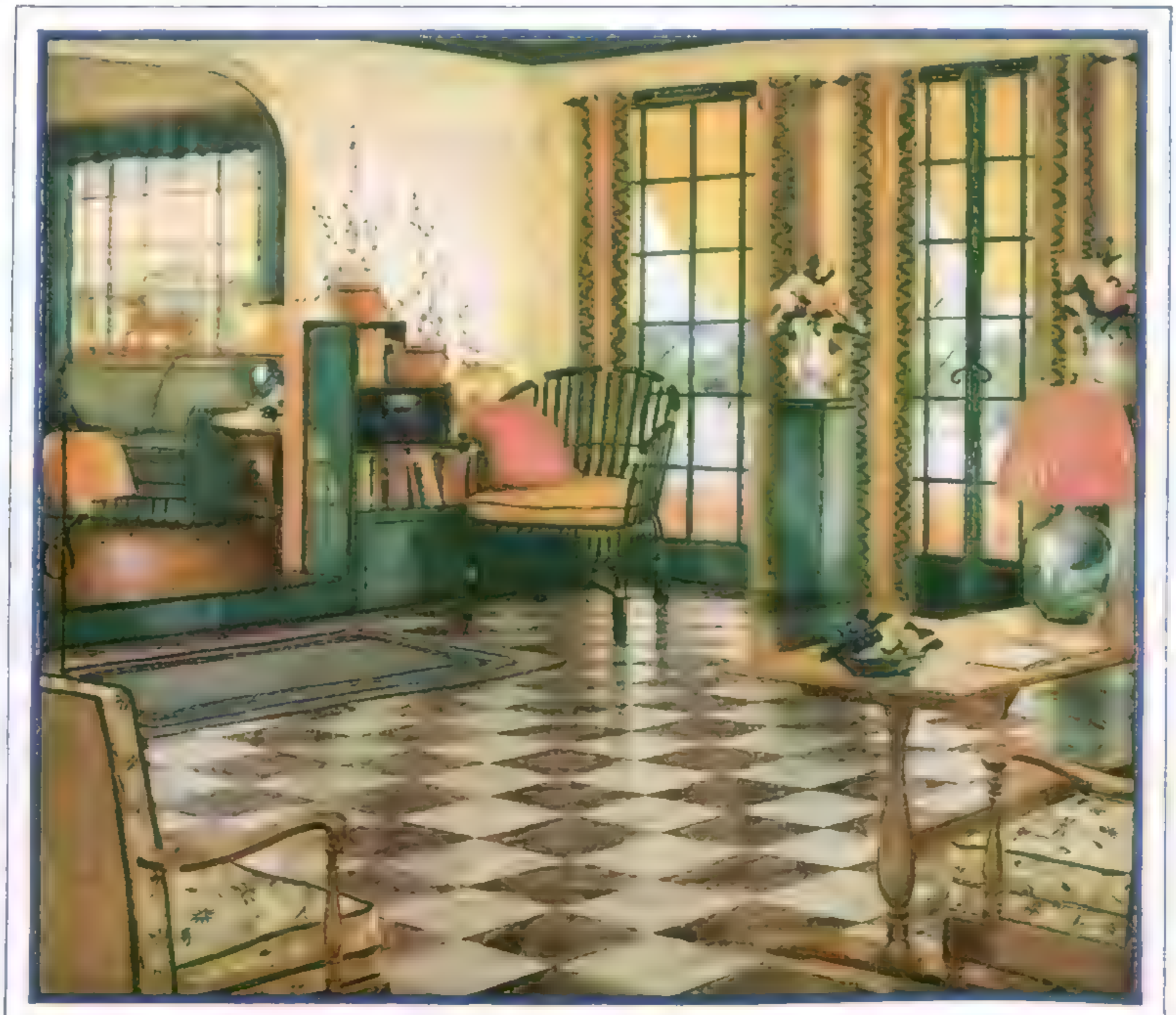
ALL that day I figured it out. It hadn't cost me a cent to let them camp in the field. My profit on their purchases more than made up for the quart measure. If I invited other tourists to do the same thing I might be able to add quite a bit to my trade. Before night I got out a board, nailed it to a couple of two-by-fours, and stuck it up beside the road. On that board I did my first advertising. "Free Auto Camp Ground," I painted. "Welcome."

You'd be surprised. Hardly a night went by, after that, without parties coming to camp. Some nights there were eight or ten. And nearly all of them bought supplies at the store—some quite a lot, some little. It increased the volume of business to a point my predecessor never dreamed of. But I certainly had to watch my quart measures! Those early tourists took along about everything that wasn't nailed down. Going away at daylight, before I was up, gave them a wonderful chance.

I know now that more or less the same thing that was happening to me was happening all over the country. Along the main highways, from east to west and from north to south, auto camps were springing up. It was the beginning of an amazing new chapter in American life that within a single decade has grown to almost unbelievable proportions.

Only a night or so after I put up the camp sign a big seven-passenger car with a whole tonneauful of children turned out into the field. Besides a man and a woman, there were two girls and three boys, all the way from high-school size down to hop-o'-my-thumb himself. Almost as soon as the car stopped they all boiled out and began pulling off baggage and driving tent pegs, busy as bird dogs. They had a regular system, with a job for everybody, and before you could say Look out below, up comes a green crusader tent, with a flap for a porch, as proud as a picture. By that

Continued on Page 37



A built-in floor of Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 84.

FLOORS and radios may seem to have nothing in common. But glance again at this gay and colorful sun room. Strange to say, the radio was installed in this room mainly because of the Armstrong Floor.

Back in the days of one-tube sets, this sun room was a dismal place. Its appearance belied its name. For even on sunny days its floor of hard, gray concrete seemed bleak and cold, far from inviting.

The concrete is still there. But it now hides under a modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, a warmly-toned, marble effect, design No. 84.

Once this new floor of captured sunshine was cemented in place, many other bright touches suggested themselves.

Until . . . today, rain or shine, this sun room is the gayest room in the house. The children "own" it. It's the cheerful scene of afternoon teas, Sunday suppers. And . . . night after night, with the dial tuned in on DX, dancing feet glide over the floor's smooth, wax-gleaming surface.

The Armstrong Floor started it all. And the Armstrong Floor *stands* it all, too. Fourteen hours a day of constant wear leave it bright and smiling. Refinishing? Never! The colors are *inlaid*. The surface is kept waxed and polished, never scrubbed. Why, even with this simple care, the more the floor is used, the better it looks—a quick dust-mopping immediately restores its gleam and polish.

Hard to believe? No more than the pleasure the mere turning of a dial now brings to millions. And modern Armstrong Floors are as different from old-time floors as a six-tube superheterodyne radio is different from grandmother's music box.

Your local department, furniture, or linoleum store

Gray days are *gay* days . . in this bright sun room

It's played in...dined in... danced in...since the Armstrong Floor was laid

merchant has the pleasing evidence to show you—scores and scores of Armstrong Floor designs. Floors different in beauty, different in their lasting resistance to wear, different in their low first cost, which is all you *ever* have to pay for any Armstrong Floor. See them . . . and see them in modern interiors by writing for Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration."

Just Off the Press! This brand-new enlarged edition of a book that has helped thousands to plan prettier, more up-to-date homes, is now off the press. This 32-page book contains many illustrations of model rooms reproduced in full color. Interiors planned by prominent decorators are illustrated. Special color-scheme set-ups with full detailed descriptions are given, as well as an offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service. Just send 10c to cover the cost of mailing. (In Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2639 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Left, one of the new marble designs, No. 87, with contrasting 6-inch blocks.

Right, printed design, No. 800

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED

(Continued from Page 35)

time they'd lugged out a brown ditty-bag as big as a barrel, and the lady was untying the top of it. Then she began looking around. After that they all laid off work and held a conference. Then the man came over to the store.

"This your camp ground?" he asked.

"Sure thing."

"Well, it's a mighty convenient place—but what kind of a layout do you call it, without any tables and benches? Haven't you got any kind of a table lying around somewhere, that we can borrow or rent?"

All the Comforts of Home

THERE was a table out back of the store—a sort of bench, two planks wide, that had been there ever since the place was built. It didn't look like much, but this chap said it was just the thing, so I helped him lug it around into the field. He offered to pay me a quarter for the use of it, but I told him that was ridiculous. They were nice people, and bought a lot of things—six quarts of milk alone, for night and morning.

That table business started me changing over the whole camp ground. I left it out in the field and made a couple of benches to go with it. Another table and more benches came later. Then, to save the everlasting trip over to the store for water, I had a ditch dug and a water pipe run into the field, with a standpipe and a hose bibcock, so that my tourists could have water right where they wanted it.

Finally, so many of them complained about having no lights, I had poles put up at all four corners of the field and wired for electricity. My expense on the additional tables and benches, the water pipes and the electric lights came to nearly $200. To get my money back I took down the first sign and put up a larger one, filling in the ditch beside the highway to make a driveway into the field under it.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A Public Camping Ground in One of Our National Parks

U-Smile Auto Camp, $.25 Per Day

The conveniences attracted as many additional campers as the charge drove off. The name I had painted in on the spur of the moment—U-Smile Auto Camp—drew more trade than anything else. Numbers of people commented on it, and told me it had decided them to turn in instead of going farther. A glad hand to auto campers, in those days, was at a premium. By the end of the summer I had my improvements nearly paid for, while the trade at the store kept on increasing steadily.

Then, in the towns on each side of me, free tourist camps were opened by the cities themselves. This is how it came about in other localities as in my own: The first long-distance tourists went to hotels, or camped wherever they found themselves at night, and were welcome. Gradually, however, the novelty of having a party of these twentieth-century gypsies camping in the side yard wore off. In too many instances hospitality was repaid by the theft of a dipper or a water bucket. No Camping Allowed signs began to make their appearance. At the same time, filling-station and small grocery-store owners began to find there was good profit in this tourist trade, as I had done.

Finally, in the cities and smaller towns the merchants began to get together, through Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce, and install public camp grounds that would hold or draw as much of the trade as possible to their own community, and at the same time keep visitors away from the districts where they weren't wanted. In every state municipal auto camps sprang up. For the most part they were located at the outskirts of towns, near the railroad tracks, as far as possible from the residential sections. The better class of automobile tourists of those days went to hotels for the night. The out-and-out campers, in many instances, belonged to the poorer classes, keeping to the open to save every possible penny.

Private camps with a definite charge for camping privileges had to compete with public camps that charged nothing.

For a couple of years I kept along, doing a fairly good business with the ever-increasing stream of automobile tourists that found themselves in my vicinity when night overtook them. But each year more and more campers went to the municipal grounds on either side of me, or to other private camps that offered more conveniences than my field between the highway and the railroad tracks.

A new kind of camp was coming into favor in the Southwest. Tent camps, they were called, at first, then cabin camps and bungalow camps. They had separate tent houses or one-room cottages that rented for about a dollar a night. A bungalow camp, I decided, would start a larger volume of trade my way once more.

My store, gasoline station, camp site and acreage represented, altogether, a value of about $7000. At one of the local banks I arranged for a $4000 loan, the money to be invested on the place. I put up fifteen tent houses along the back of the lot next to the railroad tracks. Each measured twelve by fourteen feet, with a good floor and a wooden side wall up to a height of three and a half feet. Above that the walls were canvas, with two-by-three studding that supported a substantial shingled roof. These tent houses cost about $150 apiece, including a single cold-water faucet, sink and drain board. For an additional thirty dollars I furnished each one with a strong double bedstead and woven-wire springs, a two-burner gas plate, a small sheet-iron stove, a plain wooden table, a wooden bench and two small chairs or camp stools of the folding variety. Four hundred dollars more went into a central covered dining pavilion equipped with wooden tables and benches, and an equal amount into showerbaths and washrooms. For $200 I got a pump and power plant with a small pressure tank. With the final $300 I bought some good mattresses, to be rented separately, additional camp stools and a few odds and ends, such as a good supply of galvanized water pails.

With this outfit I had no trouble at all in attracting a new supply of tourists. During the summer and far into the fall every cabin I had was taken night after night. Usually all fifteen cabins were occupied long before it got dark, by six o'clock or half past, and the overflow had to be content with camping space, as before, at twenty-five cents a night. For the cabins I charged one dollar each, with whatever fuel was needed thrown in. The tourists furnished their own bedding, or blankets, putting them usually right on the springs. But I found the work of caring for the place and running the store, too, was too much for me, so rather than hire outside help and pay out the whole camp profit in wages, I took in a partner—a chap I'd known for years, who had just married and had a little money he wanted to invest. We figured the place represented an investment of almost exactly $11,000, including the mortgage, and I let him have a half interest for $5500.

We had some leaflets printed describing the camp, for tourists to take away with them and leave along the trail in both directions. We claimed we had the "cleanest camp on the Santa Fé trail," and let me tell you, it kept us hustling to make that boast good. Every morning, as soon as the campers had left, each bungalow had to be scrubbed out and the grounds raked and sprinkled.

Nearly every cent of the cottage rentals went into cleaning, replacements, depreciation and upkeep. But the trade at the store picked up steadily, rolling along at the rate of more than $3000 a year profit—enough for us to live on comfortably. Of course, we had to include our work in that figure: a couple of men at, say, wages of $1000 a year apiece, would have cut our return on the investment to about 10 per cent.

The Neater Sex

WE FOUND that women are a lot harder to clean up after than men. Any bungalow-camp proprietor, I believe, will confirm us in this. I'd personally rather look after twenty-five cabins vacated by men than ten used by women.

Men seem to have more sense of responsibility about leaving things tidied up for the next fellow than women have, or else they're naturally better campers and more neat when it comes to outdoor, rough-and-ready activities.

Our most prosperous period was through the summer, for then we enjoyed the best class of trade. In the early spring and fall we had to put up with travel tourists, making their way through to save railroad fare. A certain proportion of travelers of this class would steal almost anything. We used to rent mattresses at twenty-five cents a night. Then we had to watch like hawks to see they weren't carried off in the morning. Even a bungalow tourist camp can't show a profit on letting ten-dollar mattresses go for twenty-five cents apiece. My partner had a motorcycle to chase guests with. As soon as any car pulled out we'd take a look around the cabin to see if anything was missing, and then, if necessary, he'd light out after 'em. One morning when the motorcycle was out of commission we lost two mattresses.

Altogether I had bought 150 camp stools. Before our new camp had been open three months 135 of them had been stolen!

Why some of the things were taken I've never been able to find out. For instance, stove lids. I don't know how many stove lids we lost altogether, but it was quite a number. And I wish the class in arithmetic would please rise and tell me why a camper wants to weigh down his car with three additional pounds of stove lid.

Of course, the majority of our tourists weren't thieves. Most of them were really pleasant to sell to, and complimented us on our camp. Only one in ten, on an average, even through the bad spring and fall seasons, proved actually dishonest. And even at that, a lot of the stuff that

(Continued on Page 145)

A TIDINESS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. TRACY

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE opened door of Mr. Tracy's room framed so odd a picture that Miss Page paused, smiling, as she passed it on her way to breakfast.

They were Mrs. Thring's only boarders, and the house was a fairly large one, but their landlady's countrified sense of propriety had assigned them quarters on separate floors. Little old Mr. Tracy was well content with what had been one of a pair of sitting rooms, and it would never have occurred to him that his sex had banished him from a closer association with the women in their hours of ease. Not that he would have had anything less than commendation for such punctilio, but he was a rosy, neat, little fellow who could never have seen himself as a social menace.

As a matter of fact, in a very moderate way he was a public benefactor, being the inventor of sundry little gadgets that had proved their usefulness. In a meticulously dustless glass case next his filing cabinet the models lay—a self-sharpening can opener, a self-wiping egg beater, a nail with a pointed down-curving barb for a head—humble and serviceable devices that brought in the royalties on which he lived.

There Was a Visitor in the Client's Chair on Whom Her Calm Eyes Rested a Moment Before They Went to the Judge's Florid Face

An earlier riser than busy Miss Page herself, he had been up and occupied this hour. About him, as he crouched before an empty trunk, lay in unconfused rows some bulky packages closely wrapped in newspaper, each with a written label attached.

And it was not this evidence of his housekeeping nicety that had surprised the girl, for his methodical orderliness was proverbial, but that he should be patiently agitating a small paper fan in the interior of the yawning coffer did seem to her extraordinary.

He looked up and scrambled to his feet. "Good morning," said he, and beamed at her through his gleaming pince-nez. She was such a very charming thing to look at.

"You mustn't think me rude—but what on earth are you doing?" she asked with a little laugh.

"I am putting away some winter clothing," he answered pleasantly.

"Yes, but the fan?"

"Oh, that? It airs the trunk, you know." He did not mind it in the least when her amusement went into a lively chiming crescendo. He stood, enjoying it. "I am, of course," he admitted, "what the present generation calls the limit, am I not?"

"I think you must be," she conceded, almost affectionately. "And wouldn't it be easier for you—though I know you never consider that—to put your things into moth bags?"

He passed his trimly fingered hand, which had an independently intelligent thumb, over the back of an already sleek head. "My dear Miss Page," he said, "as you know, I have had the satisfaction of inventing some few efficient articles myself, but as a baffler of the genus Heterocera I take my hat off to the man who perfected printer's ink. A moth will not penetrate the daily journal to ruin the most priceless Russian sable. Camphor and cedar might even become a vicious addiction, but from lampblack and linseed oil it shrinks back revolted."

"You haven't done up all those bundles this morning, surely?"

"Those," said Mr. Tracy, casting an appraising eye downward, "have come out of the trunk as you see them. Every season some of them need new outer skins, or even a complete redermatization. They constitute my contribution to that vast accumulation of mankind's perfectly useless encumbrances."

"I feel sure," she said as she moved on, smiling, "that any trunk of yours has learned to air itself. . . . Do come to breakfast with me."

He happily agreed, feeling as he followed her into the dining room that his lines had been cast in very pleasant places. For with Mrs. Thring's coffee, biscuits and scrambled eggs to eat and Miss Page to look at, a man might easily be content.

Mr. Tracy was a native of Banbury, Miss Page was not. But they had been brought together, possibly by the lack of women in that thriving little town who had even thought of taking boarders, possibly by fate itself.

The girl had come to Mrs. Thring's five years ago, had announced herself as Edna Page, had lived thriftily but comfortably on what money she brought with her while she diligently attended a class at Banbury's modestly famous business college, and, graduating a full-fledged stenographer, had now been for three years the acknowledged boss of Judge Ford's law office. She was quite superlatively what Mr. Tracy named a lady. Informed as she was of that mysterious force called charm, pretty was too trivial a word for her, handsome was too hard, and beautiful too sweeping. Whatever she was, it was a very positive pleasure to look at her, and Mr. Tracy indulged himself in that æsthetic refreshment while he renewed his inner man with prunes.

"I cannot understand," he said presently, continuing to gaze at her, "what your parents were thinking of when they christened you Edna."

For a moment, under her silence, he suffered a sudden apprehension that she was offended by his boldness. Nothing was farther from her thoughts.

"Why?" she asked, somewhat idly.

"Edna," he said quite positively, "has brown eyes and a snub nose."

The description certainly did not fit Miss Page, whose eyes were a deep gray and whose nose was perhaps her best feature.

"I believe you are right," she said. "But what about your own case? Do you feel like Theodore?"

"Ridiculous, isn't it? Children should be known by numbers until they develop sufficiently to be recognizable as John or Adalbert."

"Well, we need certainly not be disturbed by it," she pointed out cheerfully. "Nobody calls us anything but Mr. Tracy and Miss Page."

He did not like to think this true of her. As an old bachelor growing rapidly older, it was quite natural that he should reach a time of life when those who used his given name passed by one door or another out of his life. It was also perhaps natural that being so without kin and kind, so daily the companion of the girl, he had grown to take a very warm interest in her. It was the most fatherly of affections. And though his innate sensitiveness had, of course, debarred him from seeking any confidence of hers, he could not but feel that, for a girl of her obvious breeding and generously delightful appearance, she was leading a sadly humdrum and isolated existence. It depressed him that she should be so alone in the world.

Apparently she did not share that dissatisfaction. As she walked briskly down toward the business center of the town, she looked like a young woman quite capable of supporting any amount of independence. That more than Judge Ford stood in some awe of her was apparent in the almost furtive manner with which the normally saucy office boy brought the morning mail into her room, a small but impressively solitary chamber adjoining the chief's own. Usually, when she had had her early session with the judge and had received instructions for the answering of these letters—for he did not deem it necessary to dictate to this paragon, trusting her to expand to proper dimensions his lazy "Tell him yes," "Tell him no"—she would not see him again until some time after luncheon, or even until the morrow. But today, at about eleven o'clock, she was summoned again into his office.

There was a visitor in the client's chair on whom her calm eyes rested a moment before they went to the judge's florid face, and though her trained attention focused upon the reason for her being in request, her own mind found itself interested in the stranger.

She had seen a lean figure which opened out, in a way that reminded her of a carpenter's rule, to a considerable length as he rose on her entering—wide shoulders, but with a slight sagging stoop; a face thin, thoughtful, yet capable of warm irradiation that emanated from very deep-set eyes under a broad forehead, startlingly white compared to the rest of the brown skin; two remarkably interesting hands holding to the edge of a neglected soft felt hat. It was a good deal to see in one glance, but Miss Page was a very observant secretary.

"Miss Page," said the judge, rolling forward in his chair, "let me present Mr. Graham. I asked you to come in," he went on as they acknowledged this introduction in their own ways—he with a sudden smile that was twice blessed in him that gave and her that took, the girl with a second look she had very much wanted—"because I rather fancy you can help us out. Mr. Graham wants a place to stop for a few days. He doesn't take to our commercial hotel, and the inn is too far out. Now do you think your Mrs. Tripp"—the judge's failing was forgetting names or remembering them incorrectly even when he vaguely did—"could put him up?"

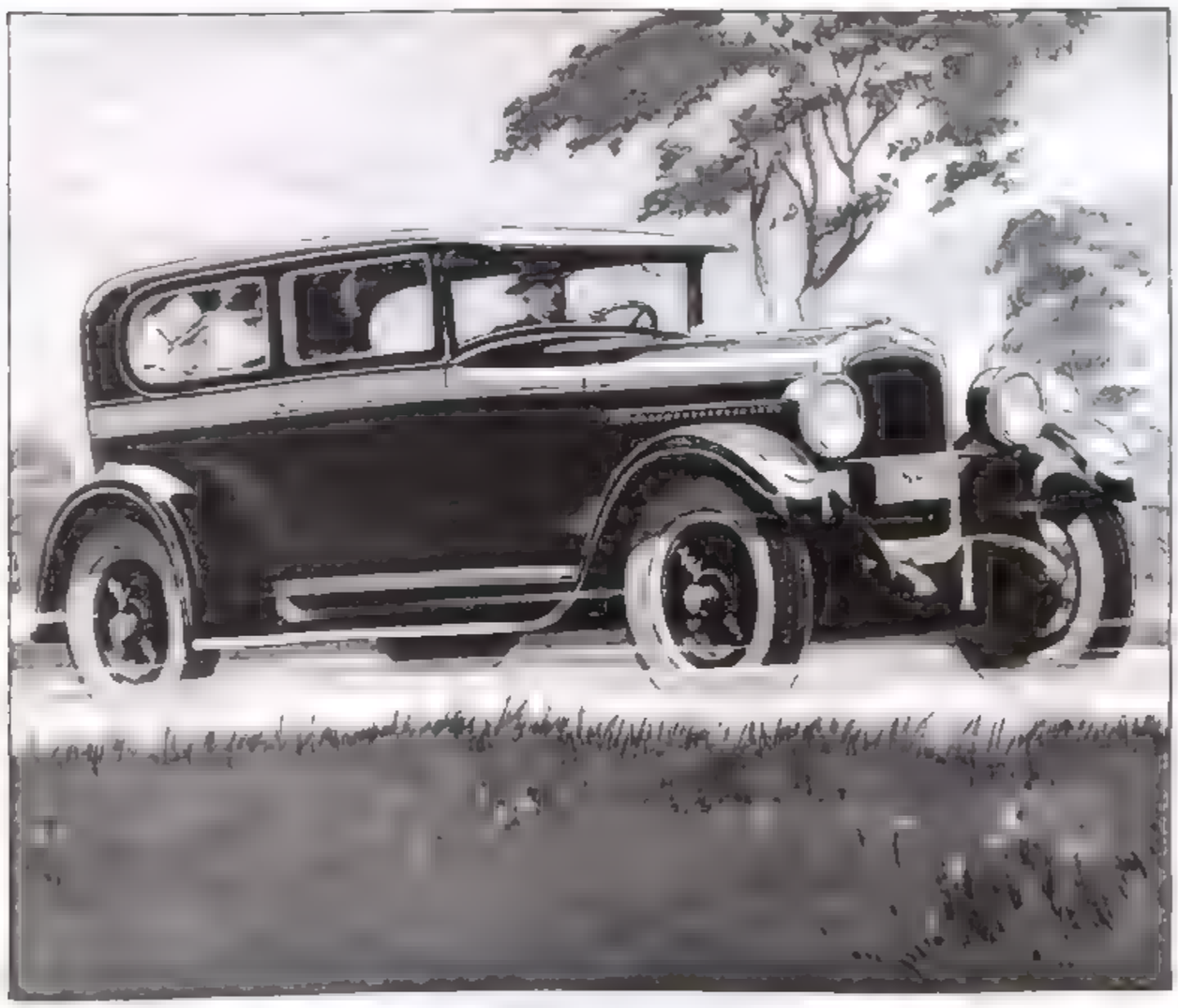
"Mrs. Thring has plenty of room," said Miss Page practically. "But whether she wants to take anyone into it I don't know." A gentleness in her voice robbed this statement of all rebuff. "Suppose I telephone her."

"If you would be so kind," murmured the gentleman, who stood regarding her gravely.

"Do it here," suggested the judge, and pushed the instrument on his desk toward her. Obediently she lifted it and gave the number. The visitor picked up his clumsy oaken chair in one hand and with an easy gesture swung it into place for her. She thanked him with a smile, but remained standing.

(Continued on Page 43)

$1385
—what this price means with the name Hupmobile



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THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN AMERICA

"With the Judge's Permission, My Name is Graeme, Not Graham—G-r-a-e-m-e"

(Continued from Page 38)

A short colloquy, during which Mrs. Thring passed, under Miss Page's seductive prompting, from uncertainty to acquiescence, ended in the girl's saying, and somehow conveying a friendly offer of help to the stranger by a lift of the brows at him as she said it:

"I'll bring Mr. Graham out with me then this evening, Mrs. Thring."

"That's that then," said Judge Ford. "Thank you for fixing it up, Miss Page."

"It's quite nothing," Miss Page said as she turned to go. "Mr. Tracy, the only other boarder, and I will be glad to have some company. . . . I shall be leaving the office at five, Mr. Graham."

With her hand at the door, she paused as the man spoke again pleasantly: "With the judge's permission, my name is Graeme, not Graham—G-r-a-e-m-e." His card was even then lying under the judge's eyes.

Miss Page heard him but did not reply. She stood there a moment, quite silent, quite motionless, until, without turning, she went on into her own room and closed the door.

Judge Ford was too inured to his own shortcoming to comment on his mistake. "Well, now," said he, "suppose—do take a seat—suppose we go into this story of yours."

Mr. Graeme resumed his chair and ruffled up his already rough gray-brown thatch. "I'm like the Mad Hatter—a very poor speaker," he said. "But I don't think I can explain my errand without explaining myself. I have been a long time out of this country, engaged in one place and another, mainly in Mycenæ and Syros and Boghaz-keui."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling a Main Street man what engages one in—wherever they are," chuckled the judge.

The man answered him with one of his slow brightening smiles: "I am an archæologist."

"Thought they were all old beardy chaps," said Ford.

"Well, some of us are," admitted Mr. Graeme. He paused and his smile faded, so completely that it left his face grave to melancholy. "I mention this to explain why I got so out of touch with my family. I have a mother, who is an invalid and cannot often write a letter, and I had a brother, who died a short time ago. You'll think me very prolix?"

"But not at all," said the judge politely.

"We have a good deal of money," Graeme went on, crossing his long legs. "In fact, we are by way of having a great deal of money. That has enabled me to indulge my hobby, you see, and it made it possible for my brother Justin to lead a rather irresponsible existence. There never were two sons of one mother more unlike. Justin was a sportsman, dashing, fond of society; I, quite the opposite.

"Well, we exchanged letters, of course, but you know how it is between brothers, especially when their interests are so divergent. I did hear when he was engaged to be married, and afterward that it was broken off and he married someone else, but I never knew much about it. When I reached home last month I found out something that has caused me great distress.

"In fairness to my mother, I must say that, irrationally as she adored Justin, she feels quite as I do. I forgot to tell you that Justin's wife was killed in a motor accident only a year after their marriage. And now Justin is dead, leaving us his estate. And here I come at last to the point.

"This young girl to whom Justin was first engaged—my mother told me this with miserable reluctance—had been very badly treated by him. The plain truth is, he ran away with this other woman the very day before that set for his wedding. It may not be well to speak harshly of the dead, Judge Ford, but I cannot see that, dead or living, Justin was guilty of less than a most atrocious act of cruelty and dishonor."

Mr. Graeme's thin kindly face quite blazed with indignation as he roundly brought out this summing up. His penthouse brows were drawn down over a pair of eyes that were now glowing with nothing like their former amicable radiance.

"I quite agree with you, sir," said the judge shortly.

After a moment of silence Mr. Graeme, slightly collapsing again along his lean length, went on more calmly: "This girl—her name was Janice Wishart ——" He lifted a sudden plunging look to his listener's face. "You don't know the name?"

"Never heard it," said the judge wonderingly. Even one with his inhabile memory, he felt, would not forget so odd a name.

"I am sorry for that." Graeme drew a breath like an inverted sigh. "However, I may still be on the right track. Miss Wishart also ran away. I think it was quite natural."

"I dare say it was, sir. Go on."

"You must consider the circumstances. She lived with an aunt, who was perhaps not too sympathetic. I have seen her, and I should describe her as rather hard; yes, hard. There was this jilted girl without any nearer kin, left suddenly to face a sneering world secretly amused—and perhaps none too secretly—by her humiliation. You must picture her with the ruthless light of callous newspaper publicity beating on her, surrounded by the usual litter of wedding paraphernalia, her gown and veil actually laid out, her bridesmaids ready and the guests bidden—and you can't wonder that she couldn't face it."

"But I don't wonder at all," said the older man. "Where did she run to?"

"That's just it," said Graeme, with a simple glance of admiration for the astute man of law who had gone so directly to the vital issue. "Nobody knows. The moment I managed to get the whole story out of my poor mother, I set myself to find her. We both very earnestly desire, you see, to settle some if not all of Justin's estate upon her. I don't think the wish could offend her if she could be brought to understand how deeply we feel the reproach of Justin's crime. It may not be so listed in your law books, Judge Ford, but I have no other word for it."

"Strong," grunted Ford. "Still, though it's not law, I might agree with you. But what brought you to me?"

"I will tell you. We first had to find this aunt and that took some time, and she was not much help when I did locate her. She had nursed a long resentment against the girl who had left her to face the gossip all alone."

"And with the wedding presents to return!" said the judge, with a twisting smile.

"It had, at any rate, made her care little enough to keep in touch with her niece. She had had only one letter from Miss Wishart, which she was perfectly willing to turn over to me. And by the worst possible fortune, for there was no written address, the postmark on the envelope was quite illegible. I submitted it to an expert in the postal service and he has just returned it to me with the report that only three and a half letters are at all recoverable. They are B-a-n, and a mere fraction of a fourth. It might be Bangor or Bancroft or half a dozen things. But I certainly hope it is Banbury." He laid the letter down in front of the judge.

"Um—I see. Not much help in that, is there?"

"If, for example, it should be Bancroft, I may have a stern chase. I find there are some twelve Bancrofts in the States, from Maine to Idaho, and one at least in Canada."

"Whereas," remarked the judge, "we are, I believe, the one and only Banbury."

(Continued on Page 42)

The Girl Looked Away Across the Garden. "Darkish Hair, Bluish Eyes, a Good Profile, Rather Tall—Something Like That"

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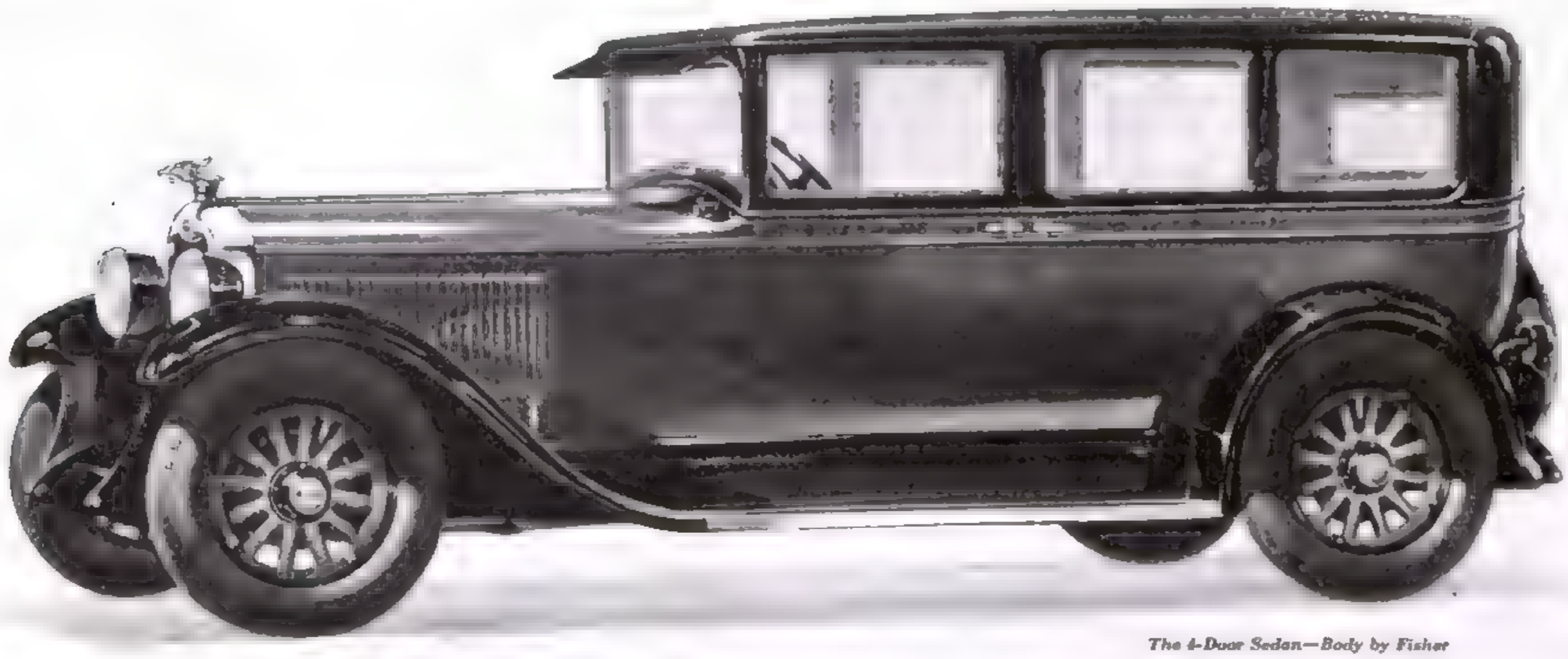

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OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 40)

"It was more or less that fact that led me to persuade myself the fourth letter looked more like a B than anything else. So here I am. Naturally, on my applying at the hotel for the first lawyer of the town, I was sent to you."

The judge did not modestly deprecate this estimate. He leaned back in the chair that tipped far enough to awaken apprehension in the eye of the beholder. "Did you not think of trying the Bureau of Missing Persons?"

Graeme shook his head. "I would much rather not," he said. "Put it to yourself. Suppose in any one of the many possible ways it should leak into the newspapers that Janice Wishart is being sought, can't you see how they would resurrect and rehash all the old distressful story?"

Judge Ford, looking at the man, could see it plainly.

"You feel that it would be as bad as jilting her again."

"Exactly. No, I feel that, however much it delays us, the thing must be done by ourselves."

"And how long ago did she send this letter?"

"It must have been in '21 or '22."

"About five years. Of course there was no helpful information in the letter. . . . Had she money?"

"She drew what she had from the bank, her aunt told me—a little legacy of five or six thousand dollars."

"Now, Mr. Grimm," said Ford, "let me ask you a question. You must not be put out with me, because your financial intentions toward this girl are certainly unusual. Now are you a practical sort of man?"

The visitor laughed willingly but ruefully. "Not very," he admitted.

"Then I'll tell you what to do first. You want my advice?"

"Since you can give me no information, I naturally welcome the next best thing."

"I ask myself," said the rubicund old gentleman, "why she came to Banbury—if she did. Look at her! She has money enough to last a while, but after that she must earn her living. . . . Eh?" Graeme nodded, watching with a gentle attention the operation of the legal mind. "In other words, she's got to learn how to do something useful. Well, suppose she came to Banbury to go to the business college here. If she did that four or five years ago she may by now be in any man's office from here to Vancouver."

"God bless me, that's very true." Mr. Graeme's voice sounded quite suddenly disheartened.

"But wait. I have a crumb of comfort for you. The young lady you just met, Miss Page, attended the college herself at about that time. I'm not definitely sure. But you can't do better than ask her if there was a Janet Williams there when she was."

"Janice Wishart," murmured Graeme, even as he nodded complete agreement with this idea. The judge merely waved away the correction. His attitude was that if the girl preferred to call herself that, he had no slightest objection. "You can't do better," he repeated, "than get Miss Page to help you. She is a woman in ten thousand. You will be staying in the same house with her, and she ought to be a tower of strength to you. And speaking of that"—the judge heaved his bulk upward from his chair—"I feel a feebleness creeping over me such as I experience every day about high noon. I suggest that you come out now to luncheon with me and tell me what you do when you're archæologizing."

"I shall be delighted," smiled Graeme. "You have surely set my feet upon the way. I feel Miss Page to be just as you describe her. Her help will be invaluable."

"Mind you," said the other, clapping on his panama, "if you fail, there are private detectives as well as the B. M. P. But don't go blatting your intentions of settling a fortune on this fugitive damsel. It would eventually bring you twelve hundred thousand young women by actual count, claiming to be Miss Waters. I gather from the way you told your story that you don't know her."

"Well, of course my mother does, which would protect us from the brummagem," said Mr. Graeme, smiling. "But I never saw her."

The judge became thoughtful as they walked down the street, Graeme's long shambling stride, which he might have caught from his own Bactrian camels, adjusting itself courteously to Ford's jogging waddle. "I sincerely hope you are not in for a saddening disappointment," he remarked after a moment.

"You mean that she may not have come to Banbury?"

"No," said the other. "I shouldn't have mentioned it perhaps. It was an unpleasant thought. But her running away like that does suggest a possible weakness of character, don't you think? Fancy Miss Page, for instance, in like case. Of course, you don't know her, but I can assure you that her chin would have gone up and her feet stayed planted like a church if she had had such a situation to face."

"I quite feel that nothing would daunt Miss Page," agreed Graeme, with a quaint softening of his look. He was carrying with him a very clear picture of the judge's secretary. "But I think I understand the different type too." His face clouded into a distressed melancholy again. "If you don't mind I'd rather not yet envisage the chance you put before me."

"I shouldn't have spoken of it," decided Judge Ford, with regret. He gave his companion a sidewise glance. Queer, likable bird! Fancy dashing off to find this Julia Washburn to give her his brother's fortune! In all his practice of the law the judge had never come across anything remotely like it.

Graeme prowled about the town during the afternoon, pursuing his new form of delving into the past, but not a trace of Janice Wishart rewarded him. No such person had ever taken a book from the public library. He found this out by feigning an interest in the lonely librarian's methods of card-cataloguing. A canvass of the physicians in town, on whose silence he could rely, showed that whatever else Miss Wishart may have done, she had never had so much as hay fever in Banbury. He was puzzling over some safe approach to the department stores, where she might naturally have been a patron, when five o'clock came, and he presented himself again at the judge's office.

It was a disappointment to learn that Miss Page had left her excuses for him and gone home, with her head aching, earlier in the day. But if there was one thing Graeme had learned in his extensive wanderings, it was to do, on occasion, without escort. Impractical as he might be, he immediately adopted the Gallienic plan of commandeering a taxicab, and with his luggage was driven out to Mrs. Thring's.

He thought regretfully, as he drove out of the village proper, of Miss Page's indisposition, and hoped it would not prevent his seeing her at dinner. Women had formed a very scant ingredient in his life. He was wont to see them all in the roseate light of idealism; but Miss Page, he felt, could be in no danger of overestimation.

Without the slightest mental effort he could see her, a slim strength in her straight dark blue frock with the very feminine laces at her throat and wrists, standing so firmly poised on her plain smart pumps.

Mr. Graeme had not yet accustomed himself to some of the fashions that had come into being while he was more or less underground in Hissarlik. That a woman's body should look like a rather anæmic soft clam, and her feet like to a censer in a barber's shop, snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, seemed to him queasy standards of beauty. He was glad, too, that Miss Page's hair had not been lopped off to match her name, but that she had been content with gathering it in smooth rippling waves, close lying to her classic head, into some mysterious disappearance at the nape. Obviously, so rigorous was the mode that long hair, if suffered, must be concealed, disguised, denied. And no one who had dug up rouge pots some two thousand years old could be alarmed at their evident prevalence today, yet such is man that he felt satisfaction in that the soft color of Miss Page's cheek lay underneath the skin.

He was quite unaware that he had her every feature astonishingly by heart. That it should give him a warm sense of pleasure to look forward so eagerly to seeing her again seemed to him quite natural. And so it was. Even an eminent archæologist who is not yet one of the beardy ancients is subject to the common manifestations of that process known as falling in love.

But she was not visible when he reached the house. Mrs. Thring, to whom a stranger was something of an ordeal, made sure of his being properly welcomed, lacking Miss Page, by calling out old Mr. Tracy to do the honors.

Nobody saw it, but something was very much amiss with Mr. Tracy; and if he came out from his seclusion with a dazed and preoccupied expression, its extraordinary change on his introduction to Mr. Graeme was certainly worthy of notice. But Mrs. Thring was too flustered and the arrival too busy making change for his jehu to observe the remarkable manner in which the little old gentleman received his presentation.

When Graeme had duly shaken hands with both of them and had thanked his hostess for receiving him, with a smile that went to her heart, he carried in his two big Gladstones, of a shabbiness that seemed fairly out of place in the spick-and-span room to which he was assigned, adjoining Mr. Tracy's own. And if he felt any surprise in having this pleasant little old chap hang about persistently, he was too simply touched by his interest to feel it intrusive.

"You must excuse my inquisitiveness," ventured Mr. Tracy, who labored under an unusual excitement only to be kept under by his natural nicety of manner. "Did I understand that Miss Page suggested our good landlady to you?"

"Well, the idea, as I remember, originated in the callid genius of Judge Ford," replied Graeme consideringly, as he frowned down upon his opened bags. "The masterly development of the plan, however, was Miss Page's." He looked up with that light-giving smile of his. "I find myself very lucky to be indebted to her."

Mr. Tracy found this perhaps obscure. He certainly stared at the newcomer in some perplexity. "You know Judge Ford?"

"I have called upon him. And it was in his office that I met Miss Page. The judge afterward gave me a most gustful luncheon at the chamber of commerce."

"Oh," said Mr. Tracy, as dubiously as if he did not understand at all this very simple statement. After a moment of nervous hesitation, during which he opened and closed his mouth a number of indecisive times, he backed toward his door. "If there is anything I can do for you, pray let me know," he said in a somewhat agitated fashion.

"You are very kind," said Mr. Graeme gratefully.

During the interval that elapsed before they were summoned from their several rooms to dinner, Mr. Tracy stood at his window, staring out with unseeing eyes. He had not seen Miss Page on her return from the office, but their landlady had told him she was coming out with what Mrs. Thring inaccurately referred to as another gentleman, and he had been concerned to hear later that she had instead returned with a headache. Miss Page was not given to migraine. And this man's name was Graeme!

It did not surprise him later when Miss Page did not appear at table, but he did seem stirred to something like uneasiness under that unusual absence. The handmaid, who brought to the dining room the undeniable delicacies of Mrs. Thring's secluded kitchen, when appealed to, explained that Miss Page was not so to say ill, only a bit done by the first heat, and was to have a tray in her room. And Mr. Tracy was not, as he should have been, cheered by the reassuring news.

"We were talking at breakfast," he said, after a silent conquest of half a grapefruit and apropos of nothing, "about the irresponsible manner in which parents select names for their offspring." He was not comfortable in his own duplicity, but glanced up almost with a look of appeal. "We agreed that it was nothing short of scandalous to have attached such labels as Theodore and Edna to the wrong people."

"Miss Page's name is Edna?" asked Graeme, giving promptly every manifestation of interest.

Mr. Tracy, oddly, did not reply more directly than to say, "I don't think it suits her."

"No," said his vis-à-vis reflectively; "somehow it doesn't."

Mr. Tracy appeared to watch closely as the man said this. He could see nothing but a perfectly honest agreement with himself. But determination led him on. "And I am no more Theodore than Tamerlane, though I always thought I could have made a good Amos."

Graeme finished his soup. "You have nothing to complain of," said he pleasantly. "Suppose, like me, you had been christened Fanshawe, and had had your early years blighted by being tortured in school with the nickname Fanny!"

Behind the gleaming lenses of his polished pince-nez, Mr. Tracy's eyes had given one quick blink. "Your name is Fanshawe Graeme? You are the archæologist?"

"All of it," admitted the other gently. He wondered at the faint emphasis on the verbs in these questions, and he was surprised that this queer little old body should know anything about him. But perhaps he was one of those fireside adventurers who devour the geographic magazines. "Are you interested in that sort of thing?"

"Well—interested, of course. Who isn't?" Mr. Tracy took a breath and seemed on the sharp point of other questions. But good manners prevailed. He made innocuous conversation. "I am in quite a different line myself. You dig things up and I put things in. And sometimes I pull 'em out of the air. My hobby is gardening, you see, and my besetting sin invention"

"Quite different," nodded Graeme. "We invent nothing. Or perhaps I should say, the more honest among us don't." His smile seemed to take Mr. Tracy in a weak spot. For all that he continued to regard his companion with an uneasy suspicion, Mr. Tracy sincerely could not help liking him.

But Mrs. Thring's excellent dinner went begging on his plate, for even with the success of his maneuver in getting at the stranger's name he seemed to derive no satisfaction. His fixed look dropped almost guiltily as Mr. Graeme, who had addressed himself to his viands with the calm of utter innocence, lifted his eyes with a question: "Tell me, if you will, have you lived long in Banbury?"

"All my life," said Mr. Tracy. "That's long—if you like."

Graeme puzzled him by the brooding consideration with which he thought this over. "You might be able to help me," he said slowly.

"I'd give a good deal to know what you've come here for," the little old man blurted out, unexpectedly even to himself. "And it is not idle curiosity either."

"I quite believe you," sincerely Graeme assured him.

Mr. Tracy liked the tone of his voice, as he was conscious of liking a good many things about this stranger. "I should be glad to be of service to you," he said, and made a curious halt. "Though I could not, of course, blindly commit myself to that," he added uncomfortably.

"Naturally not," smiled Graeme, who saw in this nothing but the caution of his years. "Well, I should be very glad of your

(Continued on Page 53)

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P A I G E

ANTIQUES IN THE KITCHEN

By Esther Singleton

CHARLES DICKENS made the teakettle one of the chief actors in his immortal story of The Cricket on the Hearth. Indeed, he opens with a dialogue, or duet, between the kettle and the cricket. With that amazing knowledge of how to create atmosphere and how to prepare for an appreciation of the unfolding of his story, which was among his characteristics, in this tale of Dot Peerybingle and her husband John, Tillie Slowboy and Caleb Plummer, the great author lifted one of the lowliest of household utensils into the realm of romance and made it a character in the story.

Who can enter a kitchen and hear and see the teakettle boiling and bubbling and tossing upward its thin whirls and clouds of steam, while the lid is rising and falling as it beats a rhythmic tattoo, without being cheered by the coziness and the comfortable suggestion of home that Dickens has taught us to associate with the teakettle?

Other long-neglected kitchen utensils of our forefathers have now come into prominence in the present craze for antiques.

Time was—and not so very long ago either—when kitchen stuff beyond repair was thrown away or sold to the junkman. But this happens no more. Articles of domestic use that once had a place in the kitchen are not ignored. When the contents of some ancient farmhouse or old town house are turned out into the world all the things that used to be designated as old rubbish are now very carefully picked over and scrutinized; and antiquaries are called in to explain the use of those unfamiliar pieces of iron, pewter, brass or wood that hung on hooks, stood on shelves or reposed in table drawers in the old-time kitchen.

Nothing is of greater value in helping us to visualize the daily life of our ancestors than the kitchen; and this fact is so universally realized that nearly every local museum and many of our historical societies in every part of the country have fitted up—or are collecting objects to do so—a room to reproduce a Colonial kitchen.

Longfellow wrote a long poem called The Hanging of the Crane to celebrate the founding of a new home; and he used this familiar object as a symbol. But, as a matter of fact, whenever the crane was put up in the kitchen of a newly married couple, relatives and friends made certain that the kitchen was properly furnished and equipped.

Heirlooms

IN THOSE far-away days the many electric appliances that are so familiar today—the convenient toasting racks, the waffle irons, the double-decker grills, the saucepans, the chafing dishes and the percolator coffeepots, by means of which a dainty meal can be produced in a few moments—were undreamed of; and the ubiquitous ten-cent stores, in which every kind of domestic article can be found, were unknown.

Our Colonial ancestors were neither perpetual buyers like us, nor prolific spenders like us. They purchased everything, from the roses and ribbons on their bonnet to the pots and pans in their kitchens, with the idea of permanency. Now we have changed all that. We no longer buy things to last. Indeed, we are not particularly desirous of having them last too long. We want new things all the time. We do not care to cook our meals in the same utensils that our forefathers used—either in the identical objects or others fashioned after them. If we see any novel little labor-saving household device we immediately buy it; and, moreover, we often buy it at the ten-cent store, knowing perfectly well that if we use it only once we shall get our money's worth. When it wears out we go back and buy another.

Besides, we are not willing to spend our time taking care of domestic implements. It is cheaper in every way, as well as economical of health and strength, to acquire new articles constantly. In the old days, on the contrary, more than half the housewife's life was spent in cleaning and looking after—or seeing that her servants did so—heavy, sooty and greasy iron pots, kettles and pans. Even the spoons and forks, and all the other articles that the cook handled, were very heavy and very hard to clean.

In a household where there was much copper, brass and pewter, all the kettles, saucepans, casseroles, plates, dishes, mugs, jugs, tankards and porringers, many of which were handed down from generation to generation and the rest accumulated by virtue of hard work and thrifty saving, or treasured as special gifts, were kept brightly scoured and polished. When the tiniest hole was discovered the brazier was sent for at once to come and mend it. Repairing of family utensils was, in fact, in Colonial times, and far into the nineteenth century, a considerable part of the business of dealers in brass and copper ware, and of pewterers too. Every house of comfort possessed utensils of brass or copper, and often both; and these possessions varied in quantity and quality with the wealth of the family. We find in all the inventories of importance the number of pounds of brass, copper and pewter listed with the value as expressed in English pounds, or in tobacco, which was the medium of exchange in some of the Southern colonies.

We find in every household of any standing a great copper or brass kettle. This was frequently an heirloom. It was generally kept for a preserving kettle; and it was large enough to hold several gallons. In some old families it was spoken of, or described as, the "bell-metal kettle"; and this piece was usually kept for making preserves and jelly from all the various fruits as they came along in season.

Brass and copper articles were particularly abundant in the homes of the Dutch colonists; and in addition to the many metal cooking utensils there were in the kitchen a number of measuring cans of graduated sizes, formally arranged on the shelves of the large dresser, or hanging from hooks on a can board.

The Jewels of Every Housewife

THE Dutch also introduced into the country the little square box covered with perforated sheets of copper or brass, which, filled with hot coals, was used as a foot warmer or foot rest. In most pictures of Dutch interiors the well-dressed ladies, whether playing musical instruments, making lace on cushions, sewing, or merely engaged in conversation, have one foot, or both feet, resting upon this little piece of furniture so needed in the cold houses of the period. In the pictures of the Little Masters, sometimes the family cat appears dozing comfortably upon this little stove, which an old Dutch writer says is "the beloved jewel of our Dutch wives, especially when the snow falls or the hail clatters."

Foot warmers were also much used in New England. When not in use their place was in the kitchen, where they might be filled when required with hot ashes from the burning logs.

Another piece of brass that every house owned was the warming pan, which, filled with hot coals, was passed between the sheets in the wintertime just before the person was ready to go to bed; for unless the warming pan was used, the bed in the freezingly cold room would be just about as comfortable as a snowdrift.

The pan was about fourteen inches in diameter and the cover was perforated in a decorative pattern more or less ornate. The handle was about as long as a broom handle. The warming pan's place was in the kitchen, and it frequently hung from the wall near the fireplace. In a very large household there would be several warming pans.

Warming pans, being decorative, have, like door knockers, survived in greater number than many other articles—foot warmers, for instance. Consequently many collectors of Americana have one or several; and warming pans are constantly turning up in the small auction galleries.

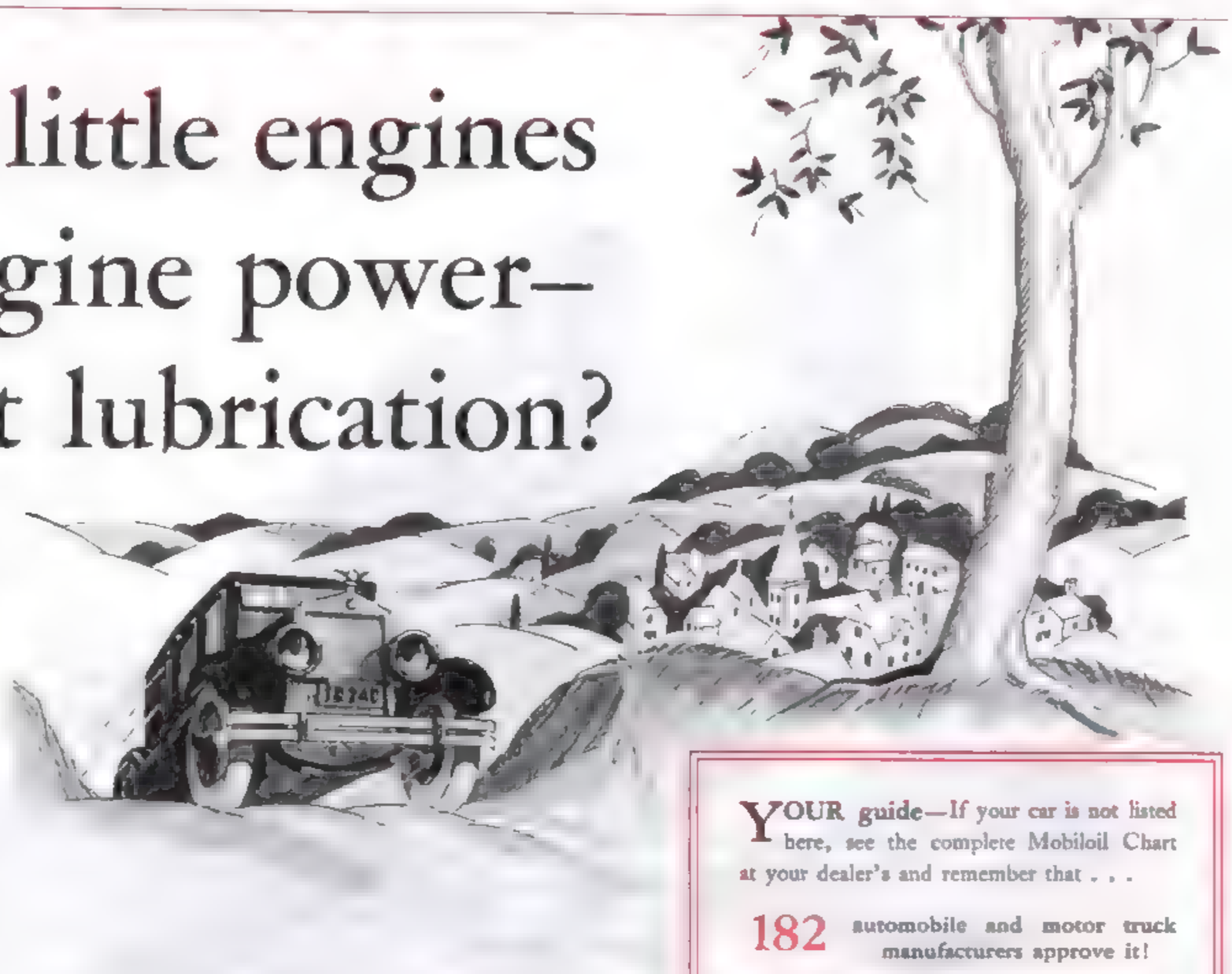
In all kitchens alike, in Northern, Dutch or Southern colonies, the most important feature was, of course, the great fireplace, framed in bricks with brick hearth. An immense draft came down the wide chimney and kept the fire

The Kitchen in the Van Cortlandt House, New York

(Continued on Page 47)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

12 When little engines give big engine power— What about lubrication?



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More power from less metal is a trend of the day. It is revolutionizing automobile engines just as it revolutionized steam engines, steam turbines, and other power units in years past.

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Better oil demanded. Better quality—to withstand the new rapidity of motion. Correct body—to feed perfectly under all driving conditions.

No wonder that many of the "good" oils of yesterday show serious shortcomings in the high-speed, high-heat, high-compression engines of today. No wonder an entirely new margin of safety is necessary.

In 1877, the Vacuum Oil Company provided George Selden with the first petroleum lubricating oil that was ever used in an automobile engine. As the years went by the Vacuum Oil Company perfected new lubricants which made possible the new high speeds of the steam engine, the steam turbine, electric generators and motors, Diesel engines, and other power units.

This success in providing an engineering margin of safety against high-speed operation is emphasized in the Gargoyle Mobiloil of today. Mobiloil has been continuously improved to meet changes in engine design and operating conditions.

Never before has Mobiloil given such protection, such economy or such all-round operating efficiency.

Any authorized Mobiloil dealer has the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car. His copy of the complete Chart of Recommendations will show which grade you should use—whatever the year in which your car was built.

To use oil of less quality is to seriously risk the long life and smooth performance of your car.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 **automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!**

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6, other models	A	A Arc.	..	A	Arc	A	Arc	A Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80 other models	A	A Arc	A	A Arc.	A	A Arc	A	A
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Jewett	..	.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell					A	Arc.	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	...	.	B	Arc.	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

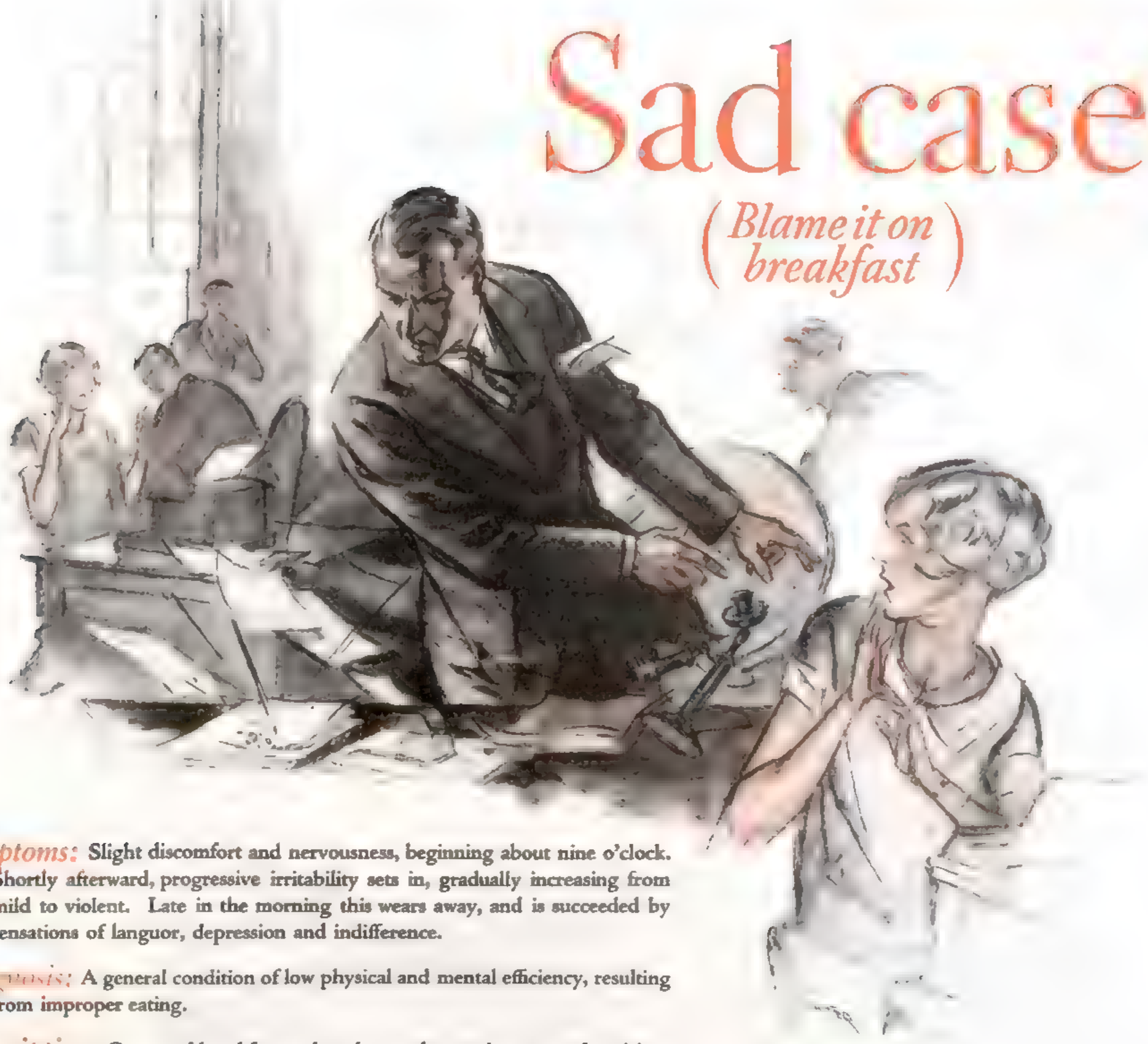
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Sad case!

(Blame it on breakfast)



807

Symptoms: Slight discomfort and nervousness, beginning about nine o'clock. Shortly afterward, progressive irritability sets in, gradually increasing from mild to violent. Late in the morning this wears away, and is succeeded by sensations of languor, depression and indifference.

Diagnosis: A general condition of low physical and mental efficiency, resulting from improper eating.

Prescription: One *good* breakfast, to be taken each morning, soon after rising.

WHEN mornings go wrong, look back at breakfast! Was it a good breakfast? Easy to digest? Not too large? Not too small? *Well-balanced?*

Strange how few American breakfasts measure up to these simple specifications! Yet no meal of the day is more important. Here's what a writer on efficiency recently said:

"Breakfast is an important item in the building up of a successful day. A good breakfast will send us with vigor to our daily task. Too scanty a breakfast means that our energy will peter out before noon. Too hearty a breakfast may mean that our minds will be dulled. An indiscreet breakfast may mean the loss of a precious morning."

Many men, experimenting to find the ideal breakfast, have chosen Grape-Nuts. This is a crisp, delicious food, especially planned to help correct certain dangerous deficiencies often found in modern diet. It is so rich in essential food elements that, eaten with milk or cream, it might safely form your entire breakfast—giving your body all it needs until lunchtime. And it is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest!

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley. These grains are prepared by a special baking process which brings out the tempting, nut-like flavor to perfection, and gives to the food its characteristic *crispness.* You'll chew Grape-Nuts thoroughly and enjoy chewing it. This exercise does wonders to insure the health and good looks of teeth and gums. Ask your dentist about that!

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. It makes a small breakfast a safe breakfast—and any breakfast a better breakfast! . . . Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. Perhaps you will wish to accept the following offer:

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below. We will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a famous physical director.

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G.—S. E. P. 8-27

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(Continued from Page 44)

blazing all the time upon the large andirons, which were usually of iron. Sometimes these were accompanied by smaller andirons, called "creepers," placed inside for the support of the smaller logs. Above and at the sides of the burning wood swung the crane, on which hung the big, round, black iron gypsy pot with its three or four tiny pointed feet and its heavy lid. On the crane other smaller pots hung, and more pots, kettles and pans were suspended on neighboring hooks and hangers. Conveniently near were the bellows, a hearth broom or two, a short-handled shovel and a pair of tongs.

Everything had to be cooked upon, over, or in front of, the burning logs; and, therefore, the cooking was extremely arduous. This accounts for the very long-handled spoons, forks, skimmers, dippers, and so forth. Above the bright scarlet and golden embers the slices of wholesome homemade bread, held by means of a special fork with long handle and properly adjusted prongs, could soon be transformed into crisp, delicious, evenly browned toast. Vegetables were boiled in the saucepans or fried in the skillets, or spiders, and meats and birds were laid on grills and broiled over the hot ashes, or placed in the tin kitchen and roasted before the fire. This large utensil, which looks something like a baby's hooded cradle, was left open on the side before the fire. The meat or fowl was pierced by the long rod, or spit, which was turned by a handle, causing the piece to revolve and thus become evenly cooked. Every now and then the cook would stop turning the handle to baste the meat with a long-handled spoon, the drippings having been collected in the pan below.

This old tin kitchen was an ancient European affair. In the Middle Ages a sort of revolving wheel—something like the whirligig in a squirrel's cage—was attached to the spit and turned by a small dog. This poor little overworked animal was known as a turnspit. This kitchen reminds us of the old nursery rime in which the cautious lady, wishing to be assured of domestic comfort, asks her wooer:

"Will the flames that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love
Turn the spit, spit, spit?"

These tin kitchens are frequently seen today in the museum kitchens that have been fitted up, and sometimes they are erroneously called Dutch ovens. This is altogether wrong, because the Dutch oven is quite another matter.

The Original Fireless Cooker

The Dutch oven was built in the brickwork beside the fireplace, and when it was thoroughly heated the bread, cakes and pastry were placed in it and allowed to remain until the oven cooled. There was no danger of burning the materials, and everything came out perfectly baked and perfectly browned. The Dutch oven seems to have been the inspiration of the fireless cooker; for all you had to do was, after the initial preparation, to let the article cook itself.

One cannot fail to notice in any collection of old-time kitchen utensils the great number of spoons of different sizes and shapes, some of them perforated, and the many skimmers, round, oblong, large, small and medium-sized.

We think of Shakspere's Winter song in Love's Labor's Lost with the line:

"While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

It looks as if in Colonial times every pot was keeled with a special skimmer. Then there are innumerable colanders and sieves of so many sizes and differences in perforations and fineness of the mesh that we picture the Colonial cooks as spending a great deal of time skimming their boiling pots and draining and straining the cooked ingredients contained therein. Knives, too, are present, of many shapes and sizes; and long-handled forks with huge prongs, two, three or four tined.

Then there were many bowls for mixing—bowls large and small, of wood and of earthenware; and there was also a large wooden bowl with its special chopper. No Colonial cook of any pretension could live without a mortar and pestle; there were many things that she preferred to compound and rub and amalgamate in a true chemist's fashion.

Then there were the pastry boards of various sizes, with the rolling-pins, and all the various little cake cutters of fancy designs. In some kitchens, where there was Dutch influence, there were long, narrow boards stamped with intaglio designs that, pressed upon certain kinds of pastry, produced a design in cameo style—raised rosettes, geometrical devices, flowers, and so on.

There were scales of varying sizes for weighing, and cans and cups for measuring, and there were cans and jugs and pitchers and pails and bowls for milk and cream. There were boxes in which spices were kept, and there were graters of all sizes. There were also special irons for the making of waffles and thin, crisp wafers; and there were pans of all sizes for baking cakes, bread, pies and other pastry.

The Unknown Word

If there were no separate dairy, a churn with a paddle for the making of butter stood in one corner of the kitchen. From the open rafters hung strings of onions and bunches of dried herbs ready for the flavoring

We must remember also that the Colonial housewife had a great deal of pickling and preserving to do, as well as salting down meat and making sausage and other things. Hence there are to be found all kinds of jars and tubs and barrels. The problem was not merely to provide the daily meals, but to prepare ahead. In the intervals of this arduous-enough occupation all the stores for the winter had to be made and packed away. The storeroom and pantry were just as much on the mind of the Colonial housewife as the kitchen itself; and from the time she arose in the early dawn to kindle the fire—not by striking a match, but by means of the tinder box—to the time she went to bed the work was incessant. There was little time for any thoughts but household cares. Leisure was an unknown word.

Looking backward from our vantage point of modern conveniences of every kind, we wonder how those people lived through such incessant and fatiguing labors. In addition to all the constructive preparations, the fact of keeping the kitchen, with all these multiple and manifold implements, clean and in order was of itself a mighty task; and it must be remembered as well that cooking, with all its unavoidable smoke and grease, was always in progress. Then there were all the dishes and platters to wash and the pewter to scour and, when finished, to arrange neatly on the shelves; and then there were the lamps to clean and fill with oil, and the candlesticks to clean. Moreover, the Colonial housewife had to make the candles; and that is why in every kitchen we see a set of candle molds hanging on the wall. It was important also to see that the lanterns were clean and bright and supplied with a little candle of the right size. Lamps, candles and lanterns had to be ready for the use of the different members of the household; and the kitchen was the place to find them. Hence in any collection of kitchen articles we have Betty lamps and old kerosene lamps, pewter, brass and copper candlesticks, and lanterns of many kinds, including the old perforated tin ones ending in a kind of pyramid.

In the farmhouse, too, there was danger of a sudden unfriendly visit from Indians or wild animals; and, therefore, an old blunderbuss, or some other firearm of similar character, or a pistol or two, was suspended over the fireplace, or high on the wall elsewhere, out of reach of the children. Usually a powderhorn hung by its side. Though all the articles spoken of were common to all parts of the country, the actual furnishing of the kitchen differed. In some parts of the country the kitchen was the chief living room of the family. This was true of the New England and of the Dutch colonies.

In New England a conspicuous piece of furniture was the high-backed settle that always stood by the fireplace. A large table for the family meals, several small tables, a number of chairs, a looking-glass, a clock of some sort—generally a wag-at-the-wall—and a rag carpet complete the picture. In many cases, too, a spinning wheel and a loom were present.

The Dutch Show Room

The Dutch Colonial kitchen was also a living room, and it was a replica of the kitchen left behind in the Fatherland. Could we enter one of the homes of the prosperous New Amsterdam burghers we would pass from the forereom into a larger room, which was living room, dining room and kitchen all in one. First we would note the big fireplace with its burning logs, and its blue and white tiles for a framework. Above is a chimney piece, rather massive, and framed in a panel is a picture—a landscape, a sea piece, or a fruit or flower piece. The shelf of this chimney piece is covered with a chimney cloth of flowered chintz, or red or green silk embroidered in colored flowers. Upon it stand some pieces of porcelain. On a crane a brass or copper teakettle swings. Bellows, hearth brooms, shovel and tongs are conveniently hanging from hooks, as are several pots and pans of gleaming brass and copper. Not far away a brass warming pan is suspended from the wall. Next we notice a large cupboard, or *kas*, on the top of which stand some Oriental jars and beakers, in which the mistress keeps the household linen of which she is so proud.

Racks on the wall hold several large delftware platters and rows of gleaming pewter dishes and plates, and a wall board exhibits from its hooks an array of copper and brass cans and measures. A large table occupies the center of the room, covered with a Turkey rug or carpet, and Russia leather, matted and rush-bottomed chairs with black or red frames are stiffly arranged around the wall beneath pictures of landscapes, still life or genre. There is also a big bedstead in the room, looking like a square box when the curtains are tightly drawn; and these curtains are of the same material as the chimney cloth. The curtains at the windows looking into the back yard or garden are also of the same material. On the sills of the windows flowerpots with blooming plants add a note of charm, reminding us that flowers are just as important to the Dutch housewives as the long pipes are to their husbands. Scattered about the room are a few of those little square boxes with perforated brass tops and sides, containing glowing coals, called "foot warmers," which I have already described.

Last, but not least, a gaudily painted Frisian clock ticks loudly from the wall and sees itself reflected in the little black-framed mirror hanging on the opposite wall. Cooking can be done in this room, and very often is done; but there is another kitchen in a little annex in the back yard, where most of the food is prepared. The great pride of the Dutch in their home, and the keeping of it in apple-pie order, determines the housewife to do as little cooking as possible in this "show room," as she calls it.

But wherever the mistress decided to have her cooking done we may be very sure it was good cooking; finely flavored, too, with spices and condiments from the Far East. New Amsterdam inventories mention pretty nearly every article that a cook would need to concoct a feast for a *gourmet*; and the great number of cooking utensils in many a list show that lavish entertainment was not uncommon. Every kind of copper and brass pot, from the largest to the smallest size, and special pans of many kinds for baking cakes and pastry and even marzipan—marchpane, or almond paste—are mentioned.

A Cook's Domain

Many a scene appearing in the pictures of the Little Masters could have been painted in New Amsterdam, Jan Steen's St. Nicholas celebrations, for instance, and his Oyster Feast, and many others. The number of pictures these meticulous painters made of the kitchen prove what an important place it occupied in the minds of everyone.

Above all, there are the pictures of Willem Kalff, with whom "the kitchen became an heroic subject, and over it he threw the most subtle effects of chiaroscuro, placing a gleam of light upon a wall, a scoured saucepan or a bunch of vegetables. Who is the hero or the heroine of the scene? A fine cauldron, or a saucepan, or a kettle, shining with a thousand reflected lights that come through a window."

The Southern kitchen differed entirely from the New England and the Dutch. The Southern kitchen was never a gathering place for the family. The life of the household centered around the fireplace in the great hall. The kitchen was in a separate building, often connected with the house by a covered arcade. The number of well-trained servants released the ladies of the family from all domestic drudgery. Consequently they were able to devote themselves to the arts and graces of living. The mistress of the mansion kept a general surveillance of the machinery of the home, but each department was ruled by a head servant perfectly competent to run it alone.

The kitchen was a world of itself, where the cook held absolute sway over her many

Lake Decatur, Decatur, Illinois

helpers, the most promising of whom she trained for future cooks; and because she had all these minions the Southern cook was no more economical in the use of her pots, kettles and pans than of the ingredients that went into them. When preparing a meal practically everything in the kitchen was requisitioned. What were the little scullions for but to wait on the cook and clean up after her?

The untidiness that almost invariably characterized the Southern kitchen while a meal was in progress would have horrified the New England housewife; but the Southern mistress was critical only regarding the finished products that came out of the kitchen and how they were served. The management of the kitchen she left entirely to the cook.

The Southern lady was, however, a most accomplished cook herself and very often would condescend to step into the kitchen and prepare some delicate dish—terrapin à la Maryland with sherry sauce, spiced oysters, deviled crabs, a fine salad, a tansy pudding, moonshine, floating island, sherry jelly with sillabub, maids of honor or a special eggnog.

Brer Rabbit's Jazz Band

When a grand entertainment was ordered the cook allowed no one to darken the door. Her entire attention had to be given to every steaming pot, sizzling frying pan, red-hot grill, hidden baking dish and tiny saucepan—all and each giving forth the most delectable odors, accompanied with spitting, gurglings and bubblings. How the cook managed to communicate her joy of cooking into her pots and pans is a mystery; but she did. The very food seemed to enjoy being cooked. If there was "death in the pot," there was laughter too.

In the intervals between meals, which were brief, the cook would retire for a little rest to her own home in the Quarters, or over the kitchen, unless she preferred to sit on the doorstep and get a breath of fresh air—a picturesque figure in her red-and-yellow-plaid bandanna, smoking her little white clay pipe. There were times, of course, when the kitchen was tidy—the brick or wooden floor freshly scrubbed; the pots and pans scoured till you could see your face in them, and shining in bright rows from the racks on the wall and from the large dresser; the hearth neatly brushed; every fire iron on its hook; and the brushes and brooms—not forgetting the wing of turkey feathers—in its place. But such order and neatness did not last very long, for the portly cook—the cook was always portly soon became busy, and all the shining regiments of pots, kettles and pans drawn up in orderly rows were again called into action.

In the Southern kitchen we find the large iron pot hanging on a crane, the tin kitchen for roasting meat or poultry before the fire, the great brass kettle for making preserves, and many other utensils common in all Colonial kitchens. Sometimes there was a Dutch oven built in the brick wall. Many of these old utensils were still used in the nineteenth-century kitchen, in which were often to be seen some old relics, such as a pewter mug, jug or platter, a candlestick and some candle molds, and very likely an old perforated tin lantern. Frequently the kitchen displayed some old blue Staffordshire piece with English or American scenes or the willow pattern, and a lot of copper-luster jugs and cups and saucers—now so eagerly gathered by collectors—all for the use of the cook and the house servants, who took their meals in the kitchen.

There was strange romance in the old Southern kitchen, as the children of the family well knew. Legends of Robin Goodfellow, who used to skim the milk and play all sorts of pranks, brought from England by those who founded the old plantation homes, had long been forgotten, and folklore of another kind had taken their place—folklore of "the creeturs"; and every kitchen utensil was capable of being turned into a musical instrument by those mythical and delightful animals. Uncle Remus tells us—as many Uncle Remuses told many Southern children—how "the creeturs" often held a regular "juberlee" beside the chimney.

First Brer Rabbit would stick his head in the crack of the door and then he would beckon to the others and they would all come slipping in on their tiptoes. Presently Brer Rabbit would reach up and take down the trivet and Brer Fox "he'll snatch up de griddle, en Brer B'ar he'll lay holt er de pothooks, en old Brer Tarrypin he'll grab up de frying pan, en dar dey'll have it, up en down, en roun' en roun'. Dem creeturs dey sets dar en plays dem kinder chunes w'at moves you from way back yander. Dey ain't no tellin' de chunes dey is in dat trivet en in dat griddle en in dat fryin' pan; dat der ain't. W'en dem creeturs walks in and snatches um down dey lays Miss Sally's pianner in de shade and Mars John's flute hit ain't nowhars."

Can you not hear Brer Rabbit's little plantation jazz band, with Brer Rabbit playing for dear life on the trivet and old Brer Tarrypin plinkity-plunking on the frying pan for a banjo?

For about twenty years interest has been growing steadily in regard to this long-neglected but most important domain in the home; but only of more recent years has the old-fashioned kitchen been studied by antiquaries and become an ambition for collectors. For instance, the kitchen of the Red Horse in the old Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts, was for many years one of its most attractive rooms; but Mr. Henry Ford has added greatly to its interest by the many relics gathered and the careful arrangement of them.

Another successful collector is Mrs. Miles White, Jr., of Baltimore, Maryland, who has traveled from Maine to Georgia gathering Americana. To the Baltimore Museum of Art she has loaned her collection of kitchen utensils. The attractive room is not exactly typical of a Maryland kitchen, for it exhibits articles from many colonies. For instance, the pewter in the dresser is from Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The New York Historical Society also owns a collection of Dutch cooking utensils.

There are many fine examples of early American kitchens in Massachusetts; there are several in Deerfield, and those of the Whipple House in Ipswich and the Clarke-Hancock House in Lexington are noteworthy.

Another fine kitchen may be seen in the Van Cortlandt House at Van Cortlandt Park, New York, arranged by the National Society of Colonial Dames. Although a museum kitchen, this has the air of a kitchen for use rather than for show. Tea is served here every Thursday afternoon; and in the winter, when great logs are burning in the fireplace and all the copper, brass and pewter in the room are gleaming in the firelight and candlelight, something of the old life of the house seems to return. Any Colonial cook who could come back, if ordered to prepare a meal, would find all the utensils she was accustomed to use.

The New-Fangled Ideas

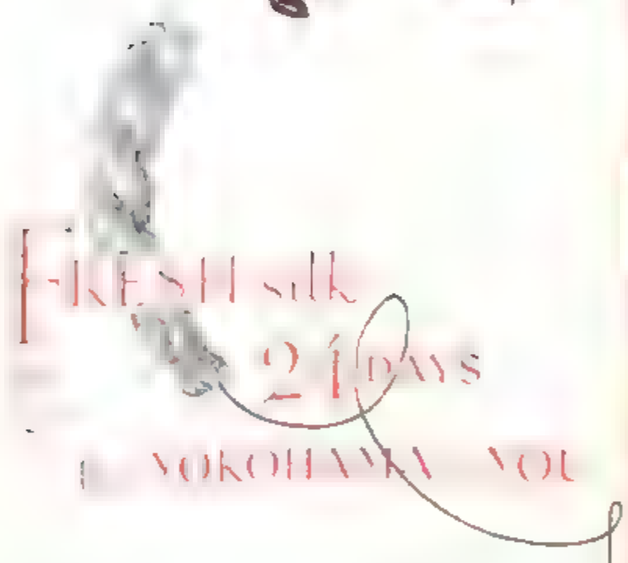
To our present way of thinking it must have been extremely awkward to have had to prepare a large meal, or, in fact, even a simple meal, with pots full of boiling vegetables, soup and sauces hanging on a crane and likely to spill over at any moment, or fall upon you and scald you nearly to death with their contents, while other things were sputtering and sizzling in the skillets and spiders were firing rockets of grease at you as you leaned over to stir them. It must have been a problem, too, how to keep those already cooked dishes warm without burning them on the little trivets that stood on the hearth. Moreover, how fatiguing to have to stoop over such a low fire and cook on, or in front of, the hot, burning logs! You had to watch, also, to keep your hair and clothes from burning. How delighted cooks must have been when our new ideas were introduced!

Not at all. Cooks that had been accustomed to the open chimney place were very much disturbed when the change came to new methods. Here is a little piece of evidence. All the meals at the White House, including the State and other official dinners, had been prepared in an old-time kitchen with old-time utensils up to 1850, when modern ideas were introduced. Soon after President Fillmore had entered the White House one of the Washington newspapers caught this bit of news:

The old black cook, who has served many years at the White House, was greatly upset when a range of small-hotel size was brought to his quarters. He had managed to prepare a fine State dinner for thirty-six people every Thursday in a huge fireplace with cranes, hooks, pots, pans, kettles and skillets; but he could not manage the drafts of the range, and it ended in a journey of the President to the Patent Office to inspect the model and restore peace in the kitchen.

Not the Price of Hosiery . . . . . but how FRESH the silk

THAT IS THE TEST OF VALUE WHEN YOU BUY SILK STOCKINGS



Did you ever stop to think that perhaps the reason why so many women have to replace their silk hosiery so often, is because they are influenced entirely by the price and fail to consider the FRESHNESS of the silk when they do their buying?

"Cheap" hosiery may not be *cheap* after all, if the silk has aged to a degree which makes service uncertain. And even in the most expensive hose, it is impossible to create a substitute for those qualities which FRESH silk alone can give.

In other words, the true test of value is not *how cheap* the hosiery (nor how expensive), but how FRESH the silk!

That pure, FRESH silk actually does give your hosiery longer life and more lasting beauty is not a new disclosure. That's something you've learned from experience. All any woman has to do is to look into her dresser drawer to realize how rapidly silk stockings *do* deteriorate with age.

But, until the advent of Realsilk, nothing could be done about it. To determine the age of the silk in the hosiery you bought was virtually impossible. All you had to go on was the appearance of the hosiery when new—and everyone is aware that before silk stockings are worn and washed they all look very much alike. Now, however, when you buy your hosiery *direct from the Mills* the Realsilk way, you can be *sure* that you are getting the full benefit of pure, FRESH silk—that Time is given no chance to get in its deadly work before the hosiery reaches you.

Due to Realsilk's novel and *direct* method of importing, manufacturing, and selling, seldom more than 24 days elapse from the time the original skein silk first leaves Yokohama until the hosiery, fashioned from it, is in your hands, ready for wear.

Remarkable, when you think of it, isn't it? Pure, FRESH silk, brought all the way from Japan; manufactured into loveliest hosiery in all the newest styles and colors, and delivered to your very door by your regular Postman, all within 24 days!

It is not surprising, therefore, that so many millions of women now buy all of their silk hosiery the Realsilk way. They arrange to have a Realsilk Gold Button Man call on them regularly. They know they can always depend on Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery to be made of the purest, FRESHEST, best-wearing silk, and they have learned that it is false economy to take chances with silk of uncertain age.

If you are not availing yourself of Realsilk Hosiery Service, you should do so by all means. Just 'phone our local Branch Office or write the Mills and we will send a Representative to you any time you say.

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This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

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The smooth and of the steam

Today Hudson and Essex exclusively present qualities of power, performance, steam-engine smoothness and economy that engineers have sought for years to achieve.

For they exclusively have high-compression anti-knock motors that turn waste heat to power. They alone have the Super-Six principle which converts forces, otherwise wasted in vibration, into effective power.

Both give greater power per cubic inch of piston displacement than any other stock motor within our knowledge. *And ordinary gasoline* (for sale everywhere) *in these motors gives the result sought otherwise through the use of special and higher-priced fuels.*

While the Essex motor is technically known as an L-head and Hudson as an F-head type, these distinctions are chiefly due to necessary adaptations for

More than ever

ESSEX

mighty Power Engine ' ' '

their difference in motor size. ***They are fundamentally the same in principle, efficiency and results. And both are totally different from all other motors grouped under these technical heads.***

A single ride in either Hudson or Essex will reveal an amazing new series of performance qualities from the rugged, smooth pulling-power of a steam engine to the lively, vivacious action that gives swift get-away, alert pick-up and high sustained speed at instant and continuous command.

Those who are interested in ***how*** Hudson engineers have secured these brilliant superiorities may obtain on request, from the nearest Hudson-Essex dealer, an absorbing story in booklet form regarding the development of these motors.

In either Hudson or Essex you have the supreme qualities of its field—exceptional power and speed range, unequaled efficiency, economy, easy riding, safe braking and roadability.

Two great motors ' ' ' two great cars ' ' ' and ideal performance.

Riding is like flying

"..and *this* heel has more CUSHIONING!"

*Goodyear—guaranteed to outwear any other heels

Step on a Goodyear Wingfoot Heel!

Then you'll know what your shoe repairman means when he says you will get more *comfort*, more *wear*, and far more *cushioning* from Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.*

A shoe-wise man, he certainly does know shoes and *heels!* He knows what makes these heels wear longer, and how they prolong the life of your shoes. He says:

"Cushioning!"

Goodyear Wingfoot Cushioning—the fine, firm, lasting resilience that suits your pace, your style, your need—in men's, women's and children's heels.

We, too, know, from scientific tests, that we can guarantee these cushioning Goodyear Wingfoot Heels to outwear any other heels.

The manufacturers of America's good shoes also recognize that fact. They equip their best shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

And more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind.

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WINGFOOT HEELS

A TIDINESS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. TRACY

(Continued from Page 42)

assistance, Mr. Tracy—that is, if I should need it after I have had a talk with Miss Page."

For some extraordinary reason this last remark seemed thoroughly to prostrate Mr. Tracy's wits. In a state of more or less stunned inattention, he let his coffee grow cold when Graeme had wandered off to smoke.

II

SUNDAY morning breakfast was successful in getting Miss Page downstairs again. If she was a little pale to Mr. Tracy's anxious eyes, to Graeme's she was nothing short of the most radiant woman they had ever seen. She was quite herself again, so much so that her light sports costume did no more than underline, as it were, her avowed intention of going for a long walk into the hinterland.

"I don't know," said Mr. Graeme hesitantly, "if you saw Judge Ford yesterday after luncheon? You didn't? You see, he suggested my enlisting your help in a matter that concerns me deeply. I suppose you wouldn't let me walk at least part of the way with you to tell you about it."

She looked at him a moment curiously, then her eyes withdrew. There was nothing but a steadfast honesty to be read in his clear grave eyes, so heavily shadowed by that splendid brow. "I shall be nothing but most willing to do anything that Judge Ford suggested," she said quietly.

For all her outward calm, however, she found her heart beating a bit rapidly as they set out from this suburbia toward the open country. Mr. Tracy watched them go, and perhaps it was more than the sun upon his glasses that brought the furrows to his forehead.

Graeme, walking beside the girl, carrying his hat in his swinging hand, was innocently conscious that this was a most delightful day. "I wonder," said he, "why it is considered so banal to talk about the weather. What could be more important?"

She smiled. "Well, at the moment, I think your errand might be. Besides, is there much left to say of a day in June? . . . Just what did you want with me, Mr. Graeme?"

"I want to ask you, in confidence," said he, plunging *in medias res*, "if there was a young girl at the business college here with you—a Janice Wishart."

"And why in confidence?"

"Because I want so very much to spare her possible annoyance," Graeme replied. "If I did not fear gossip I should have gone to the college officers. But this is not a story I would trust to strangers. Let me explain the thing to you, Miss Page. My brother was once engaged to her—I am afraid I cannot spare him in telling you this—and on the eve of their wedding he ran away with another woman." The mere laconic repetition of his tale brought a little grinding pulse into his cheek. "My brother and his wife are both dead now; it was his death that brought me home. I heard of this then for the first time."

As he paused for quite a space she said after a long and difficult breath, very softly, "Yes?"

"It is quite a common thing for mothers to love bad sons, isn't it?" he said wistfully. "Luckily, for the children of men. You know, although my mother had grieved for years over this, I had the greatest trouble in getting her—once she had made her initial slip and given me reason to doubt that Justin had been an honorable man—to tell me the whole story. She was glad when she had done it, because we were both so anxious to make some sort of ——"

"Some sort of?" she prompted finally as again he fell silent.

"It is so difficult to express what we feel," he said. "It is not that we believe this girl could ever be repaid for what she must have suffered, of course. Nothing that we can do for her now would in any sense make up for that."

"I understand what you mean," said Miss Page, her eyes on the far-off hills. "But you haven't told me what it is you want to do."

"Justin left a fairly large estate," said Graeme then, with some bluntness. "We want her to have it."

The simple statement seemed to startle her. She gave him one swift look and met only that earnest, honest gaze of his. "That is a very extraordinary idea," she said at last. "Do you think she would take it?"

"I don't know," he admitted miserably. "How can I formulate any reckoning of a girl I never knew? But I can ask you, as a girl yourself, if you think she might be generous enough to take it just in token of her forgiveness."

He thought she shook her head at that, but whether in denial or perplexity he did not know. She did not speak for some time, and when she did, brought out a question that sincerely astonished him: "Mr. Graeme, on your honor, have you any other reason for telling me this story?"

He looked at her with his eyes spread wide in blank surprise. "I don't know what you mean. Judge Ford figured out that possibly Miss Wishart had gone to the Banbury business college—I had a vague clew that brought me here—and that you might have heard of her; might even have been a classmate of hers."

There was no disbelieving him. Her voice, when she spoke again, was softer and very kind. "Suppose, although I cannot be any real help to you, Mr. Graeme—suppose I do tell you what I think, as a girl myself."

"Please do," said he with his eyes on her face.

"I think she would not accept it. I think she would very much rather not be found. You must consider that in these five years—you said it was five years, didn't you?" she faltered. He nodded, quite unaware that he had done nothing of the sort. Miss Page drew breath. "Well, in those years she has, we will say, managed to pull out of that miserable beginning. She has certainly given evidence of having been able to carve out a new existence for herself. To come to her with even so kindly an intention as yours is surely to reopen the old wounds. I may be quite wrong, of course, but I think there is nothing that can be done now that were not better left undone."

"You think it selfish of us to want a sign of forgiveness?"

"Oh, Mr. Graeme," said Miss Page, her feet coming to a stand, "I think you must know she could not think you selfish. But consider the pain she has lived through. Consider that even if she could only now find wonder in her heart that she ever fancied she loved this man, she did believe it once, and went through such agony of soul that it is no marvel it can utterly have changed her."

He looked at her quivering face with consternation. "But —— Good heavens, you must not distress yourself like this! Perhaps I was wrong to talk about it—I have so nearly shed tears over it myself."

She gave a queer little laugh with a catch of the breath. "I can almost believe you would," she said.

"Well, you must put it out of your mind. Since you did not know her," said he, forgetting that she had not said this, "there can be no earthly sense in my harrowing your feelings with my burden of vicarious guilt. Let us get back to this perfect day, and heaven trying Connecticut if it be in tune."

Completely mistress of herself again, she smiled at him with an odd tinge of compassion in her look. "I think you do wrong to harbor any sense of self-reproach," she said gently. "You don't consider your attitude, in a matter where you carry no shadow of responsibility, as perhaps quixotic?"

Graeme looked a little troubled. "I am an impractical man, as the judge was quick enough to see," he confessed. "You can't imagine how the delicacy of this affair appalls me. Only on my own ground have I the slightest equipment for handling things in an efficient manner; I am a very tyro in the most ordinary contacts with the present. And this is like giving me the threads of this day's spider web to mend. If it were only a bit of neolithic Ægeana, you should see how capably I could handle it!" His slowly brightening smile transfigured his unhappy face. "But I forget you do not know my specialty."

"You are an archæologist," she said. It might have been a question or a statement.

"I sometimes think," remarked Graeme suddenly, "that I am a fossil."

If that were the case he was remarkably restored to life. She found walking beside him a very happy occupation, requiring little or no conversation to be made an expression of companionship. Wordless miles seemed quite as potent toward revelation one to the other as the most eager talk could have been, and once an utterly irrelevant remark of his brought them close in that swift dangerous glimpse of eyes laughing deep into other eyes when in the very midst of laughter breathing ceased.

"A man made after supper with a cheese paring," he had said suddenly, to her complete bewilderment, which showed upon her face so plainly that he answered her unspoken question. "With a soul that could let his barns be painted with liver pills!" It was then that they had laughed like children, and found themselves so suddenly no longer children that it caught their breaths.

His observant eyes, so shielded by their salient brows, wandered about continually only to return ever with a look of such ingenuous pleasure in her beauty that she could find no discomfort in it, acutely as she felt it, like a warmth, upon her face.

For long spaces he was silent indeed; sometimes absorbed in her hand that swung close there beside his own. There was somewhat of a magic in its slender feminine grace that made him long to touch it.

It was late that afternoon when Graeme, writing at his table, was interrupted by a knock at the door between his room and Mr. Tracy's. The little old fellow opened it on permission and stood there a moment silently.

"I haven't had a chance to ask you yet," he said, "whether you spoke to Miss Page about that matter."

Graeme sat up and appeared thoughtfully to cast back into that past moment. "Yes, I did. And I am afraid she was sympathetically much distressed over it."

"What did she say?" asked Mr. Tracy.

"That in her opinion I would do better to abandon my project."

"Oh," said the other, and seemed to ruminate.

"Of course I have given great respect to her opinion. But I must confess that I see it was her expression of how she herself would feel; and as Judge Ford pointed out, Miss Page is undoubtedly a very different sort of girl."

He wondered a little at the odd look with which Mr. Tracy received this exposition, until he remembered that he had told him nothing of the missing Miss Wishart. He rectified this omission immediately by telling him the story in a few blunt words. And, as ever, the mere thinking of Justin's offense brought a look of fiery anger to his eyes; but there was no expression at all on Mr. Tracy's face as he listened, except one of brooding interest in his companion.

"You see, we do not know that Miss Wishart might not take a less inappetent attitude—not that for a moment I attribute any mercenary motive to her. Look at her own voluntary silence and disappearance! But there is always the chance that she

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

LAURA LA PLANTE

Whose dimples and beauty awaken public response

Somewhere in America, there is a girl with dimples who is loved by all around her for the spirit of laughter and good humor she radiates. Universal wants such a girl. The whole world responds to dimples, youthful beauty, to charm and effervescing personality.

If we can find such a girl and she has intelligence, as well as dimples and charm, I want to broadcast her on the screen for the good she will do. So, if you are a girl with engaging dimples, send Universal your photograph and give your age, height and the color of your eyes and hair. My production experts will be the judges. The test will be in all things sincere.

Notice this picture of LAURA LA PLANTE. What is it that makes her charm? Is it her dimples or her smile or her clear, frank eyes? Give me your opinion on the subject when you write, and remember that Universal is deeply interested in presenting beauty, youth, laughter and the clean, sweet things of life.

MISS LA PLANTE will shortly be seen in Cyril Harcourt's delightful Broadway comedy success, ***"Silk Stockings."*** This is a Wesley Ruggles Production with such favorites as: John Harron, Otis Harlan, Burr McIntosh and John Austin.

Be on the qui vive for Universal's great spectacle, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** and don't allow anything to keep you from seeing it. When you have seen it, I will value your opinion of it in as much detail as you care to go into.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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after 108 holes

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may be in bitter need. Judge Ford put that before me in a way that I don't mind saying has given me the horrors. And it was a Graeme's doing that drove her out of what home she had. No, I do feel that I simply cannot abandon the search. And so, as you offered to help me if Miss Page could not, I wonder if you could suggest anything. You must know everybody in Banbury. Is there anyone you can think of who might be of any use?"

Mr. Tracy's calmly rosy face grew a brighter red. "I am extremely sorry to say," he brought out with a queer mixture of stiffness and reluctance, "that I find myself in agreement with Miss Page. I hope you won't think I don't appreciate your dreadful sense of responsibility for the girl, if I withdraw any suggestion of an offer to help you. I can't explain this, unfortunately. You must take my word for it that I have no choice. I'm very sorry."

Mr. Graeme looked at him with a weary blankness. "I can't see why under the canopy you should feel like that," he said. "Still, if you do"—he turned back to his table—"we'll say no more about it."

"Look here," said the little old gentleman suddenly, after a short uncomfortable silence. "I wish you'd be friends, even if you don't understand. You have all the sympathy of which I am capable. But I dare swear you didn't throw a bucket of cold water over Miss Page because she wouldn't see it your way."

Graeme looked up again with a faint smile. "But Miss Page did not refuse to help me. She didn't know anything about the girl."

"Well, I don't know any more than she does," pointed out Mr. Tracy with a gulp.

"I suppose not," Graeme sighed. "Well, I am a fool to expect success to perch upon my banner the moment I unfurl it."

Nor did success, during the weeks that followed, show any sign of selecting such a lodgment. Mr. Graeme's quest, still pursued under the cloak of secrecy, took him daily into the village at a time coincident with Miss Page's departure for the office, and his diurnal abandonment of activity in that direction almost invariably chimed with her hour of starting out for home. In between the two, he not infrequently dropped in to see Judge Ford, who was almost as sharp a follower of the law as a spectator of Mr. Graeme's quite unconscious desire to refresh him with a sight of that tower of strength the judge had recommended.

Miss Page, with a reluctance Graeme did not observe, had agreed to make inquiries about Janice Wishart at the college. But nothing came of it. She returned one evening, somewhat later than her usual hour, to Mrs. Thring's, to find both the men of the house sitting out in the back garden, now ablow with the lavish results of Mr. Tracy's devoted husbandry. They had made an outdoor living room here under the trees, with chairs and tables and sundry comforts, and on fine evenings, with enough daylight saved, they were more than like to have their dinner served them there *al fresco*.

On her appearance Graeme took one flashing look at her and read that she had failed. Mr. Tracy, putting a chair forward, saw much more than that—saw that the girl was much distressed by her commission, and guessed that it couldn't be pleasant for a normally truthful person to make believe she had been to the college when she had done nothing more, perhaps, than walk twice around it.

"There is always the chance, you know," said Graeme slowly, after she had brought out with visible difficulty the simple statement that she had no news for him—"always the chance that she was not registered there as Wishart."

His companions, both of whom had often wondered when this very obvious idea might burgeon in his innocence, were rendered uneasy by its flowering. Miss Page kept her eyes on the gloves she was pulling about, quite unconscious of Mr. Tracy's discomfort.

Graeme did not leave them long in this misery. "Still," he went on, "with the description that my mother sent me—of course we no longer have any photographs—we should have come on something in the way of a trace, even if she had taken another name. There couldn't have been many girls with totally unknown antecedents."

"Oh—you have a description?" faltered Mr. Tracy.

"Yes. Dear me, I'm afraid I've forgotten. What was it, Miss Page?"

The girl looked away across the garden. "Darkish hair, bluish eyes, a good profile, rather tall—something like that."

"It's vague enough, certainly, to fit any dozen women," said Mr. Tracy, and his satisfaction in this was so enheartening that he brought out roundly, "Why, it would even fit Miss Page!"

If the girl was startled she did not show it. There was no cause for alarm, however. Consider the man to whom he spoke!

Asked for a detailed account of Miss Page herself, he would have supplied items about as follows: Maple-brown hair with threads of gold and red in it and a ripple like the wind-blown sea; eyes of a deep gray that show shards of green but are quite as like to look black; the most marvelous line drawn sharply from under slender dark brows toward the bridge of a nose that manages to combine, heaven knows how, the classic beauty of Greece with the erratic charm of the *retroussé*; an upper lip so deeply chamfered in the center that the red of her mouth cuts no Cupid's bow against the white skin, but rises in two sharp triangles of scarlet; and a chin deservedly set above a throat of imperial poise.

Yes, he would have gone on like that, and no brownish-bluish ambiguity would have suggested her in the least to him. He merely looked at Mr. Tracy as at one who perceives a certain quaintness in the Venus of Milo.

Mr. Tracy looked at him with no such defective approval. He had long ago come to understand this man's profound simplicity and honor; indeed, the integrity that showed in that pellucid look had been apparent to him even when he had suspected Graeme of knowing more than he confessed. But the little old gentleman had found, as his friendship for the man swiftly deepened, that it was accompanied by the sore apprehension of the innocent bystander who sees disaster on its way to others.

Because of his own little old gentlemanly delicacy, he could see that the girl might find it forever impossible to break her silence, to look into Graeme's eyes and say, "I am the woman who was to have been your brother's wife." He could not put it into words, but he could feel how she would shrink from that—if indeed she came to care for this man so oddly brought into their lives.

Or if she did not, then she would never speak. For what would it mean then but to open an argument of her candidature for that fortune he knew that she would never touch? He could see nothing ahead of them but Graeme's misery, and he found it a devastating thought.

His only solution to the problem was that Graeme should go away. Not that this spelled anything but the most melancholy privation for himself; still, he could only hope that it would prove a lesser degree of pain for these two children of his writhen heart. It remained for him to put the thought before Graeme—a desperate measure indeed. But could the thing go on like this?

They had risen when Miss Page moved to go into the house, and now as they stood there little old Mr. Tracy took his courage in both hands and swung for the blow.

"That about finishes off Banbury, doesn't it?" he said, and found he could not look into Graeme's face. He turned away himself and walked slowly down the narrow path he kept so neatly trimmed, leaving the man alone, with the sky suddenly tumbling into chaos about his head.

Graeme dropped back into his chair. "Banbury!" he said blankly, and was appalled at what had come to him.

During the days that followed this cataclysm Mr. Tracy found himself for the first time more concerned with the observation of the girl than of the man—a phase of this most devious affair that he had heretofore neglected. So concerned had he been for the newcomer that he had scarcely realized the very obvious possibility of change in the girl he had known these five years of settled uneventfulness.

Now that he came to think of it, she was undergoing a dual development, for even as he now saw that she looked definitely troubled and at times whitely drawn—and almost one might say unhappy—she grew steadily more radiant to look upon.

"This is the very devil," said Mr. Tracy to himself, with unwonted laxity of phrase. If ever he could have known an impulse to rub and ruffle his whitened poll, it would have been at this season. He looked about his meticulously tidy room as if his own disorder were a reproach to his surroundings. "The very devil! He'll really have to go! Why, flesh and blood can't stand it!"

Forthwith he blundered out into the garden, he who was wont to move with the carefully adjusted precision of one of his own gadgets. Graeme was there, lying at his very full length in a canvas chair, hands behind his head, and as Mr. Tracy could easily guess, looking at Miss Page's good profile in the clouds. He gave his disturber the wordless acceptance of established familiarity.

"I'm glad to find you alone," said Mr. Tracy, not because he had remotely expected anything different but to point the importance of what he had come to say. "I am afraid I must ask you a very straightforward question. Have you given up your search for Miss Wishart?"

Graeme looked astonished even while he admitted a guilty change of color. "No," he said slowly, but without resentment. "I have, however, come to the conclusion that I would do better to secure the services of the best private inquiry agents that I can find. It was, I feel sure, what Judge Ford thought I should do from the first. An amateur like myself is no good at that sort of thing."

"You are satisfied that she did not come to Banbury?"

"I think there can be no question now that she didn't," said Graeme, with a touch of weariness. "She couldn't stay here a day, you know, let alone five years, without somebody having heard of her."

Mr. Tracy gazed at him with an abysmal compassion. "Yet here you are," he pointed out gently.

"Well, yes," assented Graeme. He sat up, his feet parting to straddle the foot rest of the chair, and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "As you so justly remark, here I am."

There was a long pause.

"I don't think," said the miserable little old gentleman finally, "that you can do any good by staying here."

"I am trying," said Graeme to his consternation, "to screw my courage to the sticking place."

Well, it was coming out at last. Mr. Tracy did not know whether he was relieved or panic-stricken.

"Courage to go away?" he managed desperately to ask.

A very remarkable expression dawned in Graeme's lean brown face. His eyes looked out from under their heavy brows with a light that never shone on land or sea.

"To ask her if she will marry me," he said.

"You find," said Mr. Tracy after he had swallowed a lump in his throat—"you find it takes courage?"

"Good heavens, suppose she says no! What shall I do then?" The simple candor of this question was irresistible.

"Oh, my dear friend," said Mr. Tracy miserably, "I am very much afraid she

(Continued on Page 58)

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER *and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco.*

"'Just what you need' my doctor said"

"IT HAD COME almost to the point of a breakdown. Constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.

"For some time gas had been bothering me so that I was not even sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I never would get well.

"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said, 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise in only a few days I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. No more gas. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

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"IT WAS my wife who converted me to yeast cakes. Before she successfully overcame my counter-arguments, she had convinced all the other members of the household.

I insisted that there was nothing wrong with me.

"She insisted that no matter how well I felt I'd feel better if I tried yeast cakes. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

"I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

"Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, I had more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

"I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them—that I have greater bodily vigor, greater capacity for working at my trade, greater enthusiasm for the job of living, greater fervor for enjoyments than I had before."

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City

This easy way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

FROM THE HEART of the Old South came this letter: "Two years ago I had a very severe case of influenza. This left me in an extremely run-down physical state. I suffered especially from indigestion. I was weak and nervous—tired all the time.

I remembered the success I had had with Yeast on a previous occasion. I began at once, taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day.

Within two weeks I noticed a marked improvement. My energy and endurance were greatly increased. At the end of five weeks I was entirely well. I have not been troubled with any of the disagreeable symptoms since. I owe my present good health to Fleischmann's Yeast and I sincerely hope others may be benefited as I have been.

ELIZABETH M. CROW, Birmingham, Alabama

Continued from Page 54

will! Wouldn't it—wouldn't it be better to go away and not give her that distress?"

"Perhaps it would. I dare say it would. But, you see, that is just what I cannot do. Why, you don't understand—I love her!"

To hear the tone of his voice on the word, no one would think this man, of all men, was aware how many thousands of years the earth had been made to go around. Love might have been an unprecedented invention of his own, by the sound of him.

"I do understand, little as you think it," remarked Mr. Tracy wistfully. "For all that, I am sorry about this. I shall have to think it over."

Graeme gave a half-absent, half-amused forbearing look at the neat little back as it receded from him. He had grown fond of the quaint little precisian—he had rather remarkably grown fond of the whole world even in the hour of concentrating his entire affection on one denizen thereof—and he saw only the kindliness that lay behind Mr. Tracy's utterly superfluous cogitations.

There was, indeed, full measure of kindliness in them, and less superfluity than Graeme supposed. Mr. Tracy got into his dusted and polished flivver and let it take him on a long run into the country, where there was plenty of room in which to do his thinking. Nothing was so helpful to the working of his inventive mind as the satisfactory sound of a contentedly purring engine. It sang a mechanical song of achievement.

But it was not always true of the mercurial forces of human nature that they could be brought to perfection of reciprocal action as it was true of these dependable bits of machinery. There was the rub, and rubs, he knew, were what stood between mankind and perpetual motion.

He did a good deal of drifty thinking, sometimes finding himself as far off the track as if his car had taken him down a strange turning and lost him in unknown roads. He had several times to retrace his way when he found himself wandering into totally useless speculation as to the worldly side of this marriage, the queer twisted justice that would have made her the mistress of that *richesse manquée*. There was no use thinking about that. For he was certain she would, from an almost morbid sense of frustration, a haunting horror of that past agony, refuse him.

It all came down to one thing in the end. If she loved Graeme—and now that he came definitely to envisage that possibility he didn't see how she could help it—there was a way out—his way. If she loved him, then he, Theodore Tracy, would speak out.

Coming to this belated but very simple inspiration, he startled his humdrum little car by making a wild turn in the road and giving it brimming draughts of gas. At a speed that never fell below thirty miles an hour, he sped back to Mrs. Thring's.

He expected no less than that Graeme's declaration to himself would prove a spark to set off the entire magazine. Graeme would find now that it was not a question of getting his courage to stick but of containing the avowal long enough to get her alone. He would probably restlessly await her, instead of going to meet her, as he usually did, for that long walk back from the office. He'd feel that he could not do his speaking in the open street, and there would be no keeping it back. She would be home by now, so Mr. Tracy argued it, and there would be that of pain in their humble garden that he must put an end to as soon as he could be sure that there was hope for Graeme in his speaking. On that scene itself he would not intrude. It was unthinkable that he could do that, bitterly as he deplored delay. But the earliest moment that he could speak to her alone ——

He had no more than removed a fancied dust from his hands and face than he heard the girl's step in the veranda. For the first time since he could remember, Mr. Tracy dropped a towel without folding it. In two seconds he had opened his door and caught her in the hall.

The girl gave him a half-frightened look through tears and would have run up the stairs. But four fingers and the prehensile thumb of the inventor's hand closed on her sleeve and held her.

"No, you must wait," said Mr. Tracy firmly but very tenderly. "My dear, you must answer me one question: Do you love him?"

Speechlessly she looked at him through her thick tears which had not fallen, and she nodded.

"Then, my girl," said her captor inexorably, "you'll have to come back to him and face it. Graeme's in the garden, I suppose. No, no—I mean it! I understand exactly what you feel. But you are not considering the important things. This man is simply the salt of the earth, and he loves you. No amount of this-and-that can weigh down the scales against it."

She had never seen the gentle little man so roused. "Oh, but how can you understand!" she almost wailed.

"You'll find I do," said Mr. Tracy.

And just then Graeme himself came in, with an almost dragging step. There was no light at all in those deeply shadowed eyes that took in their presence as he checked in the doorway.

Mr. Tracy did not release his hold on the girl, but used it adventitiously to draw her forward. "Graeme, my dear fellow," he said quietly, "look at this—Janice Wishart."

The point-blank announcement struck his hearers dumb. They stood staring quite as much at him as at each other.

"No one, my dear lad, with a heart like yours, needs to have explained her feeling that she could not bring herself to tell you this. But I have told her plainly, as I tell you, that nothing—nothing counts in this matter except your love for one another. That's—that's all I have to say; and enough too."

He gave the girl a gentle push toward her lover, backed hastily away, smiling, into his room and closed the door.

But he was not left long alone. After an interlude of murmurous babble, two voices speaking softly together, punctuated by equally coincident silences, there came a light tap at his door. He opened it, beaming, to be beamed upon.

"It's not all I have to say, however," remarked Janice Wishart, taking up his parting words where he had left them. She looked quite brazenly comfortable, belted with her lover's arm. "You simply must tell me how you knew."

Mr. Tracy deferred that revelation long enough to give her cheek a contented and paternal kiss, and to wring the hand of his friend.

"Why, my dear," said he, "I found out the very day this fellow turned up here. And when I wormed it out of him that his name was Fanshawe Graeme, you could have knocked me down with my own egg beater, price one dollar. I couldn't understand it. Afterward, when I came to know why he had come, I just had to sit back and see what happened."

"And see what happened!" echoed Graeme, with a little laugh.

"I do," said Tracy.

"No, but that isn't telling me!" protested the girl impatiently.

On that the little old gentleman put his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a crumpled and smoothed newspaper clipping, neatly scissored along the column leads. At the top of the double head was a perfectly recognizable cut of Janice Wishart.

The item below announced her engagement to Justin Graeme. Toward the end of the story appeared the name of his brother, Fanshawe Graeme, well-known archæologist. The date above was given as March 3, 1921.

"But where on earth did you get this?" she asked, bewildered.

Mr. Tracy looked at her and smiled. "It was part of the wrapping around my middle-weight red-flannel chest protector," he said.

ONE OF THE BREED OF BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 32)

"What did he say?"

"To be exact, Mr. Stevenson, he said, 'Get to hell out of here.' However, he is somewhat eccentric, so I took no offense. Rather a hot-tempered person; don't you think so?"

"Not rather hot-tempered, senator; all the way hot-tempered; or you might describe him as plumb fiery."

"Yes, yes, so I judged. And that, of course, is why I have come to you."

Again the two men were silently studying each other.

"Have I bought this contract?" Stevenson asked himself, and sought the answer in the eyes of the man seated before him. Their answer seemed to be yes.

"I guess I'll have to go down there and talk to Gray," he said, or rather meditated aloud.

Immediately Senator Rayburn's expression registered victory. He rose, bowed and said, "Thank you."

"Just a minute," Stevenson interrupted.

"I'd like to choke Old Carl," he was thinking. "I'm hanged if I'll go down there. He had his neck bowed to get into this, so let him sweat. We've got a twenty-thousand-dollar margin. Yes, let him sweat. I'm not in favor of pampering grudges, and that's what Old Carl is doing."

"What I meant," Stevenson said aloud, "is that I'm uneasy about that contract."

"Of course you are," Senator Rayburn interrupted; and then he added: "The commissioners have the right, under the law, to reconsider, and they may do so."

Immediately Stevenson had a definite plan of action. "Senator," he said, "regardless of consequences, I would not go over the head of any man in charge of a job. If Mr. Gray has said no to your proposal, then no it is. That's final."

"Very well, sir," was the prompt reply, and a moment later Senator Rayburn was gone.

IV

THREE months passed—months during which Old Carl's frequent communications contained only crisp reports of excellent progress. Stevenson was pleasantly astounded.

Then came a letter written on a telegraph blank; evidently he had intended it for the wire, but reconsidered.

"Stuck," it said. "Please come and explain to these fools." Stevenson packed his bags, sent a telegram and left on the next train. Old Carl met him at the station.

"Come and look at it," was his greeting. "Put the bags in my car. We will be there in twelve minutes. It's going to be a beauty. Don't bother about a hotel. I have a house. Just wait till you see what we're doing. It will be the prettiest dam in the world—a work of art. Everything I wanted was right here—beautiful stone, fine sharp sand, a perfect foundation." By this time they were in the automobile and on their way. Old Carl abruptly ceased speaking, but he drove with muscles taut as though he were thus trying to aid the motor.

"Now," he exclaimed, "when we come to the top of this hill you will get the first view." And Stevenson did.

"Why, it's crooked," was his comment. "What's the idea of the big bulge in the middle, Carl? Isn't a straight line the shortest distance between two points down here?"

"No," was the blunt reply. "I told you there are some funny people in this county, and the funny business started early. The first thing I did, when I came here, was to look at the stakes on both sides of the creek and test the foundation borings. They were all right. Up to a certain line the bottom of that creek is solid rock, then it ends with a precipice; beyond is bottomless mud. The dam should go across on solid rock and as close as possible to the precipice. You remember the blue prints? Well, I checked those lines before I put in the bid, and they were all right.

"When we started work everything went like a dance until we came to the main channel of the creek where that precipice is. Then I found that we were beyond it. No bottom. No foundation. I nearly went crazy. Every night I went out there in a rowboat alone, dropping a lead line, looking for that rock foundation. It was twenty feet downstream—exactly twenty feet. Somebody moved those stakes just before we began work. It would be an easy thing to do and it was done in the easiest way.

"Let me tell you how. The stakes were in rows twenty feet apart. Well, then you pull up the lower row on each side of the creek and move them twenty feet above the upper row on each side of the creek and the job is done. There is no landmark on those sand flats to raise suspicion, and the distance between all stakes remains exactly the same. Any boy could do it with a cotton string to measure. It was a cinch. But who did it, I don't know. So I said nothing. We are building, as you can see, from both sides at once. One day I told Charley, 'I don't like a straight dam. Build me frames for a curve like this,' and I drew it, and then we made the blue prints. So he built the frames and we curved it around, gently, as you see, back to the foundation. Isn't it a beauty? Now we are going like a whirlwind again."

"I thought you were stuck," Stevenson interrupted.

"Not with the job," Old Carl replied. "No, we are stuck by some more funny business—a thing they call the Association of Taxpayers."

"What do they want?"

"Just to make trouble. Senator Rayburn says they want a straight dam. He is the only one of them I have ever seen."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing. He does his talking to the commissioners."

"And what do the commissioners say?"

"They say stop work until this matter is settled. Bartlett—he is the chairman—came out to see me on the dam."

"And ——"

"I told him either get a shovel or go away. He went away. But he is all right, that fellow; he laughs. He wants you to come to dinner with him tonight."

■

"THAT engineer of yours will be the death of me before this job is done," Chairman Bartlett remarked as he and his guest seated themselves at the table. "I haven't laughed so much since before the Civil War." Then he added: "You're looking around for the rest of the family, aren't you? Well, my friend, there isn't any. I might just as well explain right now that I'm eighty-two years old, and it's a kind of a lonesome business to live that long when so many other people don't. It's especially lonesome in a big old house like this, but we'll try to make the best of it this evening. . . . Where did you get that engineer, anyway? He interests me; and there's something mysterious about him too."

Instead of answering the question, Stevenson wanted to say, "I like you," for he had

(Continued on Page 61)

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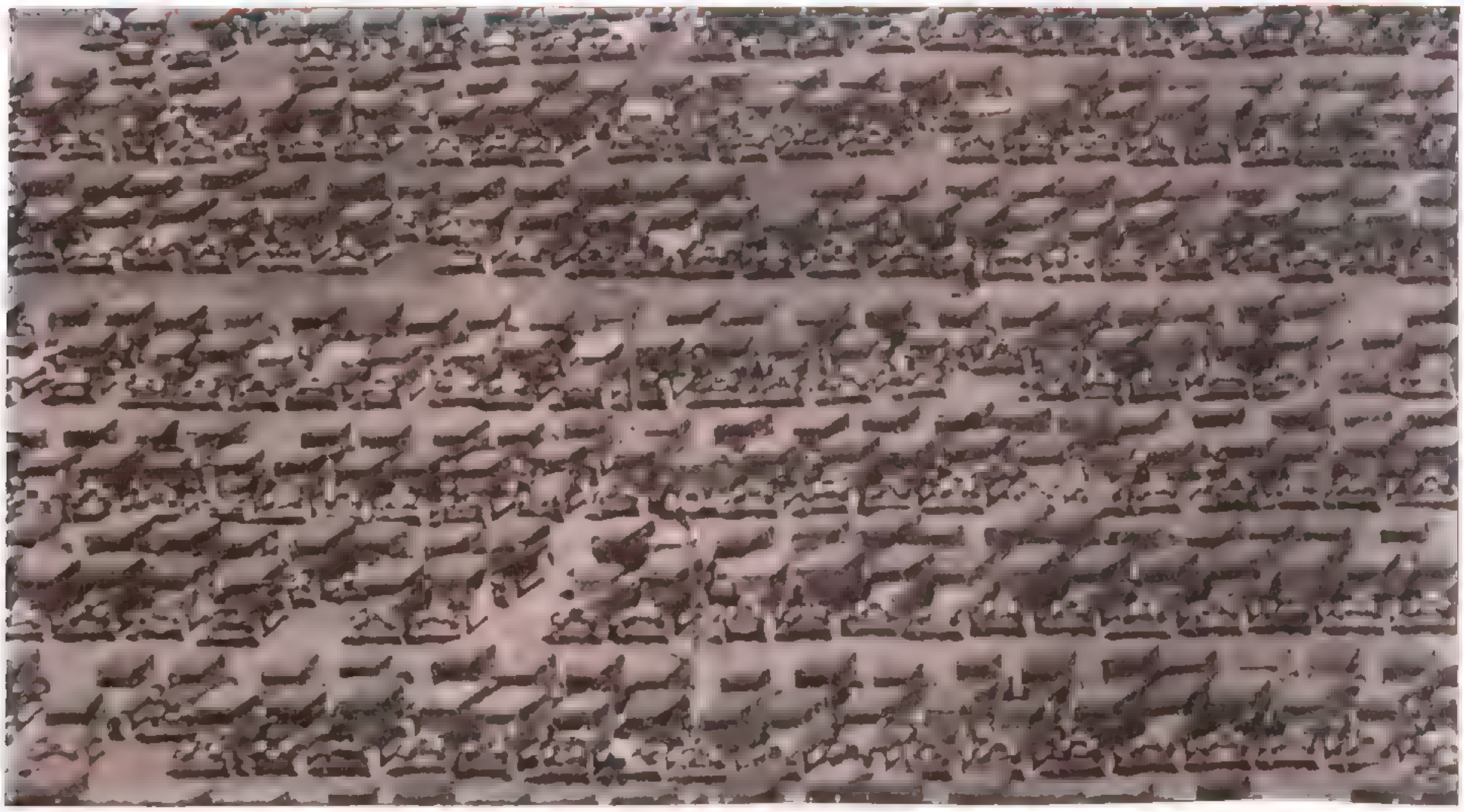

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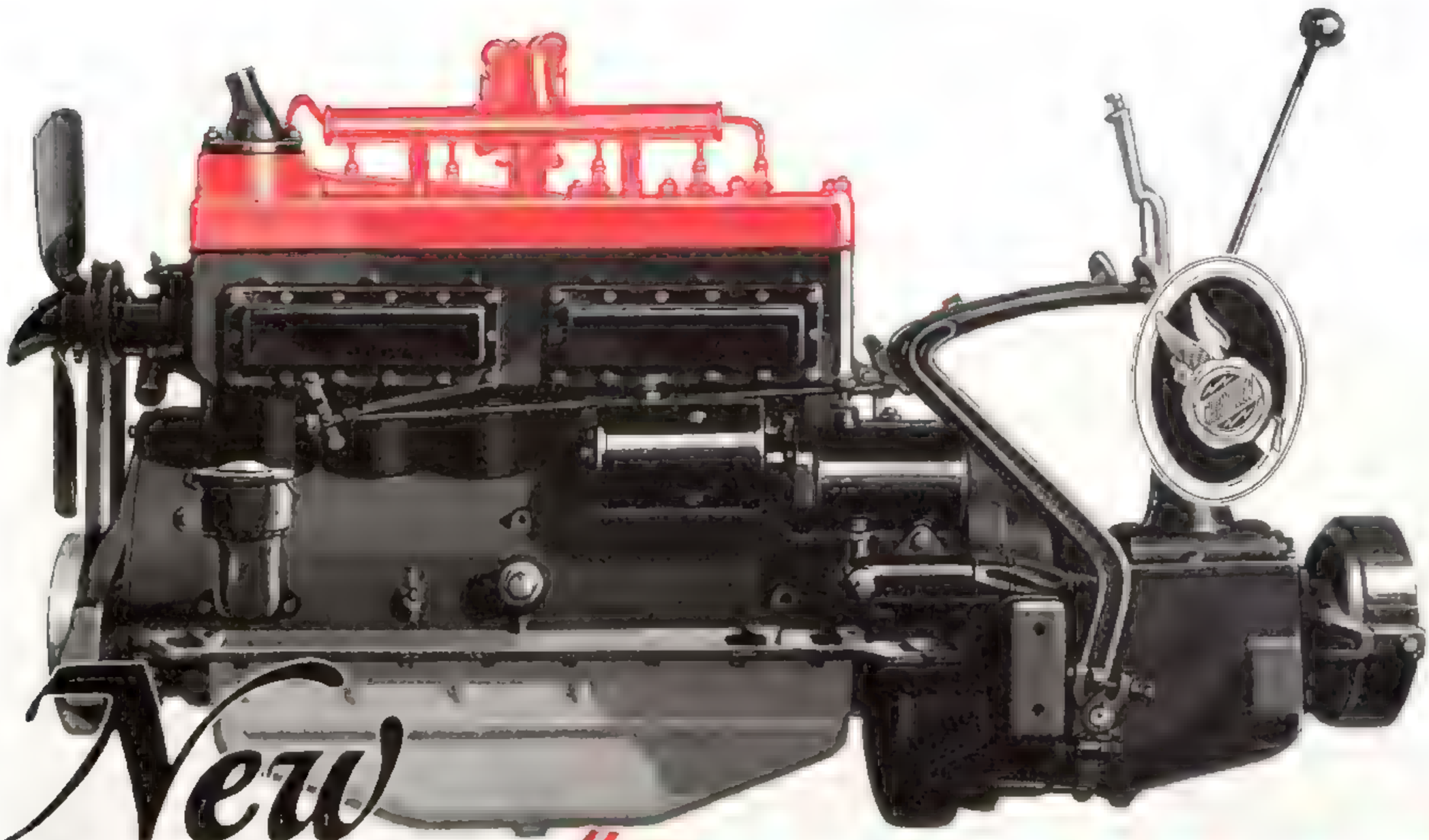

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Whether you are buying a new car or wish to rejuvenate the engine in the Chrysler you now have, see your nearest Chrysler dealer at once for further details, or an impressive demonstration of "Red-Head" high-compression advantages.

CHRYSLER

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(Continued from Page 56)

discovered in the clear eyes of this healthy old oak a fellow artist; both of them specialized in understanding human beings. That they had profited from the practice of their art was incidental, even accidental; primarily, they were artists, and of a breed that is rare.

"Gray and I got tangled up together about eighteen years ago," Stevenson answered. "I fell heir to the business, but it wasn't doing well, so I had to spend all my time rustling for contracts. Gray was not long out of technical school, but he seemed to be the only man on the pay roll who finished jobs without asking questions; so he became chief engineer before I really noticed it. Without him I'd have been bankrupt in a year. He says he was born in this county. Don't you remember him or his family?"

"No, I don't. He seems to know his way around, but no one remembers him. What family has he?"

"Well, there was his mother—let me see—that's the only one I've ever heard him mention. He came to us from Massachusetts, where he finished school; and his mother lived there, too, until she died; probably went there to be with him while he was in school. That's about all I know. Funny, I never thought about it before. But he must have lived here at least a few years, because his affection for the place is almost maudlin. I didn't want this contract at all; it's clear out of our territory; but Gray was so set on getting it that I believe he might have quit me if I hadn't let him make a bid."

"What will he say about his dam at the hearing?" asked Bartlett.

"He probably won't be there. Explaining is my job."

"What will you say?"

"Well, Mr. Bartlett, I'm more than ready to answer that question, but is it all right for us to discuss the subject while it is pending before the commissioners?"

"Technically, no," Bartlett replied; "but I am the grand old relic of respectability in this community and I doubt that there is any danger of serious consequences. According to strict ethics, you ought not to be dining with me this evening, but no one will dare object for fear of lightning. The Bartletts in this neck of the woods have been noted for integrity so long that now they are the symbol of it, just as the Rayburns represent statesmanship. Our people have been electing Rayburns to office so long that when they see the name on a ballot they vote automatically, without stopping to consider whether that particular Rayburn is a sage or a jackass. So let's hear your explanation. Practicing it won't hurt you, and I promise to listen to it all over again at the hearing, looking just as solemn as an old owl."

"All right," Stevenson agreed. "First I shall be charmed with this beautiful old village, nestling in the something or other, and then I shall rhapsodize about the creek. Next we describe the angel-faced boy who learned to swim in that creek and has since grown into a great engineer. I think I shall neglect to mention that he is also a short-legged, tow-headed bundle of red pepper and dynamite that I would often like to crack on the skull. Yes, I'll leave that out and bear down on his undying affection for the beautiful creek. He comes here determined to build the most beautiful dam in the world, regardless of cost.

"He has even equipped it with electric lights not called for in the contract. Gazing with tear-dimmed eyes through the swarms of gnats on those sand flats, his artist's soul is stirred to its uttermost depths and he determines to shoot up about twenty thousand dollars of my hard-earned money, trailing his infernal dam all over the landscape in order to make sure that the resulting lake will look like a natural lake and not like just so many unpoetic gallons of water in a coop.

"In conclusion, whatever fault he has committed is of the heart and not the head; everything called for in the contract is there, and the only vital change in the dam effected by that twenty-thousand-dollar waste is that the good people of grand old Conservation District Number 12 receive additional water that they aren't entitled to and that I, personally, would be delighted if they hadn't got. How's that for an explanation?"

"Pretty good," Bartlett replied. "It'll make a very nice speech, and I enjoy wholesome sentimental romance like that. Of course, it has nothing to do with the real reason for Gray being here, but it's a usable explanation of his dam."

"What do you think is his real motive?" Stevenson asked.

"I don't know," the chairman replied, "but I am having a lot of innocent fun guessing. Incidentally, I hope I guess right. And I want to do it pretty soon, too, because there is serious trouble brewing, Mr. Stevenson. The very air around that funny engineer of yours is full of hate. Some people can smell hate. I can, for one, and I think you do too. Am I right?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartlett, I smell hate; but I can't locate it."

"We will, though," the chairman added; "and in the meantime I like that speech. You see, it's important for your speech not to interfere with my decision."

"Oh, have you already reached a decision?"

"Yes, yes, long ago. But I couldn't get it on record because we couldn't haul that funny engineer to a hearing. It is customary to have the hearing before the decision is rendered, and both contending parties are usually present. We'll hold that hearing tomorrow."

"Why does Rayburn oppose the dam?" Stevenson asked.

"I don't know," Bartlett replied. "And, by the way, your Mr. Gray hated Rayburn before he came here. Did you know that?"

"Yes," Stevenson said; "but I don't know why. I was going to ask you."

"Well, I can't answer," the chairman said, "because I don't know. Did you notice the quaint old house Gray lives in?"

"Yes. Those rock walls must be three feet thick."

"They are. And unless I miss my guess that house—and the fact that Mr. Gray lives in it—is a clew to the mystery."

"Who built the house?" Stevenson asked. "It appears to be a great deal older than my engineer."

"It is. I'll tell you about it. A man named Schwartz, who came here from Germany in 1848, built that house. Quite a lot of Germans came to this country about that time; they were having some kind of a political blowup over there and the losers, it seems, had to skip out. Ten or twelve families settled here. Schwartz had been a professor of mathematics; my father knew him well and thought a lot of him; they used to play chess together. Schwartz spoke English and French as well as German when he came. He must have been fairly well supplied with money, because he built that house and bought a farm and then spent most of his time working on problems in pure mathematics. Naturally, the farm didn't bring in much.

"After a few years no more money came from Germany and he went into business as a locksmith. They say he was a wonder. In those days it was nothing unusual for business men to close their safes and forget how to open them, so Schwartz did right well; he could open any of them. Once he was called all the way to New Orleans to open a safe, and people around here thought that famous event just about put our town on the map. They were still talking about it when I was a young man. Country people used to bribe their kids to pull weeds by promising to take them to town next Saturday and let them look at Schwartz.

"But when the Civil War came on, he made the mistake of just not paying any attention to it, until finally people quit speaking to him; then he asked my mother what was wrong. Dad and I had gone to the war. She told him he'd better join the army unless he preferred taking a ride on a rail. The poor fellow probably preferred the rail at least that was what my father thought. It seems he left Germany partly on account of hating the army, but he couldn't stand being called a coward, either, so he joined, and they sent him to the company dad and I were in. He probably knew less about the Civil War than any other soldier in it. Sometimes I used to wonder if he knew which side he was on, because he hated slavery and didn't know what states' rights or secession meant; but there he was in the gray uniform of the Confederacy.

"Fortunately he talked very little and that was mostly about military matters. It turned out that he had been in the army over in the old country. He didn't join; they just came and grabbed him. It seems to have soured him on Germany for life, but he knew a world of things about tents and supplies and trenches and ditches and how to march. It was a great surprise to us, and the Lord knows we needed all the help we could get. Our boys were great fighters, but they didn't know much about the housekeeping end of the army business, so Schwartz got promoted about every fifteen minutes. Before his first pair of shoes wore out he had advanced from private to lieutenant. Then the captain got sick, so we elected him captain. We often elected them in those days. He still didn't know what the war was about, but he certainly could move troops around. We were the pride of the regiment; and what's more, we ate three times a day.

"Our regiment was fizzling around on the outskirts of the war, but one day we managed to match ourselves one of those little battles that might just as well never have been fought. So far as the outcome of the war was concerned, I don't suppose it would have made any difference if either side or both had been wiped out; but every company wanted to make a fine showing, so we went at it hammer and tongs. There's a lot of that kind of fighting in wars. Our gallant colonel—he was a first-rate lawyer—lined us up in about the poorest place he could find, but the Yanks' colonel did worse, if possible, and then the fireworks started, with both sides rushing out into the open and charging downhill.

"It was a fair, toe-to-toe scrap for about ten minutes, and then the Yanks brought up a battery of field artillery. Our colonel was galloping up and down the line, making speeches to the boys, when he happened to notice those cannons. They're ugly things any way you look at them, but the front view is the worst.

"'Captain Schwartz,' he said, 'charge that battery!'

"'Charge hell, you blundering idiot!' Schwartz yelled. 'I'm not going to kill all my men! We'll go around and take it in the rear!'

"The colonel probably saw the logic of this; but it was too late then, because he had the kind of a voice that carries half a mile and a lot of us had heard him give the order, so he stood pat.

"'Captain Schwartz,' he said, 'charge that battery or I will relieve you of your command at once!'

"Well, Schwartz knew what that meant—a charge of cowardice on the field of battle, court-martial and disgrace. He walked back a little way and then turned to the right; our company was at the extreme right end of the line. I looked around at him twice, wondering if he had turned tail, and then the grapeshot from the Yank battery showered down like rain and we scampered back up our hill. As soon as we were behind our breastworks I looked back, and, by jingo, there was Schwartz with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other charging that battery single-handed! The Yanks didn't pay any attention to him until he got within pistol range, and then the danged old fool shot one of them and plunged ahead faster than ever; so there wasn't anything for them to do but let him have it, and they did—shot him all to pieces. Next day they made us a present of his corpse and my poor mother had the job of breaking the news to his wife. There was a son, too, but he was just a baby.

"War is a queer kind of business. Three days later we were swapping tobacco and things with those Yanks through the picket lines, and arguing about which side won a battle that isn't even mentioned in the histories.

"But I must get back to that house Schwartz built. His widow lived in it, of course, and brought up her boy there. They managed to get a poor sort of a living out of the farm until the boy was old enough to take charge, and then they did fine. I never saw better cotton crops than he raised. Everybody thought well of him. I remember they offered to elect him justice of the peace when he was just turned twenty-one, but he was chock-full of ideas about farming and didn't care for politics.

"In those days it was almost a custom for cotton ginners to plate the bales; but then I don't suppose you know what that means, so I'd better explain. It's putting high-grade cotton on the outside and filling in with lower grades. About all the trick ever accomplished was to make cotton buyers slice deeper into the bales for their samples, but somehow plating held on a long time. Schwartz had an idea that it would be a much better trick to make every bale of uniform quality, give it a special mark of identification and guarantee it. He wanted to set up a cotton gin of his own to try out this idea, so he went to New Orleans and asked a cotton buyer there if he would pay a premium for bales like that. Well, the fellow said he would; and not only that, he'd put some money into the gin; so Schwartz came back with this money and mortgaged his farm to raise the rest and built his gin.

"Naturally, that interested our local ginner. He got busy and found out where Schwartz had raised his capital, and pretty soon we had a first-rate scandal in our county. The story that went the rounds was that Schwartz had entered into a conspiracy with the farmers' natural enemy—a cotton buyer—and intended to sell out his neighbors, lock, stock and barrel. The result was that Schwartz didn't get enough business to pay for his firewood. The gin made a pauper of him, and after living in disgrace for a few years, he committed suicide.

"His widow and her little boy moved away and that's the last any of us have ever heard of them. Schwartz had a close friend named Sutton, and the Suttons have been paying the taxes on that house and keeping it in repair all these years. It has never been for sale or rent. I think Sutton has always known where Mrs. Schwartz was, but she asked him never to tell anyone and he never has. So, you see, it interested me when Gray came to town with a letter to Sutton authorizing him to occupy the old place. My guess is that Carl Gray is Carl Schwartz."

"Was the Schwartz boy named Carl?" Stevenson asked.

"I don't remember," Bartlett answered.

"Well, let me see," Stevenson began, as though thinking aloud—"suppose Carl Gray is Carl Schwartz, would that account for his hating Senator Rayburn?"

"Oh, yes," Bartlett replied. "Yes, indeed."

"Why?"

"Well, that lawyer-colonel I told you about was a Rayburn, and the ginner was a Rayburn, and the man who put the final quietus on the gin was old Judge Rayburn, who gave orders that any tenant of his caught hauling cotton to the Schwartz gin could get off his land. Judge Rayburn was Senator Rayburn's father."

"Looks bad," Stevenson commented. "Looks very bad."

"The man to watch is Gray," Bartlett suggested, "because Rayburn doesn't recognize Gray. He's just posing as the watchdog of the people's interests, and looking for a chance to make a speech. As he figures it, he comes out of this little skirmish with a feather in his cap, win or lose. He doesn't know he's playing with dynamite,

while Gray —— Well, you've seen his eyes while he talks about the dam, haven't you?" And Stevenson nodded.

VI

"COME to order, gentlemen. The commission is now in session," Chairman Bartlett announced. A court room had been borrowed for the occasion and two extra chairs placed on the judge's rostrum. They were just ordinary chairs and made their occupants look amusingly insignificant by contrast with Chairman Bartlett, who occupied the imposing high-back seat provided for the judge. Stevenson smiled, recalling a frank statement the chairman had made that he dictated the commissioners' decisions. The court room was crowded to the doors, even windows being occupied.

"Senator Rayburn, we will hear from you first," said the chairman, "and it will be in order for you to begin by reading the petition."

Senator Rayburn read it so well that the document made an excellent speech. This was followed by even a better one, and the crowd considered itself most fortunate in being present. As to the point of Senator Rayburn's speech, honest opinions might well differ. For those in a mood to listen and enjoy, he made scores of points on many subjects; but for Stevenson, who waited to answer, he made only one—namely, the dam did not follow a straight line. Consequently, when Stevenson rose to address the commissioners, the envelope with which he had provided himself for use as a note pad contained not a scratch.

Chairman Bartlett more than kept his promise of the preceding evening. He not only gave attention but leaned forward, cupped his right hand behind his ear and clearly indicated that he was deeply impressed by the news of Carl Gray's overwhelming affection for his boyhood home. Influenced by this attitude, the crowd was equally impressed. It was a good story and smoothly told, except for a momentary break just before the close, when Stevenson glanced toward the rear door and saw Old Carl shouldering his way through.

"Do you wish to reply?" Chairman Bartlett asked, addressing Senator Rayburn.

"I do," said the senator. "The point at issue here is whether or not the corporation known as the Stevenson Construction Company is complying with its contract. The representative of that corporation has just admitted that it is not complying. We are not concerned here with the personal peculiarities or the artistic yearnings of his chief engineer. Blue prints were furnished by competent engineers employed by this commission and they give the line that the dam was to follow. There is now under construction a dam that, at one point, goes twenty feet from that line ——"

"Twenty feet!" barked Carl Gray. "How do you know it goes twenty feet?" The engineer had finally reached the railing just back of the table at which, ordinarily, the attorneys trying cases sat. Now he was climbing over the railing.

Senator Rayburn turned, looked at him, and after a momentary hesitation said, "Well, Mr. Gray, suppose you tell us how far it deviates from the line."

"Answer the question," Old Carl fired back. "You said twenty feet and I am asking you how you know it is twenty feet?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Gray," Stevenson interrupted, rising. Then—"Gentlemen of the commission," he continued, "our Mr. Gray has just arrived in compliance with your summons. He wishes, with your permission, to ask Senator Rayburn a question, and he is, of course, ready to answer questions. Does the commission care to hear him?"

"Well, I'd like to know about that twenty feet," Chairman Bartlett announced.

"It was measured," replied Senator Rayburn.

"Who measured it?" demanded Old Carl. No answer.

After waiting a very long ten seconds Chairman Bartlett broke the tense silence "Just what is the point of that question?" he asked.

"The point," said Old Carl, "is that I do not believe anybody measured it. He didn't; that's certain. The first thing I had to do when I came here was to throw him out of my office, and every watchman on the job started with special orders to look out for him—yes, and to expect funny business. I do not believe it is possible that anyone reporting to him has had a chance to come near that dam; certainly not near enough to make an exact measurement."

"Suppose, Mr. Gray," said the chairman, "that a representative of this commission desired to make such a measurement."

"He would have been welcome any time. I invite him now."

"All right, Mr. Gray. And now, Senator Rayburn, do you wish to answer the question? This is not a court; you are not required to answer."

"I decline," replied the senator, "on the ground that Mr. Gray's attitude is threatening and that to do so might endanger persons who endeavored to render a public service."

"Well, then name them privately to the commissioners," Old Carl insisted; "but do it right this minute, not next week." Senator Rayburn stared at his tormentor, baffled and afraid. The crowd gasped.

"What is the maximum deviation from the line?" Chairman Bartlett asked, addressing Carl.

"Thirty-two feet," he replied, and the crowd with one accord looked at Senator Rayburn, who was still staring at Carl.

"Do you wish to speak to the commission privately?" asked the chairman, and the senator said, "Not now."

"Have you anything further to say, Mr. Gray?" was the next question. It was intended as a polite hint that the hearing was over, but he promptly answered: "Yes; I want to tell you why I asked my question and what the answer means. When I came here I checked all the original lines and borings for the dam before I presented our bid, and they were all right. But when we went to work they were not all right."

"Not all right!" the chairman exclaimed.

"They were twenty feet off."

"When did you discover this?"

"Not until we were out in the channel, because that is the only place where there is any fault in the rock."

"I see. You were too far up and missed the solid rock, eh?"

"Exactly."

"And then you made new borings and curved the dam back to the line?"

"Yes. But I wanted to make a graceful curve with a nice sweep to it, and that carried the extreme deviation thirty-two feet from the straight line."

"And you say the original lines were moved exactly twenty feet upstream?"

"Yes; on both sides of the river. Those stakes, you will remember, were set twenty feet apart. Whoever moved them simply took the lower row twenty feet above the upper row and the job was done."

"Are you trying to insinuate," Senator Rayburn demanded, "that I moved those stakes?"

"I insinuate nothing," Carl replied. "Every man is entitled to draw his own conclusions after looking at the facts. My lines were moved twenty feet. To correct the error I made a thirty-two-foot curve in the dam. Now a man gets up and says he measured that thirty-two-foot curve, but he calls it twenty feet. It is a remarkable error, so I draw my conclusions."

"Why didn't you report the discovery of this error to the commission at once?" the chairman asked.

"Because," Carl replied, in a curiously soft and lower tone, "I had made up my mind to build that dam. The curve cost only about twenty thousand dollars; I drew the plans and made the estimate myself; but to begin over again would cost more than one hundred thousand dollars, so I kept my mouth shut and went ahead. Anyway, I am more pleased with this dam than with the original plans. It is a beautiful thing, and I make it as a memorial for all of the builders of all time who ever tasted sweat, for I am of their race and breed. They have no country; they live in every country, but always as a minority.

"The windbags outnumber them; yes, and kill them. Whenever men begin to build, the windbags gather to strut and make proud noises. They do that because to them noise is more real than building, and so when the work is finally done it seems to them that they did it. And if anyone crosses them in this, they make war. That is true everywhere. Even in Germany, where it was the national boast that that was the home of science, there were so many windbags and they strutted with so many spurs on their feet that my grandfather crossed an ocean to get away from them. But enough of that. I must tell you about this dam.

"Even before we had the bid ready, a windbag came to say that our figure would be much improved if he presented it to this commission. We turned him down. But as soon as the contract was awarded he came again, offering to make wind music for us, because, of course, it seems to him that nothing else will operate the cranes and pulleys. He even came a third time, and then I threw him out of my office. Now he makes wind music against the dam. He cannot help it. He is of the breed of windbags; and when there is work in progress he must come and strut and make noises if not for the work, then against it."

"This is outrageous," Senator Rayburn interrupted.

"Yes," Carl agreed; "I have always thought so too."

"Do the commissioners regard this statement as testimony relevant to the matter under consideration?" Senator Rayburn continued.

"They do not," Bartlett replied. "They are impatient to retire and see if they have reached a decision." He paused a moment to make sure that Rayburn no longer wished to make the closing speech, then led his two associates into the judge's chambers. They were absent about three minutes, during which the crowd murmured in low tones and stared at Senator Rayburn. Both he and they were so stunned that the commissioners' decision was received in silence.

Then a thoughtful crowd filed out. A few glanced at Old Carl as though contemplating some friendly expression, but no one ventured beyond the railing. Carl remained standing, while Stevenson watched the ashen face of Senator Rayburn, wondering how deep his hurt might be. When finally he left the court room Chairman Bartlett, who had also been watching him, approached Stevenson and said in a low tone: "Don't worry. There'll be no appeal nor any other trouble from him. He's killed. The knife went through his vanity and he will bleed to death."

"Sorry," Stevenson said. "Awfully sorry."

"You would be," Old Carl remarked, but he placed his hand on Stevenson's shoulder. It was an unusual thing for him to do, and it meant volumes. "Reserve some of your sorrow," he continued, "for the heroic dead in the other camp. You know as well as I do that the windbags usually win."

"Carl, why did you change your name to Gray?" Bartlett asked, and Carl smiled.

"You have a long memory, Mr. Bartlett," he said. "My mother changed the name by a second marriage. I owe a happy childhood and my education to Mr. Gray, so I am proud to bear his name. Anyway, names are trails that lead back. I prefer one that leads back to my own happiness rather than one my grandfather brought from a place where he ——" Carl hesitated, then made a new start. "What I am trying to say is that no Schwartz I ever heard of licked a windbag, but Carl Gray has done it. . . . Let's go out to the dam. Places like this where people talk always smell bad."

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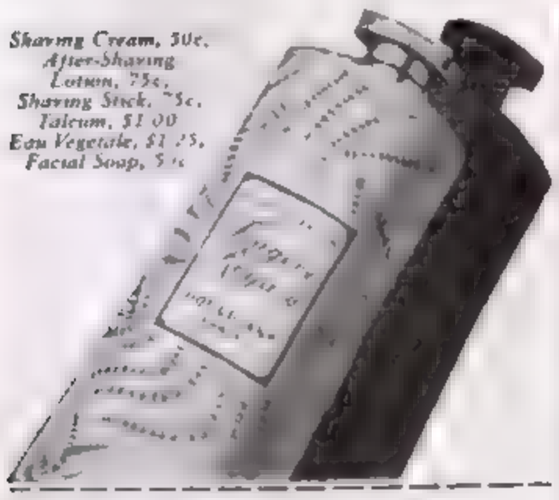

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FACTS REGARDING ELMER

Continued from Page 15

"Very well," I shouted back cheerily, and the animal took this for a signal and started north, all but dragging my good right arm from its socket.

We accompanied the energetic beast in a line due north, reaching a district eventually where there were no policemen in sight, and few homes. We paused.

"Let us leave him here," I suggested, working my arm back into place.

"Nonsense!" said George. "You can't leave a dog like that."

"Why?"

"Because he won't be left, for one thing; secondly, this is a valuable animal, as anyone can tell."

"Personally," I replied, "I have had enough dog for one day."

"The thing to do," George said in an inspired voice, "is to take this large, expensive canine over to Port Haven and give him to Carla Gordon. Carla loves dogs."

I stepped forward and grasped George by the hand. "There," I said, "is a really noble fancy. Once in a while you have 'em, and that's one of them."

We immediately hailed two taxicabs, one for George and me and the other for the gift, and started in full cry for Port Haven and Carla. We drove up to the front door with a flourish, came to rest and discovered that we owed the second taxi man fourteen dollars for broken windows and macerated leather. We paid up without comment and the men assisted us in prying the other cab off our new dog, which was no mean job. The cabs departed. We rang the doorbell and the sweetest girl in Westchester stood before us, her manner slightly surprised.

"Heavens!" she said. "What has happened?"

It was a little after seven, and people don't go calling on pretty girls at seven, even in Westchester.

"A dog," I said, before George could seize the credit. "We hereby present you with a dog."

"It is," George butted in, "a mutual dog, a friendly gift from Henry and me, and we hope you will always remember us."

Carla gazed from George to me and seemed undecided. She then gave her attention to the mastiff and burst into a squeal of maidenly rapture, just as we knew she would. "My goodness gracious!" she cried, springing down from the veranda. "If that isn't the stunning puppy!" We gave her the end of the rope with a proud gesture. "Is he really for me?" she exclaimed.

"He is all for you, Carla," we said.

She walked hastily around the brute, passing from east to west. "He certainly is a marvelous-looking dog," she said. "What is his name?"

"Elmer," I rejoined, thinking it up on the spur of the moment, for until this instant, the brute had been as nameless as a navy bean.

"Elmer?"

"Yes, and he is a mighty rare specimen."

Carla lifted one of his ears, patted him on the head and established immediate relations of a friendly nature.

"'Rare' is the word," I continued. "He is the only dog of his kind in the known world. You do not realize it, Carla, but you now own a full-blooded Calabrian boar hound."

"Recognized among experts in his native land," George put in, "as a pure Chellington."

Carla's delight increased. She thanked us nicely and said that for years and years she had yearned to own just such a dog. Studying us closely, she added, "You boys had better go home and get some sleep."

That this advice was sound I could tell by looking at George. We departed at once, leaving Carla in an attitude of frozen ecstasy. Elmer was leaning against the Gordon home, a frame house, doing that structure no particular good.

Sam Gordon met me three days later about dusk, and standing upon his front walk, he broke into a mild perspiration. Sam is a fine fellow and a solid business man, but his womenfolk have him whipped. "Pardon me," he said hoarsely and assuming an air of hostile politeness, "but are you the malignant imbecile who brought that heifer into my house?"

"If you mean Elmer," I said with a dignified gesture, "George and I gave the dog to Carla."

"Well, let me tell you he's destroying my home. You brought him here and you take him away before something bad happens to you."

His countenance turned a shade redder and he seemed about to add a few instructions, but at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Gordon appeared.

"Remember what I say!" he hissed, and the conversation ended.

The Gordon home is a quaint, lovely old place, vine-covered and tinted with the soft tones of age. It is made of ordinary wood, and I understood at once how Sam felt about Elmer, who was not fashioned by Nature to be a house dog. I realized, too, that Sam had probably spoken to Carla timidly. Sam is afraid of Carla, though he fears nothing else on earth.

Summer lingered upon the lap of winter and my love affair began to interfere with my water colors. George Wilson continued to annoy Carla by taking her to theaters and parties on his appointed nights, and whenever I met him his manner was intolerable, sardonic and superior. I realized, too, that George, who has a new purple roadster, enjoyed unfair advantages. He is a markedly handsome fellow, tall, rugged, the heroic type, with shoulder blades and large feet. He sings bass unless prevented, tells humorous stories one after another and has light curly hair.

He is an athlete and plays squash, tennis, golf, and occasionally polo, and is sunburned even in winter. I play no games and have few accomplishments of a parlor nature, so girls usually prefer George. I am admittedly a social washout, and though a true artist cares nothing for appearance, yet it makes a grave difference in courting a miss.

The growing belief that Carla was for George made me mournful, and my friends helped matters by remarking that they made a fine-looking couple.

On a crisp winter's evening, three persons met at the Gordons'. One of them was George, another was Mr. Samuel Gordon and the third was myself. The meeting was unexpected. Carla and her mother had not returned from town, and as George and I entered, there was a sudden noise over our heads, a confused series of thumpings, and almost simultaneously Sam Gordon staggered down the stair with the haste of a man who has good reasons. He was in a temper and I never dreamed he knew so many bad words.

Seeing us, he stopped short and started to have one fit after another. His muscles grew rigid and the blood drained out of his rosy countenance.

"Which one of you gentlemen," he inquired, using another word for "gentlemen," and I may say a word heard in the most prominent theaters—"which one of you gentlemen is responsible for this gentlemanly dog?"

While we stood in respectful silence, waiting for further enlightenment, Elmer came downstairs leisurely, having in his mouth what appeared to be part of an old-fashioned New England hatrack. We knew what Sam meant.

"As I told you," I said, "George and I gave Elmer to Carla."

"All right," Sam shouted, backing away, "and remember this: I am moving my family over to West Haven next spring. It is a new house and I am proud of it; and I'm telling you here and now, this gentlemanly dog" –using the same word again—"is not coming with us. You hear me?"

We said we heard him distinctly, and he became more menacing.

"If you feel so wounded about it," I ventured, "why don't you get rid of him yourself?"

"Because I have to live with Carla," he shouted. "And I am not going to have my new home ruined like this one. I want this begentlemanned brute removed, and how you do it I don't care. Just get him out—that's all." He walked rapidly from the room and we heard a door slam.

"He seems quite upset," George murmured.

"And definite. It appears that Elmer will have to go."

"Before spring," George added. "That means you will have to get busy."

"You would put it that way," I snarled. "You're so unselfish."

We walked about the Gordon house debating until the ladies arrived. The facts, of course, were getting to be obvious. Elmer's days as a member of the Gordon establishment were numbered. He had already destroyed one thousand dollars' worth of furniture, and wherever he walked, the grass never grew again. Carla adored him; but after all, Carla had no proper place to keep him, an armory being about right.

George and I were now ready to agree that the entire Elmer incident was a mistake. We had found him and we would have to lose him, and the further fact was that the man who laid a hand upon Elmer in anger might just as well leap from a pier as far as marriage was concerned. My despondency grew as cold weather stole on. Carla was kinder than ever, seeming to tinge her manner with a faint dash of sympathy, and if there is anything I hate it is sympathy from a beautiful young girl. By merest accident, I met a man named Bill Colyear in a downtown department store where he worked, and where I had ventured in to purchase a pair of shoes. He seemed interested in golf and the conversation turned to that disorder.

"I don't play," I said, answering his direct question and quibbling slightly, because I have played at times and detest the silly game. When we were friends, I sometimes accompanied George, and saw at once that golf was an exercise for the mentally unfit.

"It's quite easy to learn," said Mr. Colyear, leaning against a show case full of niblicks.

"I don't want to learn. I knew a man who learned once and his wife divorced him, his son turned radio announcer and he himself was drowned."

"Most men like the game," said Bill, who was a rosy-cheeked, amiable and persistent cuss. He was about thirty, with a hale and outdoor look to him.

"I don't even like golfers," I said bitterly. "They make me sick with their everlasting gabble about their shots or their lack of shots. I have a friend who plays this game, and he is of no more use to society than the walking flu. George Wilson ——" I continued, and broke off as a thought came to me and lifted up its little head.

George, as I knew, was a powerful golfer, angry most of the time, wilder than a March hare and utterly no good with a putter. He has the record at his club of putting clear out of bounds. Like seven men in ten who devote themselves to the game, he was a struggling, ineffectual dub with no future whatever. These things dashed through my mind.

"Mr. Colyear," I said, "can you make a golfer out of anyone?"

"Yes," he replied, "if a man will give the time."

"How long does it take?"

(Continued on Page 66)

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(Continued from Page 64)

"Can't answer that one."

"Could you make a golfer out of me?"

"I can make a golfer out of any man not a cripple. This is December. By next April I will have you socking them directly on the nose."

"No!" I said, going back to my past socking, which was very spotty.

"Absolutely!"

"Yes, but how can you teach me golf in winter?"

For answer, Bill seized me by the arm. "Step this way," he ordered, and he began leading me through aisles of suitcases, radio sets, men's haberdashery and Oriental rugs. We entered an elevator, went up to the roof and emerged into a sort of complicated gymnasium full of wire cages and golf equipment under glass. Bill pointed with a sweeping gesture. "Here," he said, "is where you learn how to sock them straight."

"Start in," I commanded, fired by a sudden impulse to learn, not that I craved sport, for I do not; not because I yearned to win nickel-plated cups, but because I had determined to fit myself for a golf contest with George Wilson, who is a betting fool. I had in mind an important project for the early spring, and when I next met George I opened up.

"George," I said, "one of us has to destroy Elmer."

"You do," he said in his considerate way.

"That would be unfair," I replied, "and you are not the one to take advantage of an old pal. But in the spring, when the snow is gone, I will play you eighteen holes of standard golf to see which one of us shall lead Elmer to his doom."

George chuckled. "You can't play golf"

"I know it, but I am learning now. By April I will be good enough to give you a serious contest."

"This is too soft to be true," he laughed. "The idea of an undersized anaemic like you playing me a golf match is funny just by itself."

"You accept?"

"Certainly."

I immediately gave up painting and devoted my entire life to the mastery of this incomprehensible pastime. Bill Colyear was nothing less than a golfing marvel. His studio was full of mechanical devices and chicken wire under which a person stood on a mat and learned to hit the ball. Little putting greens composed of bogus grass dotted the floor, and imitation bunkers lay here and there in pleasing prospect. Machines registered the force of one's blow as club head encountered ball, and baskets hung from the wall into which one was supposed to pitch mashie shots. Bill had, in a word, everything in his shop that one would encounter later when tackling the game in the open fields, and I watched that man in dumb awe.

He could putt across those dinky greens into the can with a certainty beyond belief. He sank the ball from any distance at all. Demonstrating how to do it, he took his driver, entered a cage and drove ball after ball against a feather mattress with uncanny skill. He even hung an old cap on a nail and drove into the center of it.

"Bill," I asked him reverently, "how in the name of heaven does a man ever get to be as skillful as you are?"

"Practice," he said modestly, pitching a mashie shot into a large-size cuspidor. "That's all you require, Mr. Stoner. I'll make a golfer of you."

I knew he would never make that kind of golfer of me, but I was paying him ten dollars a lesson and naturally he felt optimistic. In January I began to observe improvement. Constant practice under Bill brought results, but I worried. Would I or would I not be good enough to defeat George Wilson?

To make matters worse, Carla Gordon turned suddenly very nice. "I don't see you as often as usual," she said. "What's up?"

"I'm busy," I replied.

"Doing what?"

"Preparing myself for a test. My future hangs in the balance. May I come out tonight?"

She said she would be happy if I came out. In fact, she seemed delighted about it—almost tender. I called that evening, looked at Carla mournfully and realized anew the sadness of my position. Elmer was present, knocking bits of plaster from the wall and destroying knickknacks, and it was agonizing to see Carla's devotion to that large, useless creature.

"If I lose this match," I meditated on my way home, "I shall have to eliminate Elmer, in which event I may just as well use the rest of the bullets on myself."

I contemplated my chances of success. George was a duffer, but I was a greater one. "You will never beat him," I said aloud. "He is an older player and hence more steady. Why risk your happiness thus? Why not, instead of trying to whip George single-handed—why not play him a four-ball match, instead of a two-baller, taking for your partner Bill Colyear, the sweetest club swinger that ever nicked a white ball?"

This seemed a better prospect. In March I notified George that I was about ready to play. "And," I said casually, "instead of just us two, let us have two teams."

"What?" George asked, suspicion in his eye instantly.

"Two teams, and two men on each team, for that will be a fairer battle, seeing I am a beginner."

"And who will you play with?" George asked coldly.

"Bill Colyear," I said, hoping he had never heard of the wizard.

"Who's he?"

"Friend of mine."

"I suppose he must be good."

"He is excellent," I said truthfully.

"Who can I have?"

"Take anybody you want in the whole wide universe," I cried. "The stake being what it is, I wish you to have the best. So pick your partner."

"How about Grant Halsey?"

"Certainly. You can have Halsey."

"Then you're hooked," said George, grinning at me.

Now as I know and everyone knows, Grant Halsey is the professional at Cherry Haven, where George does his turf destroying, and there is not a finer golfer in all Westchester County. In fact, Grant has been flirting with the state championship. It made no difference to me, for I had watched Bill Colyear hit a ball into a two-dollar cap hanging from a nail, and I knew that the pro never lived who could do that.

On the very last day of March I escorted Carla to the movies, had a little sentimental chat, took her home and tried to escape down the walk before Sam came in from New York. I failed

"I want to see you," he said, and he led me around behind the shrubbery and demanded to know the date of Elmer's disappearance.

"He will go this week," I said. "Say no more, Mr. Gordon."

"I'm ready to move," he warned me. "Get him out."

He must have said something to George, too, for that gentleman telephoned me. "You be out to Cherry Haven tomorrow at noon," he directed "This thing has got to be settled in a hurry."

"I will be on the tee," I replied.

"Bring your little friend," George added, and I could hear him giggle

"Laugh now," I told him. "This may be your last chance"

Bright and early the next morning I dashed into Bill Colyear's department store and dragged him away from a fat gentleman whom he was teaching to putt. "The great moment has arrived, Bill," I said earnestly "All these weeks of honest preparation will now reap their reward"

"Yeah?" said Bill, putting down a brassy and asking me to state the facts.

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"You and I, Bill, are going out to Cherry Haven this minute and there in the gay sunshine we will play George Wilson and Grant Halsey a four-ball golf contest. This may mean nothing to you, Bill, but I am intensely interested."

"So am I," said Bill heartily. "I've heard of Halsey—like to meet him. And not only that but I'd like to get out on the lovely greensward and enjoy a good holiday."

"You're with me, Bill?"

"Absolutely!"

On the stroke of twelve there assembled four gentlemen at the Cherry Haven clubhouse and a light luncheon followed the introductions. Halsey and Bill talked shop and argued about putters, as professionals will. I treated George with chill courtesy and took a few practice mashie shots to let him know. Presently the four of us stood on Tee Number 1 and discussed conditions. We tossed for the honor and George won.

He hit a long ball down the fairway, a clean singing smack, and stepped back with the satisfied smirk that follows such an effort. Grant Halsey set up a ball and with the graceful ease of the true professional, he knocked it almost out of sight, dead on the line.

"Very pretty," I remarked, and I then hit one myself, a fairish sort of clout, but nothing for the news photographers; just an ordinary dub's drive, not far, not straight and not clean, but still an average duffer's drive.

I smiled inwardly, knowing it mattered not at all what I did that sunny day. I glanced at Bill Colyear. He was rubbing the handle of his driver with resin and surveying the pleasant landscape.

"All right, Bill," I said. "Hit one."

My wizard instructor carefully placed a mesh ball upon a wooden tee, adjusted himself, waggled his driver with the gentle confidence I so admired in him, looked down the fairway with his eagle eye and struck a mighty blow. Far off to the extreme left, as one drives from Number 1 Tee at Cherry Haven, is a small white fence. It marks the out-of-bounds line. Beyond the fence is a private brick residence, Colonial style, and a three-car garage owned by a man in the wholesale fish business downtown; and Bill Colyear drove not only out of bounds but clear over the fish man's quiet home into an impenetrable woods, and the ball has never been found to this day. Startled, I looked hard at Bill.

"Well," he said, smiling slightly, "I did hook that one, didn't I?"

"Yes," I said, "you did." My spoken sentence ended there, but other words followed in my mind.

Bill struck another blow and hooked again, but fortunately he remained within bounds, lying two off the tee. I stole a hasty glance at him to see if he was cold sober. He appeared to be. We lost the first hole and were one down, Mr. Halsey taking a fine three on a four-par hole. My team required five. We were one down and seventeen to go.

On the second tee I concluded that Bill had eaten tripe for breakfast and was poisoned, for he topped his drive, dubbed his second and ran clear over the green into a trap on his third. I was doing badly, which was to be expected; so was George, who was collecting sixes and sevens. We lost the second hole to Mr. Halsey and were two down and sixteen to go.

George approached me. "Somebody is going to ask me some day," he said, "and I would like to be able to tell 'em. What was your idea in playing golf with this sterling fellow?"

"He's all right," I said feebly.

"Considering that this is Elmer's golf match," George responded, "I hereby thank you kindly."

He went away smiling and I neared Bill, who was looking at a new ball which he had cut almost in two.

"What is wrong, Bill?" I asked pitifully, but trying to keep the accusatory note out of my voice.

"Nothing," he answered; "nothing at all. I'll have the hang of it presently and then we'll go. You see, Henry, it's slightly different from what I expected."

"What's different?" I asked, thinking he meant the weather or perhaps the scenery.

"Oh, everything," he responded. "It's really a little different from what I expected it to be."

"What did you expect what to be?" I asked dazedly.

"The whole thing—tees, bunkers, fairways, ground slopes, greens, and so on."

"Pardon me, Bill," I said. "I don't quite understand. This course is about the same as any other."

"True," admitted Bill, "and that's just it. I never was on any of them before."

"What?" I asked, a club falling from my nerveless fingers. "What did you say, Bill?"

"First time in my life I ever was on a golf course," the fellow replied. "It's something like I thought it'd be, at that."

I turned a shocked face to him to see if he was jesting and I saw he was not. My knees began to buckle slightly. "Bill," I said, "do you honestly mean that you never played a golf course before?"

"Never did," he replied. "I'm a strictly indoor instructor. Spend all my time in the shop, as you know, Henry. The fact is I never had the leisure for this out-of-door game, and to tell you the honest truth, now that I've tried it, give me the good old indoor stuff. This walking all around on the grass upsets a man."

I moaned quietly and slid off the edge of a bunker into the sand.

"There's too much air out here," said Bill.

Our opponents paid no attention to us, but putted out and won the third hole. I arose without a word and continued the match, but it was neither match nor contest. George and his pro beat us with the same ease that a cat beats a canary. At the end of nine holes we were nine down and would have been ten down, only there is no way to get ten down. Bill continued to chatter about this and that, but I heard nothing and walked grimly on, picturing to myself a wizard with golf clubs who could shoot them into a boy's cap as long as he stuck to his wire cage and who, in Nature's open fields, could not hit an oversize balloon or putt into a kettle drum. Winding up the tenth hole, Bill and I were ten down and eight to go, which means that the battle was over.

George had the effrontery to walk up and shake hands. "Sorry, Henry," he said. "Into each life some rain must fall. Don't delay about Elmer, because that thing must be done at once."

"I am a man of my word," I replied, turning away, and I drove Bill back to town in a hired car. "Bill," I said reproachfully, "you should have told me."

Along the Bridle Path of the Iroquois Hunt, Lexington, Kentucky

"Told you what?"

"First, I find that your instruction has not improved my own game, but has destroyed what little there was of it; and second, you've ruined my life, for I thought you were a marvel, instead of which you are a paluka."

"I never claimed I could play out-of-doors," he said heatedly. "If you made a mistake, you made it by yourself."

"Too late now," I responded. "The die is cast. Where can I buy a gun?"

He looked alarmed until I assured him it was not for myself. At his department store he led me to the hardware section and I purchased a three-pound pistol, very large, black and formidable. I placed it in my pocket, went home and spent the night in meditation. I arose early, ate a light breakfast and started for Port Haven on my melancholy errand, thinking of Carla and knowing that ere the day was done she would hate me.

I strode grimly down the main thoroughfare of Port Haven, turned into the familiar avenue, and sure enough, there stood a battery of moving vans. The Gordon moving was at hand. My army pistol clanked against my hip, and to my consternation Carla appeared, turned into the street and came toward me. She was in a blue frock and never looked lovelier.

"Henry," she cried, the same note in her voice I had begun to observe, "what in the world are you doing here so early?"

"Are you glad to see me?" I asked.

"I am always glad to see you."

"You will never be glad to see me again," I returned mournfully. "This is the last time you will ever speak to me."

"Henry Stoner!" she said. "What is wrong?"

"I regret to say," I informed her, leaping into the facts, "that I have come out to get him and either take him far away, give him to a homeward-bound Chinaman or destroy him with this gun."

"Who?" Carla asked, alarmed.

"Elmer."

"You would destroy Elmer!"

"If necessary. I am a man of my word and this has to be done."

"How horrible!" she said, and she began to weep at the corner of the avenue.

"That will do you no good," I said sternly, "for I have steeled myself against your tears. I know perfectly well you will always loathe me, but I have to do it. Where is Elmer?"

"Dead," cried Carla, weeping afresh.

I immediately took the army gun out of my pocket, where it was chafing my hip, and threw it into an ash can. "When did he die?" I asked happily.

"He died four days ago."

"What of?"

"Of some disease common to large dogs. And to think that you, Henry Stoner and my best friend, would come out here to kill Elmer and the poor dog already dead!"

"It certainly saves time and trouble," I said. "I lost the golf game, so I had to come." I related the circumstances briefly and Carla stopped her tears. "I will now bid you good-by forever," I said miserably. "When I lost that terrible golf match, I lost you and lost everything. I presume you intend to marry George."

"No," she said quietly, "I don't."

"You don't? Then—who—whom ——"

"I was thinking it would be rather nice to marry you," Carla replied, looking directly at me.

"You're not joking?"

"No. I have always loved you, Henry, but it is only of late that I realized it."

I took a step nearer. "Carla," I said, "remember that I can bear but little more, and if you are not serious, I can still get that gun out of the ash barrel."

For reply, Carla lifted her lovely eyes to mine and I took her in my arms. "This is going to be a tough day for George Wilson," I murmured contentedly, and for the next few moments passing citizens of Port Haven looked at us with astonished disapproval and wondered what the town was coming to.

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LOVE IS A DREADFUL THING

(Continued from Page 9

in this fam'ly? Carolus is smart as sin. My dad was so dumb he shoved his hand in front of a cannon at Gettysburg to see if the muzzle was hot, and lost three fingers. You're the nicest feller I've ever knew, boy, and the best with hosses and women. But it relieves me to know you got a smart kid comin' after you! Go do some work!"

He moved off through the sunlight, spitting. Lupus perceived that all this drawled oration was meant as a kindness to Mary. And perhaps evenings on the great farm were kind of dull for the red-headed woman. Or were they? It was all pretty perplexing. Anyhow—Lupus scratched his black hair—pop had meant that he ought to give some dinner parties. Gee! Sweat suddenly welled on his chest and neck. He saw himself constrained in a stiff shirt, jawing about nothing to Mrs. Lanning, the Episcopal rector's wife, or to Mary's redoubtable mother, and the table at Christmas or on Thanksgiving, with all the old silver glowing, always scared Lupus a little. Well, he could do some work and think. Lupus ate a raspberry clinging to the splotched sleeve of his blue, very ancient shirt, dug a cigarette from one pocket of his faded military breeches and wandered down to the stable yard.

But there seemed to be nothing to do. The stable boys were grooming forty horses with the smartest accuracy; a new calf was falling over and getting up again in the surprised, historical manner of all calves, and young Ambrose Parmelee was getting ahead finely with fresh tin roofing on the brick garage. Lupus sat on a wheelbarrow and watched the tinsmith labor while he smoked some cigarettes and they conversed.

"You must be makin' pretty fair money, Am."

"Pretty good," Mr. Parmelee admitted, letting an angle of tin clatter down on the graveled clay.

"Can't you take care of your mamma yet? I see she's still clerkin' in Judd's."

Mr. Parmelee swung his legs from the roof and said, "Yeh; but it's this way, Lupus. It's like this. Ma gets thirty-five a week off of Judd, and if she didn't have somethin' to do she'd be lonesome. She ain't so liable to get married again. She's forty-five or like that. I could look after her, all right, but she'd ruther go on workin'. She's right there in Judd's where she sees everybody. It's like that."

Lupus nodded. High in the sun where you couldn't get a near view of his beginning beard, young Ambrose looked fearfully like his mamma, solid and square and somehow making you think of a potato, although he wasn't fat. He had drab hair of the potato tint and his nose was a button. A good boy, though.

"It's more sociable for her in Judd's place," Lupus considered. She wasn't ever sociable, he thought behind his brown forehead. Aloud he said, "Yeh, and when there ain't any business, she can talk to Howard Gunn."

Mr. Parmelee leaned forward and confidentially asked through fifteen feet of hot atmosphere, "Hey, Lupus, what did your kid and Howard Gunn have their scrap about, other night? Hey, that's some eye he planted on Carolus! He's a husky, ain't he?"

Lupus ripped his cigarette out of his mouth and sat gaping at the tinsmith for a long while.

"Did Howdy Gunn plant 'at eye on the kid?"

"Yeh! Didn't Carolus tell you he'd had a fight with Gunn?"

Lupus remembered that he was a Van Eck, and said, "It's Carolus' business whom he has fights with, Am. So long as I don't have to bail him out I don't ask any questions."

"Yeh? But it was Carolus swung on Mr. Gunn the other night. Skinny Ferguson seen it start. It was out on the porch, side of the hotel, when the dance was stoppin'."

Lupus said "Yeh?" with the greatest indifference and knocked some ash from his cigarette. He said "Yeh?" in the tone he'd used as top sergeant of an uncivilized battery in France when long, slim Tennessee mountain boys and smart lads from New York tried to start anything. He had learned the tone by hearing his father dress down hired men and impertinent horse dealers. Young Parmelee became pink among many freckles and went slithering up the new tin of the roof to find a hammer or something, remarking that it was pretty hot for a windy day.

"It kind of is," said Lupus. He saw that a stable boy had an ear turned to him, and so he told this listener, "You can get a saddle on Tom Sawyer, Vermilye, and have him up at the house in half 'n hour."

As he walked among the men he thought that some of them looked at him from under raised arms and currycombs, just as his battery had once looked at him after some display of that vanquishing authority. Lupus hung his brown thumbs in his belt and walked past the shimmering horses with his hawk nose a little lifted, slowing his new boots while he peered at a hoof or a pair of ears. Perhaps the hirelings had set Ambrose Parmelee on to ask about the kid's black eye. Lupus ordered a mare's tail docked, and drawled to the head hired man that some moss was showing in the date 1821 deeply carved in white stone over the door of the brick stable sacred to the best stock. Then he strolled up grass toward the house and heard a rising, rolling murmur begin behind him.

But colored lights had commenced a movement inside his head, destroying thoughts. He rubbed his jaw on a wrist and stopped to kick some sod loose from the lawn. Howard Gunn might be thirty-four or five, but he was over six feet and bulked two hundred pounds, and yet he'd descended to fighting a hipless kid on the hotel's porch at a dance for a sixteen-year-old girl! Well, what kind of breeding did you call that now? The colored lights turned to a vicious green that whipped back and forth in his head. Lupus doubled up an arm and then let it fall. He stared at his father, an apparition before him, with a puppy biting the wooden peg.

"Say, pop! The kid had a fight with Howdy Gunn night before last!"

Mr. Van Eck said lazily, "I presoomed he'd had a fight with somebody, Lupus, boy. How else would he git a black eye? I can tell you somethin' more important. Your womsn's cryin' her head off in the lib'ry."

"Get out!"

"Don't be idjyotic," his father ordered, almost rapidly. "I say she's cryin' in the lib'ry, you fool! Go an' see to it."

Lupus went plunging up the grass and jumped most of the limestone steps. In the cool porch he slowed and carefully buttoned his blue shirt. All this came of Carolus driving the car in front of that funeral on Thursday! You couldn't do such things and not have your luck break on you! Driving in front of a funeral was as bad as having a rabbit run over your tracks. He walked without noise through the cool living room, past the terrifying portrait of his great-grandfather, Lupus Van Eck, who built this house in 1821, and into the white hallway past the engraving of Pontiac's war council and the photograph of his father's regiment in 1898 outside Santiago de Cuba, but you couldn't see pop in the picture, because he was in hospital having his leg cut off. At the foot of the staircase he paused in the door of the little room called the library and so stood looking at Mary's hair and the back of her white frock.

She seemed to be writing in the farm's ledger, spread on the walnut desk before her. But a fold of the red hair kept glinting in a kind of rhythm and the shoulders hidden in the white dress stirred, and stirred, and a soft, repeating noise breathed in this room, and reached him.

"Aw, Red!"

"Get out of here," said Mary, to the walnut desk. "Go and break in a h-horse or s-something!"

"Aw, honey! Tell Lupus about it!"

"Don't," she said to the walnut desk, "talk that infernal baby talk or I'll bite you, Lupus Van Eck!"

Lupus came across the rugs and whirled an arm under his wife's chin and brought her head back against his chest. The one thing you did with women in these cases was to kiss them, often and violently, anywhere.

"Stop it!"

"Shut your face," said Lupus, feeling things improve, and kissed her on the nose three times.

"You're so utterly absurd!"

"I love you," he said, "like hell. Gimme a kiss. Go on."

She was pretty tall—taller than his first wife, and not so slim as some women—but she never weighed anything. She hung over his arm and looked up at him with her hands on his ears.

"I didn't marry you for your money!"

"I ain't got any, honey. Who's been telling you?"

"You're not as fearfully stupid as you seem," the red-headed woman mused, twisting his ears. "I've been crying."

"Pop heard you. I came," said Lupus, "as fast as I could. Some old woman's been tellin' you that people downtown said 'at, huh? What do you care? Hey, when pop's in Saratoga, we'll give some dinner parties! We been married two months and ain't gave a party. We'll have Howdy Gunn and all those civ'lized people out and ——"

"Lupus Van Eck!"

"Ma'am?"

Mary crawled up his chest and said down the back of his neck, "I married the Reverend James Clements—poor lamb!—when I was eighteen years old. We went to dinner parties in Couveris three times a week for four years. And then I went to dinner parties some more until you noticed I was making love to you and married me. I know everything the people in Couveris say at dinner parties. If you give a dinner party it's over my dead body! You hear me?"

"Oh, 'at's all right, girl! Pop thought of it! I don't want to give any lousy dinner parties, sister. Gimme a kiss."

The kiss landed on his neck so lightly and yet he shivered all down his spine and had to paw the rug with one heel.

"When you gurgle," Mary said pensively, "you sound so like a calf in a pail of milk. . . . No, but some woman's been shedding anonymous letters on me for weeks and—and this morning it exasperated me somehow. It's such a nice day."

"Yes'm," said Lupus. He understood that somebody had been writing letters, out of all this, and asked, "Who wrote you?"

"Dumb darling, how do I know? She doesn't sign her name."

"Oh. Yeh. Anonimious," said Lupus. "Let's see it."

"Anonymous, Lupus."

"Have it how you like, girl. Gimme 'is letter. I never saw one."

The letter seemed commonplace. It looked like any other letter and it was neatly typed, inside and out. It said briefly: "Your husband was parading Lucile Frost up and down Iroquois Street this evening from ten to half past and took her into Lorber's and bought her a soda "

"It was a lemonade," Lupus argued.

"Even if you did marry him for his father's money," the letter went on, "some friend should tell you that he is making a

UP-STAIRS-DOWN-STAIRS—*anywhere You Wish*—

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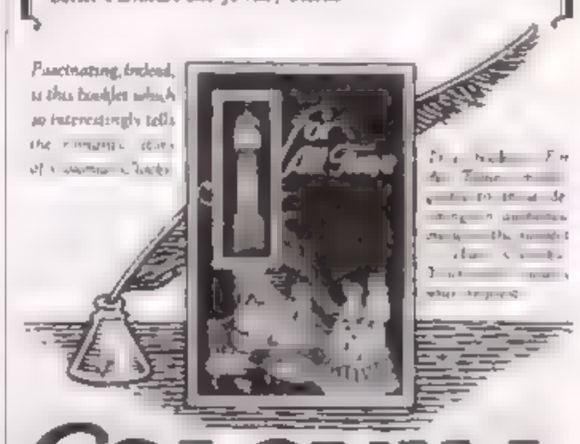

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fool of himself and that everybody in Couveris knows it."

Lupus scrubbed the letter on his ear and looked at it again, all rumpled up. It still said the same thing.

"Yeh; but I got to kill time while you and the kid are in the movie, don't I?"

"Darling," Mary said, "throw it in the wastebasket and go ride a horse. She isn't very inventive. She sees you talking to a pretty girl on Iroquois Street and writes me her name and the hour. We all annoy somebody or other by just existing, I suppose. And I do wish the sachem wouldn't leave the cork out of the ink when he writes letters. See? This bottle's all gummy in the bottom. Get me some more when you go downtown."

"Sure. You mean this ain't the first 'nonimious letter you've got?"

"Oh, no! She started to work," Mary said, "two days after we were married. Only this one exasperated me. I don't just know why. . . . Do stop pounding it on your ear, you idiot!"

"Yes'm. What else you want downtown? . . . Gimme a kiss."

"Nothing. Run along."

"Gimme a kiss, first. I love you," he said with his nose in her ear, "a lot."

"You're so eloquent, Lupus."

"Thanks. Kiss me under my chin, once."

"Oh, run along! You're the most idiotic man I ever knew!"

Lupus went down the hallway with a warm spot under his chin and wondered why his first wife had never thought of kissing him there. Poor Sue had not been—what was that word?—inventive, however nice, and her blond hair never smelled of verbena bath salts, and she wouldn't have been able to keep the books, and she never read French novels. There was nothing dangerous and obscure about Sue. She was just a nice girl. He must somehow find out how Mary could cry without her nose getting red. It was a point on which he couldn't consult Carolus, although he wanted to when he found the learned boy reading a pink note in the still living room.

"Hi, kid! Thought you was hid out from your sweetheart?"

Carolus took the cigarette from his mouth and said intensely, "She ain't a thing that ought to be legal. I'd give anybody a reward that killed her!"

"Aw, people in love are always a nuisance, sonny!"

"You're right," said Carolus. He then pitched the pink note into the empty fireplace, tried to open his bruised eye and concluded, "A fella's worse off than a girl, though. You can't just tell a woman to dry up an' blow away, can you now?"

Lupus stopped rubbing his ear with the anonymous letter and looked at his son's damaged eye, surrounded by the proper Van Eck amber countenance. He had heard something about the eye. Oh, yeh! But it was not his business to ask questions. In the family it was understood that each Van Eck's business was his own.

"Is 'at still sore, fella?"

"Kind of, dad."

"Try a hunk of beefsteak on it, kid."

"I did," said Carolus, stooping to straighten the crease of his white left trouser. In summer he wore white linen trousers, white cotton shoes and a scarlet jersey that left his hard neck free. He had a dazing supply of these articles and it seemed to distress him if they weren't ironed and washed to the best advantage. He now speculated almost openly about this crease, and his good eye became a black question aimed at the trouser. But there was something else wrong.

"Dad?"

"Yeh?"

"Did you ever have any trouble with Mr. Gunn?"

"Trouble, Carolus?"

"Yeh. Ever chase the same girl or sumpin?"

Lupus scrubbed his ear.

He produced Howard Gunn from his mind and turned the tall, rosy man around in various poses—skating on the lake with nice girls in winter, eating dinner sometimes at the hotel in his evening clothes before a dance in the brown old ballroom, strolling along Iroquois Street and taking the right ladies into Lorber's candy store for a soda or, in these past two years, politely chattering over the counter in Judd's drug store. Why, nobody ever had any trouble with Howdy Gunn!

"I don't know the man much," said Lupus. "Lemme see. He's two years or some younger'n me. He was in your mamma's class in high school. Sue would be thirty-five if she hadn't died. Howard Gunn's her age. Naw, I ain't ever had any trouble with Gunn. He don't approve of me, I guess. Not 'at it worries me any, fella!"

Carolus raised one black eyebrow on his forehead and became the precise image of pop.

"It ain't true he slugged you in the eye, sonny? Excuse me for askin'. Somebody told me."

"Yeh," said Carolus.

Lupus said, "The hell!" and put the anonymous letter in his pocket, so that he could scrub his ear more freely. The paper crackled on his thigh and made him think about it when he should have been thinking about Howdy Gunn slugging Carolus in the eye. And then the letter and Howdy Gunn became suddenly the same thought, for a breath.

"I guess," Carolus said, lighting a fresh cigarette, "he's got an inferiority complex, dad."

"Huh?"

Carolus blew some smoke through his arched nose and explained patiently, "It's this way, dad. A guy gets to thinkin' he don't amount to so much. He has to get a compensation for feelin' like 'at, so he gets awfully critical about people that do amount to somethin'. It kinda makes him feel better when he bawls somebody out for not bein' careful with their clothes, or like that. I guess that's how Mr. Gunn feels about you, dad."

"Compensation? How's bawlin' me out make him feel any better? His law business dried up on him 'cause he's too snooty to take any clients or whatever they are he can get. He has to get a job sellin' bicarb'nate soda for Joe Judd so's he can eat! I dunno how bawlin' me out makes him feel any better. I don't bawl you out, nor Red, 'cause you got more brains'n me, do I? And it wouldn't make me feel any better if I done it!"

Carolus surprisingly remarked, "Yeh, but you're an awfully nice kind of pers'nality, father. You don't do things like most people do."

"Aw, dry up! An' quit callin' me father!"

"All right, dad. I just did it because this is a kinda serious conversation."

"It ain't neither! Why did 'at fool slug you in the eye, son?"

"He," Carolus said, a little timidly, "has been makin' me sore a long time, daddy. I was in Judd's a couple of weeks back, in the booth, telephonin' a girl about sumpin, and the door was open and you came in to get some toothbrushes, and when you went out old Mrs. Parmelee said, 'Isn't he handsome?' and Mr. Gunn said, 'Oh, if you like that barbaric type.' He said it," Carolus explained, "kinda Harvard. And then you were ridin' past one day—past Judd's, I mean—and I was talkin' to Cheese McCarthy and somebody on the steps, and Mr. Gunn was puttin' a lady in her car, and you spoke to her, and he said, 'My word! You can count every vertebra in his spine!' and kinda laughed, and ——"

"There ain't a thing wrong with my spine!"

"Vertebræ," said Carolus, "are those hunks of bone your spine's made of, daddy. You'd got on an undershirt, that day. It wasn't much of a shirt."

"I ain't ever understood," Lupus said, trying to be very calm, with sweat in his eyelashes and a colored light drifting around his head, "wh-why it's all right for a fella to go out to the lake and swim in about two feet of bathin' suit, but he can't ride downtown in his und'shirt. But I ain't civ'lized. . . . Yeh, and then what?"

"Oh, it's that kind of thing he says," Carolus said.

"Yeh, but what did you and him scrap about?"

Carolus rubbed his bare ankles together and scratched his nose.

"Well?"

"Oh, I forgot to put on any garters the other night for that dance, and I was out in the porch haulin' my socks up. He was smokin' a cigarette. He said to Stan Ferguson, 'A Van Eck in evenin' clothes is kind of an anomaly, isn't it?' And he didn't care if I heard him. . . . Do you," Carolus asked, "kind of see green smoke when you get sore?"

"Runs in the fam'ly. Pop says he saw green all the way up San Juan Hill in '98."

"Yeh. . . . Well, I hit him on his jaw. Only, Stan Ferguson grabbed me and somebody grabbed him, and I came home. It was kinda silly," said Carolus.

"What's a 'nomaly, kid?"

"He meant," the prodigy stated, "that a Van Eck ain't got any business in evenin' clothes."

"You can't be any older fam'ly in this state than bein' Dutch and Iroquois Indian, kid! . . . Well," said Lupus, "he's centrally situated, ain't he? He can stay in Judd's store and tell people what he thinks of us any time he sees me ride past—sees me on the street." After a time he stuck his hand into the pocket with the anonymous letter and said again, "Any time he sees me on the street. Yeh!"

And then Tom Sawyer snorted outside in the sunlight, dancing a little on the graveled driveway. And then, without any kind of bother about it, Lupus was sitting the black horse and Tom Sawyer was galloping past the red brick wall of the stable yard. Pop was standing under the white wooden archway of the gate, looking at him. A hundred yards later Lupus swung Tom Sawyer roundabout and the horse took him back to the motionless, lean man in the sunny gateway.

"Come an' bail me out in a minute, pop!"

"Who you thrashin', boy?"

"Howdy Gunn. Been writin' 'nonimious letters to Red about me!"

His father spat and nodded. Lupus twitched a hand and the black horse carried him up the hill between silky pastures, past Roosevelt Dodd spading a hole for a fence post and past Camille Stubbs driving her new car badly down the highway, with her gold tooth showing, and past the Reverend Melchior Amyntas Washington Jones, with seven or so of his kids, in a truck, going somewhere to call on a cook. It seemed to be a nice day, in spite of the green smoke blowing everywhere down the valley. There were lots of cars and people on the road and Lupus had to remember to say "Hello!" as his black horse went galloping past all these things. It was a little vexing to know that Howdy Gunn must weigh two hundred pounds and that riding boots were cumbersome things in a scrap. But Gunn was getting heavy in the waist, and the Van Ecks never got fat anywhere. So Lupus rode up the hill and was not scared of Howard Gunn's weight.

He drew in Tom Sawyer on the level of Iroquois Street and made the horse trot smartly. They came along under cool trees past a cart filled with new corn on its way to the station, and past a van labeled G. Schmuck, Albany, N. Y., and past the old Gunn house, in which some Poles or something lived nowadays, and past Mary's thin mother talking to another fool on a corner beside a hydrant, and past the high school from which the Van Ecks were expelled once in a generation! There was less green fog in the air. Sun had dried the sweat out of his eyebrows, and Lupus hummed between his teeth to keep Tom Sawyer from dancing as a car went by when the front of Judd's drug store was close. You could see everything from the steps of this shop—everything that was passing on Iroquois Street. It was a central situation, all right! It was just a block from the jail too. Lupus patted his horse on the neck, handed the leather steering gear over to Pallas Theotocopuli, the bootblack, who had his stand here under an elm, and went, swinging his arms, into the cool shop.

Rebecca Parmelee stopped typing a letter in her alcove by the front door and smiled at him. Gee! What a woman! How did they ever get married when they looked like that? A long old mirror was on the wall behind her and she looked just as dumpy in the rear reflection as she did from the front.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Parmelee," said Lupus. "Gettin' out the August bills?"

"Yes," said this widow. "Was there something you wanted, Mr. Van Eck?"

"I kinda did," Lupus said. He could see some of Howdy Gunn's pale tweed suit protruding from the telephone booth back by the prescription desk. Better wait until he's through. He looked over Mrs. Parmelee's potato hair and saw himself extremely stolid in the long mirror. Say, how calm he looked! It was very surprising, when this pup had made Mary cry and all that. Lupus drew his belt a hole tighter and said, "Ambrose is doin' swell on our g'rage roof."

"I'm glad," said the tinsmith's mother, "he gives satisfaction."

"Yes," Lupus said, "he's all right. . . 'Cuse me."

Howard Gunn had stepped out of the telephone booth and his big pink hands were turning over a pad of paper with notes on it. He was through taking an order. Lupus walked past the brown marble counter of the sweet-smelling soda fountain and past a skyscraper of Sassafras Liniment built on a show case above a welter of toothbrushes in wicker baskets, and past two green bottles marked Cololac, sitting lonesomely by themselves.

"You take your coat off and come out in the alley, Howdy."

"Good morning, Injun. What did you say?"

"I said to take your coat off and come out in the alley. Gonna thrash you for writin' 'nonimious letters to Mrs. Van Eck about me. You're centrally situated here so's you can see me any time I come downtown. It's swell!"

Howard Gunn dropped his pad on the prescription desk and said, "Don't be such an ass, Injun! Anonymous letters! Don't be absurd!"

"You come out in the alley an' be absurd too," Lupus said, enjoying himself remarkably. All the buttons broke from his shirt as he pulled it over his head. He hung it on the Cololac bottles and went on, "You got one of these inferiority complexes about me, but you ain't got any business writin' letters to Red about it for compensation, you stuck-up fish cake! Get off your coat and come out in the alley!"

"I have not been writing letters about you to Mrs. Van Eck," Gunn said precisely. "Put your shirt on. There's a lady present."

"You're a liar! I mean you're lyin' about writin' letters to Red. You seen me walkin' up and down with Ed Frost's girl, Lucy, or what the hell is her name, last night; and you got to go and write Mary about it an' say she married me for money!"

"I did no such thing!"

"Aw," said Lupus, rubbing a fist up and down his naked chest, "I got my shirt off, and I'm sick of talkin' to you! Hit me or I'll go after you!"

Mrs. Parmelee began to make a noise as though someone were scraping a cork on wet glass. It raised gooseflesh on Lupus everywhere, and he wondered if she would stop if he yelled at her. Meanwhile he had to thrash the tall man whose blue eyes were an inch above his eyes.

"Try to be civilized, Van Eck! This is ——"

"Aw, keep it for supper," said Lupus; "and get your coat off! . . . All right! Eat 'at!"

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 72)

He hit Howdy Gunn on the mouth.

Mrs. Parmelee shrieked four times.

"Very well," said Howard Gunn, stepping back, and then his fist landed on the smooth center of Lupus' chest with a great jar, and Lupus wished he had hair on his chest, while he got back from a second punch and wondered if it had been well to take his shirt off.

It was when he tripped on one of the Cololac bottles that his foot went through the show case and toothbrushes began to dance around on the floor. It was when he chucked the big man off with a jolt in the face that the tiers of Sassafras Liniment descended, toppling forward in a green wall. It was when Gunn got that awful slug into his left ribs that the baby's teething rings and the boxes of rosy powder began to be a nuisance; and it was when he slung Gunn among the metal chairs by the soda fountain that he saw Carolus down off his cream horse, Bullard, outside in the sunlight. But Howard Gunn had now got his coat off, and arose brilliantly in a torn silk shirt, with blood on his chin, and came at Lupus again. He had no time to think of Carolus until so many hands and blue sleeves interfered with his arms that he was dragged back against a counter, and saw the kid standing above these policemen on the soda fountain's brown marble, with both eyes open.

"An' what started this?" asked old Finn from the police station, his white gloves on his blue hips. "You're a sight to see, Injun! And now what?"

"You," said Lupus, "dry up an' take me to jail!"

Howard Gunn struggled between two minor policemen and said in pants, "Captain Finn, it's—some—kind of mistake! He thinks I've been writing anonymous letters to—Mrs. Van Eck about h-him."

"Aw, keep a lady's name to yourself!"

"There's some mistake," Gunn said, wiping his mouth. "Upon my honor, Lupus, I did no such thing!"

It sounded so. It sounded, somehow, as if it was so. Lupus leaned back on the counter and the policemen loosed his brown arms. He licked a lip and blinked up at Carolus past the curly muss of Gunn's hair.

Carolus, twisting a lemonade straw in his dark fingers, was looking at a corner of the wrecked scene and did not seem to be paying attention to his own father. Most of Couveris, New York, was staring through the windows and the doorway at trampled teething rings, at shattered toothbrushes, at swirls of pink powder on the floor, and sniffing Sassafras Liniment.

"You can all," said the captain of police, "git outa here, boys!"

The four other policemen all withdrew and commenced buoyantly to shove the town of Couveris sidelong and frontways down the steps of Judd's store. Old Finn locked his white gloves on his blue stomach and looked at Lupus for a while.

"Who hit whom the first off?"

"Aw, I hit him," said Lupus, plucking together a ripped trouser over his left knee. "Find my shirt, Carolus. Let's get on to jail. . . . Better stick some beef on your eye, Howdy. It's swellin'."

"On my honor, Lupus, I have not written a word to Mrs. Van Eck!"

Lupus rubbed his ear. A mixture of pink powder, blood and something oily and chemical was drying on his chest. His nose was bleeding a little and his head sang.

"All right. I 'pologize. But you don't approve of me, Howdy, an'—an' you're centrally situated here and somebody's been writin' Red letters about seeing me flirtin' with girls on the street here, and—I'm sorry."

In her corner, Mrs. Parmelee gave out a chirping noise and then squawked. The police captain turned his white head to look at her and Carolus stopped shaking bits of green glass from his father's trampled shirt.

This woman in her corner behind the typewriter was rocking back and forth with her dumpy hands closed over her mouth.

"Got one of those letters, Injun?"

"Yeh, I got one. . . . Hey, Finn! You keep outa this! . . . I don't want a piece in the papers about somebody writin' Mrs. Van Eck letters, nor ——"

"Give him a letter, father," said Carolus.

"You quit callin' me father or I'll spank you!"

"Well, you give him the letter, dad. This is kinda serious."

Lupus put a hand into his pocket and found a teething ring and a patent folding corkscrew on top of the anonymous letter. He took these out and wondered how they got in there, and then flinched when Mrs. Parmelee squawked again. She yelled and dropped forward on top of her little typewriter.

"I guess," said Finn, "you can keep yer damn letter, Injun. Come on to jail now. I'd like to hear what the old gentleman thinks of you when he bails you out too!"

Carolus rode Bullard and led Tom Sawyer down the middle of the street, and boys of several sizes moved ahead of Lupus and his escort of policemen. He looped the sleeves of his shirt about his neck and walked along pretty comfortably, but in a humble condition, because he felt sorry in the matter of Howdy Gunn. He also felt that everybody knew something he didn't know

He thought about this in a neat whitewashed cell, while Carolus sat on his heels in a corner and smoked a cigarette. It was all very pleasant and sunny in the cell, but something he did not understand had happened, and Lupus felt stupid about it.

"I don't just see who wrote those letters if Howdy Gunn didn't, kid."

"You're more intuitional than you are int'lectual, daddy. It was her."

"Whom?"

"Mrs. Parmelee. Pretty often," Carolus explained, "a kinda uninterestin' woman takes an interest, sort of, in a fella without his knowin' it. It's what she fainted for. Didn't you catch on?"

"Aw, kid! But I never spoke ten words to 'at woman in my life!"

"That," said Carolus, "hasn't got much to do with it, dad. You got this kind of pers'nality that makes people interested in you. I guess some of it's your eyes. Red thinks it's your nose, more."

Lupus started to rub an ear, but it hurt, so he lighted a cigarette and gaped at his son. After that he said "Women are funny" and did not speak again, but sat looking at his scratched riding boots and wondering just what pop would say, and if he ought to write Howdy Gunn an apologizing letter. He was going to ask Carolus about that, and began to look at the kid, when he saw that Carolus was replaced by a white skirt. So he did not look up at all.

"Is this your usual cell, darling?"

"Aw, honey! It was this way: I thought ——"

"Lupus, your nose isn't broken?"

"Naw! But I thought he ——"

"Darling," said the red-headed woman, "you can tell me all about it some other time. Your father's talking to the judge. Come along! . . . You do pay the loveliest compliments!"

He did not quite understand that, but her hair smelled of verbena and she was smiling, and her hands were cool on his hot ears. So it all seemed unimportant, because she was smiling.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN

(Continued from Page 13

the pavements to watch as they went by. For never had there been a car like this in Rangoon before. Open cars were common as seeds in a pomegranate, but until then there had been no car seen that was like a rajah's house on wheels, with windows and doors and silken blinds.

He backed her into the garage that was to be her home. He had gone forth mourning for his love and come back with one more glorious than she. The good-for-nothing Burman was hosing the Starbeam in his kutcha fashion, but he stopped and stared when he saw the new car. All his songs died on his lips and his water jet discharged itself unheeded upon the sweeper's youngest born. The mali was operating with the mowing machine upon His Excellency's grass tennis court. The only one of its kind in Rangoon, it had a surface like badly carved veal. The mali left his machine standing and came to look. The khidmatgar, bound for the house with His Excellency's dress shirt fresh from the Pinman, diverted himself from his course across the lawn and joined the throng. A downtrodden sweeper, complete with broom, hovered on the edge of the crowd and saw what he could over other folks' shoulders.

They spelled out the name on her bonnet. The Millestansler Straight Eight she was called, and never had Rangoon seen such a car. There were silk tassels to the blinds and a carpet on the floor that was thick and soft to the touch like silk. And the lines of her, and the long clean sweep of her bonnet and all her other beauties made Joseph want to cry, so he let off his feelings by beating the sweeper with his own broom, in as much as he had dared to cast his foul eye upon the new Number 1 Motor Car of His Excellency the Governor.

After Joseph had done cleaning it and burnishing it, word was sent to the house, and he drove it up under the porch. They all inspected it—the Governor, genial and kindly, with a pansy in his buttonhole; the young A.D.C., whose face was round as the full moon of Tabaung as it came up behind the great gold pagoda; the older A.D.C., who seemed tired of everything, even of new motor cars. They walked round it, examining it, and left the imprint of their thumbs on the bright work and upon the mud guards that Joseph had so lovingly burnished beforehand.

Joseph had always had the greatest respect for the Governor up to that time. But now it came to him that he was not worthy of this car. There should have been a young man, all golden and white, and crowned with stars. Legendary rajahs and bits he remembered from the teaching he had had to make him into a Christian floated through his mind, all mixed up with stories told at nightfall in the bazaar. Out of them all he fashioned the sort of figure worthy to use this splendid motor car.

But all there was was His Excellency, suave and pleasant, a pansy in his buttonhole, a Homburg on his head. Joseph respected the white races, but he despised the soullessness of their hats. Can any good thing come from beneath a Homburg? Nothing divides nation from nation more surely than their headwear.

How surprised they would all have been if they had known the thoughts that went on inside Joseph's head. But the sun had gone down and night was upon them, and stepping outside the circle of light in the porch, Joseph had disappeared into the night and become part of it. They remembered his presence only when he smiled.

His Excellency went indoors. Back, thought Joseph, to his sweetmeats and scents and music, his mem-sahibs and his silken robes.

"Remove the bauble," said the young A.D.C., with a wave of his well-nourished hand.

Joseph drove the Millestansler back to the garage and put her to bed.

A new life began for Joseph. It seemed to him he had never lived before. The green-and-cream car was nothing to him. After all, did it not resemble a bath? The Burman drove it about indifferently cleaned. But no one took any notice of it. Joseph still had first place in ranks or places where cars are parked or wait. Knots of drivers would gather round to be introduced, and he would allow the higher-caste men to see inside and pull the little silken blinds up and down.

Sometimes he awoke in the night, fear in his heart. A rat might so easily get in and gnaw the leather. The Burman was capable of breaking in and doing the car an injury from jealousy. At the time of the breaking of the monsoon he took his bedding down and slept beside her in the closed garage, at peace because she was near and he knew that no harm could come to her while he was beside her.

The Burman laughed at him, on his way singing to see his loves in the Lower Poozendaung Road.

"What is that to whom you have given your heart?" said the Burman. "Is it a spirit? Hela, am I a man or a tiger?"

Joseph told him pretty plainly what he was. The Burman did not care, but went off laughing just the same to see his loves in the Lower Poozendaung Road.

So Joseph started to persecute the Burman. Being over him, there were innumerable little ways in which this was possible. The Burman was fined for carelessness and reported for laziness. Eyes that had never looked beneath the mud guards before, looked now, and lo, mud—any amount of it.

But for all this the Burman did not care, and went on just the same with his light-hearted songs, and taunted Joseph about his love for the car, and told him of other and more satisfying loves. And he leaned upon the smooth polish of the mud guards of Joseph's car and left there the foul imprint of his vile thumb.

They sent for Joseph in the office. He was confronted with the young A.D.C. whose face was as the full moon of Tabaung.

"Joseph," said that worthy young man, "I have glad news for you. You are to be promoted. You are to be transferred. The electrician having been snatched from us by an act of God—he is now in jail for embezzlement or some such trifle—you have been chosen to reign in his stead—at an enhanced rate of pay, and allowances, Joseph"

The older and tired A.D.C. at the adjacent desk translated this into Hindustani.

Joseph touched his forehead with the two first fingers of his right hand. But how, he asked, could he do this and attend also to the Millestansler, she being one man's work to keep her as she ought to be kept.

"The Millestansler will go to the Burman, whose car will in turn be handed down to the Number 3 driver, whose car can be taken over by the garage boy, who will be promoted."

"To the Burman!" said Joseph dully. He was too stunned to speak. They would take her away from him and give her over to the Burman, whose head was full of songs and loves, and who would neglect her and allow her to become spoiled and shamed. Never!

He opened his mouth to speak, but it was teatime and the A.D.C.'s were gone.

Joseph retraced his steps to the garage. There was only one thing to be done, and he must do it quickly.

The season had come to the end of the monsoon and in the rice fields the water had begun to dry up and was no more than knee-deep. When the sun shone it went up to heaven in a thick white mist. Along the bunds that reappeared the vultures sat like old gentlemen holding a board meeting and waiting for someone to bring up something to discuss. To the rice fields beyond Kemmendine, Joseph lured the Burman with tales of a wonderful drinking saloon

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he had discovered, with many dancing girls.

But the sun began to go down fast, and there was no drinking saloon—only many miles of paddy fields—and the Burman began to get frightened, and he would have turned back, but Joseph caught him by the shoulder.

"Let me go," said the Burman, trying to cover his uneasiness with a veneer of gayety. "I am weary with walking. You know of no drink except Number 1 Petrol and no love but a car of alien make."

After that Joseph gave him a crack on the head. Sploshh he went, down into the water. It covered him all up except one end of his silken putso, which floated until it was wet and then slowly dissolved into the water. Now the Burman and all his songs were gone forever. The sun posted itself into the paddy fields, a great red penny. On the bund the vultures began to move a little nearer and a little nearer, like old gentlemen at a board meeting, gathering around some new topic of conversation.

There was a hue and cry for the Burman driver, who never came back any more. But it was the busy season, and no one had much time to expend on a single Burman in a land where there are so many. Joseph retained the Millestansler. The Number 3 Driver took over the Burman's car and in due time also his wife. The garage boy was promoted to be driver of Number 3 Car and his mother wept for joy and felt he was intended for great things.

As for Joseph, he became almost animated, he was so happy. He had his love to himself and she was his own, with no fear of any rival. As for the Burman, they were well rid of him. He had no regrets for what he had done. Worthier men than the Burman had been nipped away in their prime. What was one Burman more or less in a land where there are so many?

So the year wore on into the cold weather, when Indians shiver and sahibs rejoice. The reign of His Excellency the Governor drew near its close and in the great bazaar rumors as to his successor waxed and waned. To Joseph it was nothing. A governor went and another governor came, and what was it to the men who slept in the garage buildings behind the house? The sun rose and sank as before, and as long as they drew their pay, it was all one whom they drew it from.

Toward February there came a message for Joseph. The A.D.C. wished to see him in the office. Joseph put on his uniform and went there. The two A.D.C.'s sat at their desks in that big drafty place where the spaniel eternally short of breath slept beneath the punkah and the walls were covered with pictures of horses.

"His Excellency will speak with you, Joseph," said the young A.D.C. whose face was as round as the full moon of Tabaung. He arose and led Joseph through a doorway.

Now the heart of Joseph beat with anticipation, for he was to see the inside of the Governor's house, with all its glories, and this is not given to all men.

He went through the door after the A.D.C. into a wide empty place that was the hall, and it seemed to Joseph that all his misery and all his disillusionment began here. For there was no splendor. It might have been the jail where on occasions Joseph went to visit such relations of his own as had the misfortune to be found out. There were no silken cushions, soft lights or fair women; only stillness and cold, and a great pile of illustrated papers with dog-eared edges. The Governor sat in a room beyond that was furnished plainly with wooden furniture devoid of ornamentation. No jewels, softly gleaming. No incense, no sweetmeats, no marigold flowers. The Governor wore a gray suit, with a pansy in his buttonhole. Behind his chair stood his private secretary—a small man in crushed tussov. Upon an adjacent table stood a glass and a bottle of soda water such as any man may buy in the bazaar for a few pice.

"You have served me well and faithfully, Joseph," said the Governor. "I have much pleasure in giving you this in recognition of your services. There will, no doubt, be certain changes made here and I am not in a position to say what they will be. But I am anxious your services should be retained and we are therefore promoting you to the post of chief electrician. You will have entire charge of the electric-light plants—at enhanced pay and allowances, I believe you said, Geoffries?"

He looked over his shoulder at his private secretary, and the private secretary inclined his head and said this was so.

Joseph stood fingering the case and envelope he had just received. The case, he knew, contained some sort of medal which would look very well on the breast of his serge uniform. The envelope contained, without doubt, baksheesh. He touched his forehead with the two first fingers of his right hand in gratitude, then paused. The Governor's words about the electric-light plant penetrated his slow mind. He hated the very words. There had always been something sinister for him in the mention of the electric-light plant. So he said how would he find time to see to that, when the care of the Millestansler was one man's job, to keep her trim and in order and as she ought to be kept. He was unanxious to commit another murder, but if there was to be any talk of giving her over to the newly promoted Number 3 Driver, it was clear to Joseph that there would be nothing else for it.

The private secretary spoke slowly:

"His Excellency the Governor will leave for England tomorrow. He will take the Millestansler back with him to his own country. If you prefer to remain in the garage, you can take over the Starbeam again, Joseph, but the pay is less and there are no allowances."

Then Joseph understood. And what he understood was that it was kismet, and the vile Burman had won in the end. They hurried him out of the Governor's room, across the wide cool hall that was so little better than a jail. Now he was standing between the desks of the two A.D.C.'s. The younger one was listening to him, but the older one went on with his writing, a cigarette stuck in his tired face. He knew the country in and out, and understood the Indians and the Burmans and all their ways. Was there any reason to listen to them?

They might have got to the bottom of the matter if the Hindustani the younger A.D.C. had learned in Queen's Gate, London, S. W. 3, had not been so different from the kind Joseph spoke. Joseph was obviously excited. He had thrown the envelope containing his medal and his bak sheesh onto the floor, which was hardly respectful in any case, but he kept on touching his forehead with the two first fingers of his right hand, to show that although his heart burned like fire, his intentions were never other than c ul

"Like a woman have I loved her, and she will be taken from me!" sobbed Joseph "For her sake have I lived. For her sake have I killed, and what is there for me now if she is taken from me?"

"I thought as much," said the older A.D.C., as he went on with his writing "When these fellows go to bits like this there is always a woman in it."

"But what I want to know is this: Is he or is he not going to take on the post of electrician?"

Joseph was weeping. If there had been any mud handy he would have put a little on his head and beaten his breast, but in the wide, cool office where the A.D.C.'s sat there was no mud available. He talked wildly on. He said there was nothing left for him. What did he know or care about electric-light plants? He said shame would be brought upon him if he went back and drove the green-and-cream car, and all that he wanted now was to die quietly. He said it was the spirit of the Burman had brought all this upon him. He went away leaving his medal and his baksheesh lying on the floor.

The younger A.D.C. picked them up, methodically docketed and filed them and said, "A pity. He was a good driver."

The older A.D.C. said, without looking up from his writing: "Promote Number 2 Driver to Number 1 Driver. Put Number 3 Driver in his place and get another garage boy. Maybe he'll come back later. There's sure to be a woman in it, and they all go to bits over women."

Joseph wandered down beside the river, away at the back of Kemmendine. Behind him lay the happy umbrella shops and the drinking booths. In front of him the interminable stretch of the paddy fields. The sun was posting itself into the distant river, a great red penny.

The Burman had won in the end, that dirty fellow with his taunts and his songs. All that Joseph had asked of fate was that everything should go on as it was yesterday. To this end he had stuck at nothing. But what was the use? Your sins found you out. It was kismet. No good to strive for your own advantage, to tell the clever lie. Odds and ends of the things they told him long ago when they turned him into a Christian came back to his mind—"whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

The water had almost dried up on the paddy fields. It reached only to his ankles now. On the bund the vultures sat in a row, with little eyes as wise as eternity. The sun went down and darkness fell. Joseph faded into the night and became part of it.

The vultures began to edge about and get together, like old gentlemen at a board meeting, with something new to discuss coming within sight.

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FAMOUS SITTERS

Continued from Page 17

that he had never become intimate with anybody except his master and pal, whose conversation he, beyond a doubt, understands to a remarkable degree, and with whom he prefers to live for better or for worse

But there came a day of fear. On a Fourth of July a few years ago, when the captain and his pal were out for a stroll, a small boy had the fun of hurling a giant firecracker underneath the dignified Rin Tin Tin. The firecracker exploded and burnt him. Since then a flash of fire has been the one thing that upsets his equanimity. The camera with its flashlight is so vivid a reminder of this incident that a camera is Rin Tin Tin's greatest aversion.

When the portrait was finished, it was, at my request, autographed by my distinguished sitter in the lower left-hand corner, and so far this five-toed autograph remains unique among my signatures of great personages.

A year before the Great War an English authority on international relations lectured in Canada. One statement that he made recurred to me a few years later in Paris, as I sat in a small dingy office in the École Militaire. It was this: He said that a frightful war between the civilized nations of the world was imminent, and that it would be won by—or rather, that its dominant victorious figure would be—a little man more than sixty years old who was a professor in the War College of France, Ferdinand Foch.

At the close of the war arrangements were made for me to paint a portrait of the Marshal of France. I had motored two hundred kilometers from the front to Paris, traveling all night and arriving on the day appointed. I reached our American headquarters in Palais d'Elysée early in the morning, expecting to find awaiting me there explicit directions as to time and place in the form of an order. Nothing was there. While my tired chauffeur waited with my kit in the car outside, I waited for definite instructions.

Nine o'clock came and passed. Ten o'clock. I dared not leave the room, expecting every moment to receive the word. At eleven, sure enough, a telegram was handed to me stating that the marshal would sit for me at nine o'clock in his headquarters in the old École Militaire, many blocks away.

What a Smoke Means to Foch

Figuratively speaking, I tore my hair. The busiest and most important man in Europe, and I had kept him waiting two hours! Pell-mell I rushed from the building, leaped into the car and we tore down the avenue. The old military school is the hub of a huge wheel of radiating streets and avenues, and it has many entrances. The main entrance was closed. So was the next, and the next. So seemed they all. Three times we circled the building searching for signs of life, until finally we ran across a sleepy sentry who piloted me in. We had struck the right entrance. Here I found the marshal's aide and explained to him that I had been waiting since early morning; that I had just received the message; that I was bursting with regrets and that I was ready to paint. The aide was dignified, not to say haughty. Keeping the head of the Allied Armies waiting for two hours was a misdemeanor which for him could have no reasonable explanation. It would be impossible to paint the portrait now, he informed me coldly; later—perhaps in a few months—not now

"But," I pleaded, "won't you at least take my regrets and apologies to the marshal and tell him the situation?"

Reluctantly he agreed to do this. I did not feel that my case was in friendly hands, but I could do nothing else. But when he returned in a few moments, what a difference! His face was almost smiling, and to me he looked like Mercury clad in horizon blue. "Marshal Foch will sit for you at three o'clock," was his message. "You are a very lucky artist."

Tired though I was, I attempted in the interim left me to have my passport visaed, as this would be my only day in Paris before sailing for home. But down at the little island in the Seine hundreds stood in long queues ahead of me. Obviously it would be hours before my turn would be reached, and I dared not risk a second *contretemps* at the marshal's headquarters. So I snatched a bite to eat and hurried back to the military school. I was standing outside the door of the marshal's private office a few minutes before three, wearing my smock, my loaded palette over my arm, my maulstick at attention. Exactly on the hour the door at the end of the corridor opened and a very short man appeared, wearing a poilu's uniform and a smile which broadened perceptibly as he advanced and found me ready for the attack.

Field Marshal Ferdinand Foch is one of the most delightful men I have ever met. I use that term advisedly. Simple, as are most really great men; kind, considerate and genial, he would much rather make a man happy than see him hurt. His old office was the sort of a place in which you might picture a struggling young lawyer just about to give up hope.

I painted him at his desk—a dingy, unpretentious affair of cheap wood.

First he went rapidly through a pile of papers brought in by his aide. I lost no time. In a few minutes I had made a little pencil sketch of him in the corner of my canvas. Then he stood up, and beaming on me, asked my permission to smoke. That the commander of the Allied Armies should ask my permission to do anything at all seemed to call for immediate acquiescence. However, I little dreamed what a smoke meant to him

He produced a man's-sized pipe and a large box of tobacco. Deftly he filled up, struck a match, made an amusing remark about Y. M. C. A. matches and began to puff with a continuous sucking noise of the lips, smoking steadily until that pipeful was exhausted. He smoked faster than any man I ever saw. As soon as one pipeful was finished he reloaded and began again. This process was kept up during the entire sitting, and at times I merely glimpsed his ruddy countenance through a veritable smoke screen. I worked at top speed and did very little talking. When I apologized again for being so late in the morning, he smiled and said, "I cannot refuse Americans anything, and certainly not Mr. Chase," and then added a word or two which implied that his vanity—of which he has none—would not permit of his being omitted from the series I was painting for the American Government.

A Sense of Humor

I asked him if he spoke English, and he said, "No." Then said he, "Do you speak French?" and I replied, "Only the argot I learned as a student in the Latin Quarter." This seemed to amuse him, and throughout the sitting he would occasionally come out with a line of argot and then watch me closely to see if I understood it, and if I replied intelligently and in like manner, he laughed tremendously at every interchange.

When he signed the portrait after it was finished he took an envelope and upon it he again wrote his autograph and handed it to me saying, "This is for madame, the wife of the artist—I'm sure there must be a wife of the artist. I think she may be interested to know that I like her husband's portrait."

In the course of the sitting I told him of the difficulty I had had with my passport, and he asked me if I had it with me. I said regretfully that I had—unvisaed. He pressed a button for his aide, and taking the passport from me, gave it to him with a few rapid words of instruction. In about half an hour the aide reappeared, and to my intense relief handed me the passport properly visaed.

This action is characteristic of the man. No detail appears to be too small for his personal attention, and his face beams when he is able to give pleasure.

He was a fascinating subject for a painter. To depict faithfully the innumerable criscross lines with which his face is engraved would be to indicate the marshal's age as twice what it is. Despite the lines, his skin is clear and of a healthy color. His heavy-lidded eyes show the pupils distinctly and they can become points of steel at a moment's notice.

Twice during the sitting we were interrupted by the entrance of an officer who leaned over the desk and told the marshal a funny story. His appreciation of the stories was magnificent, and he chuckled over them after the officer had left. Perhaps the reason he did not pass them on to me was ample, but I have always wished that I knew what it was which could make the commander of the Allied Armies laugh so vigorously.

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CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Ha! Ha! Why take all that trouble? That's the very line-up by which we originally made Oh Henry! in our own little Kitchen. Though our Kitchen has grown to thousands of times its original size—that's the very recipe by which Oh Henry! is *still* made—that home-made way. So when you feel that home-made candy appetite, satisfy it at any candy counter by saying, Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

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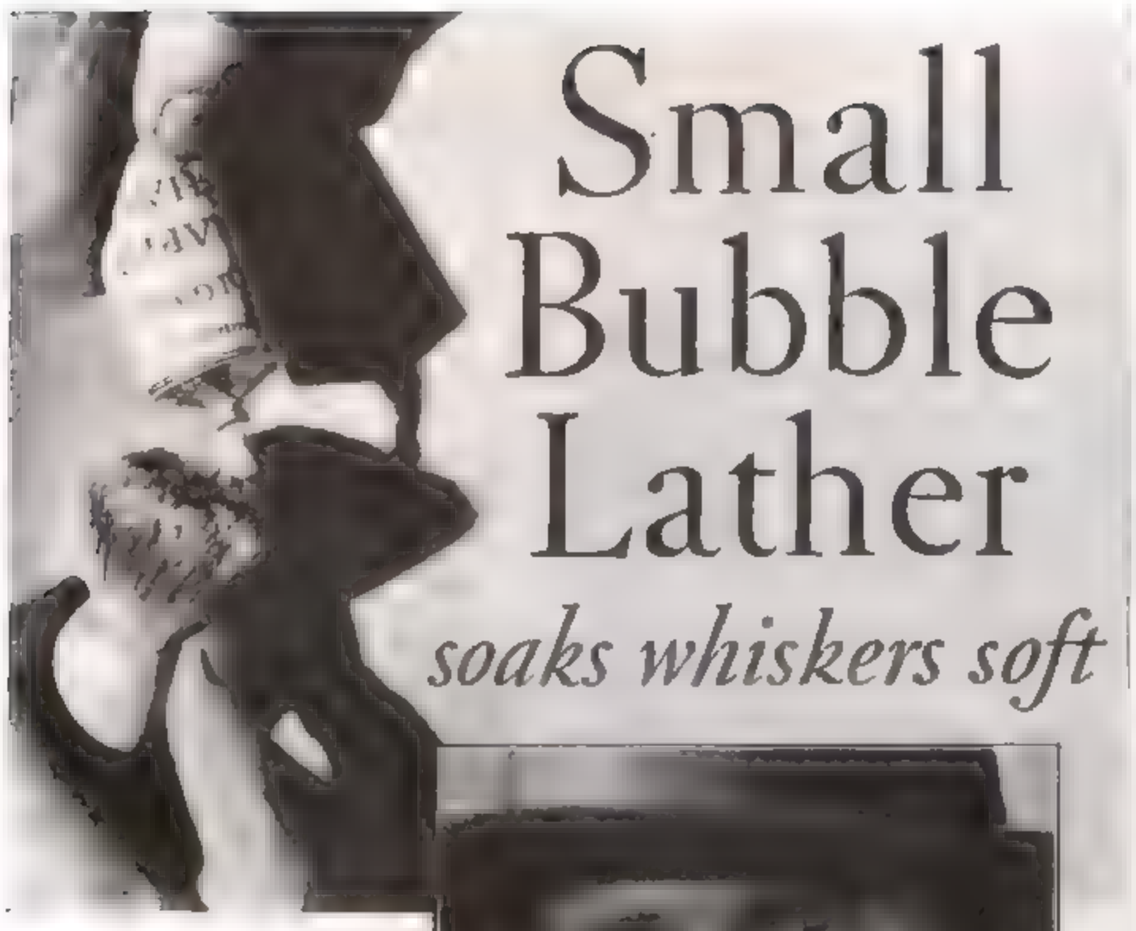

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soaks whiskers soft

—douses each hair with water at base— softens beard right where razor works

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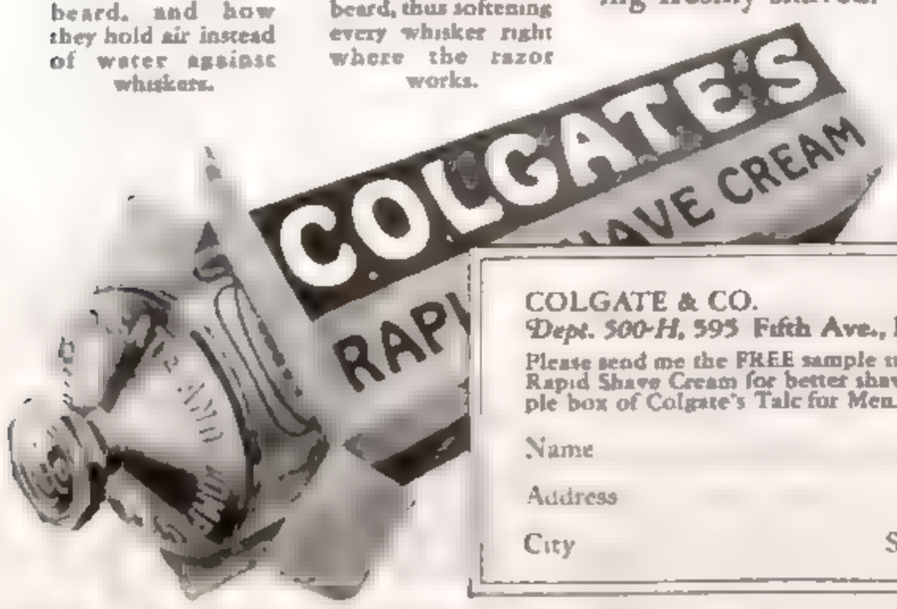

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

A viking's daughter came to my studio to sit for her portrait. I had never seen her before. I knew that she was twenty-one; that her father is a surgeon in California and, of course, that she is a better tennis player than any other woman has ever been at the age of twenty-one. Into the studio walked this Norsewoman, straight, loose-limbed, hair light brown, eyes blue and clear, cheek bones high, mouth serious and brave. This was Helen Wills.

The person who meets her casually might get an impression that she is arrogant. But I soon discovered that she is not at all arrogant. She is shy and she is brave. The combination of these two characteristics has contrived to create an impression that the facts belie. As she sat for her portrait we fell to discussing athletics.

I asked about the leading tennis players with whom she has competed and every remark about these adversaries was a kindly one. She is generous. In common with most persons who do anything superlatively well, she does not feel herself to be superior, but rather does she believe herself to be very lucky. Not all her opponents have been generous and I asked her concerning some stories about them that have been current in the sport news of the day. But I failed to draw from her a single comment that was unflattering to any of the lot.

Her profile might well be called Greek, as there is no indentation of the nose between the eyes, the line being continuous along the forehead and the nose without a break. This type is as much Norse as it is Greek. Her mother's antecedents gave her that and many other outstanding Norwegian characteristics. We talked about those valiant sea kings from whom she sprang, and her pride in them was evident. She is a worthy descendant, perpetuating their courage, their daring and their love of adventure.

Tennis and Art

Be it remembered that this youngster had won three championships before her twenty-first birthday, meeting the best and most formidable opponents, all of them mature contenders of many years' experience upon the courts.

"And what besides tennis really interests you the most?" I asked her. Then I discovered that she is strongly interested in art. Already she is doing much drawing and a little painting. Many of the newspapers have published her sketches of athletes in action—and clever efforts they are—but she is thinking and planning farther ahead than these sketches would indicate. She is bent upon a career in art. She asked question after question about the study of art, its pursuit, its disappointments and its joys. She showed a determination to go forward that is unusual and convincing. We talked on and on about mediums and materials, art schools, illustrations, design and painting. With her temperament, adventurous and determined, she may become not only a champion of the tennis courts but a distinguished person in the realm of art. In any case, she has the spirit of conquerors. A viking ship is setting forth upon a new sea. *Bon voyage! Bonne chance!* "Helen Wills.

The four individuals discussed in this article have faces that suggest certain characteristics responsible for their achievements and greatness. Foch and Bryan have heads that are somewhat of the bullet type. Wilson has a high forehead straightly on a plane with the surface of the face. Helen Wills' head is more usual than any of the others, but is a good-sized cranium All these heads are indicative of a high degree of intelligence. The heads tell us little beyond that, but the face of each of them tells us much more. The mouths in particular, and the eyebrows, show determination in all four.

Wilson, Foch and Miss Wills show ideality in the upper half of the face. The lower part of Wilson's face is not in keeping with the upper part, because it denotes doggedness and willfulness. Both his mouth and that of Bryan show selfishness. The way the chin is held in the case of Bryan and Foch is absolutely indicative of purpose

Facial Revelations

The chin of Wilson is a very peculiar one due to the construction of the teeth and of the jaw, which allow of a great variety of expression. Sometimes Wilson closed his mouth in what might be called an undershot fashion, making the length from nose to tip of the chin unusually long, and sometimes he closed his mouth with the under teeth back of the uppers, thus shortening the effect. This individual characteristic, however, would indicate nothing in particular except a changing mood. But his nose and that of Bryan show studious traits. And both Wilson and Bryan looked out from under heavy straight lids in a way that boded evil for anyone who crossed them.

Bryan's face shows that he was sensitive. So does Wilson's. Foch's face shows that he would accept "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" as all in the day's work. His mouth and that of Helen Wills are the two eminently brave ones of the group.

In the matter of intellect, I should place Wilson first, but should add that the self-centeredness indicated would at times limit the operation of that intelligence. His face and Foch's are two that indicate greatness in their entirety. Foch's face shows his ability to think clearly and accurately regardless of the personal equation. Miss Wills is so young that it is not easy to discuss the indications of her face except the high-minded bravery that is apparent and very engaging.

GENERAL PHOTO SERVICE

Reasco Falls, in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania

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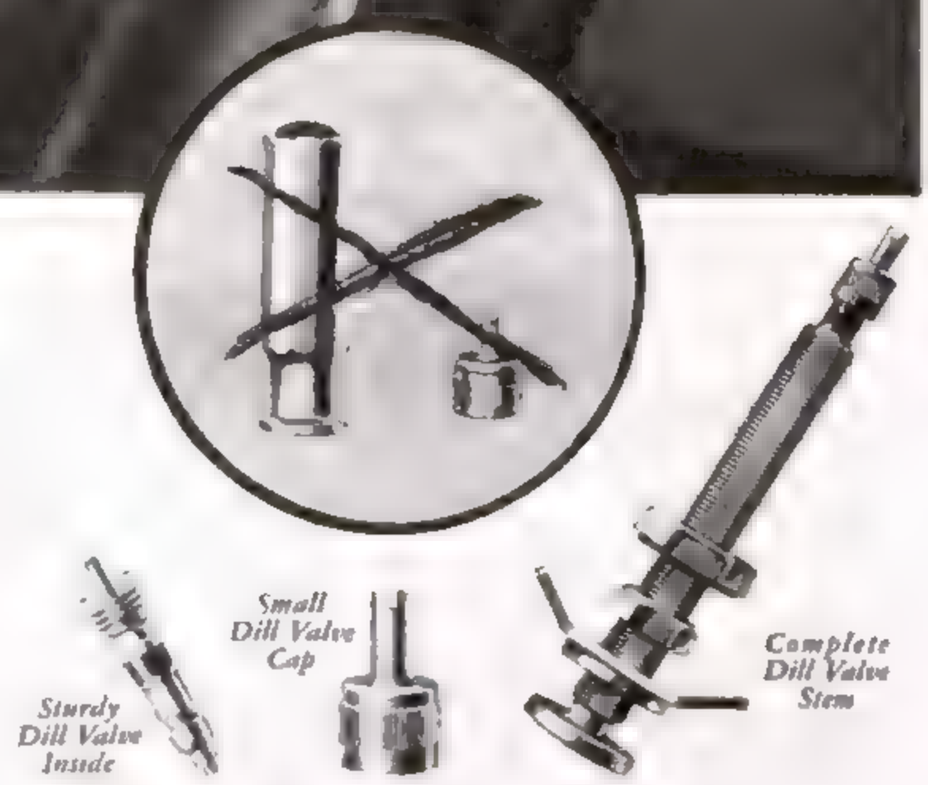

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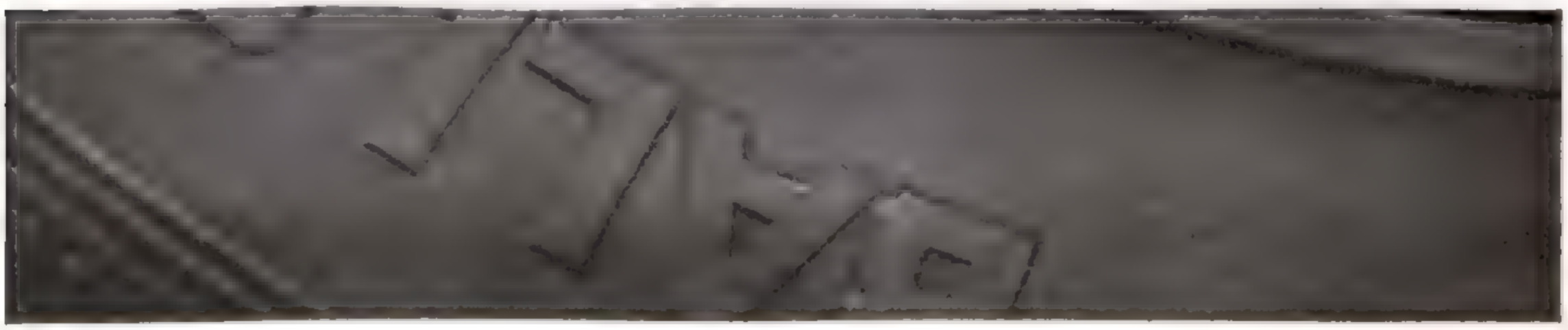

ME—GANGSTER

Continued from Page 25

satisfaction and lit one of his famous cigars. The cigar worked its way into the corner of his mouth and then stuck up to a level with his eye.

"Well, kid," he cracked after a minute more of silence, "us Murphys ain't so bad, at that!"

"You sure done more than you know when you sent them two guys in," I moaned. "They'll make plenty of fire!"

"They will, eh?" he sneered. "They'll hang somethin' on us, eh? Wait an' see. Sit down, Danny; make yourself easy. It may take me a little time to tell you two fine dopes just what you are goin' to do. . . . Take a drink, both of you. Get the dust out of your brains a bit and grab onto what I'm tellin' you."

Danny slumped into a chair and I heard the neck of the bottle play a tattoo on the rim of his glass as he poured a drink. The old man heard it too, because he laughed easily and said, "Game guys, you two. Bad gun fighters. But when you see a real jam ahead you quiver so you can't pour a drink!"

A Champion of the People

I never felt so cheap in my life. When he was in a fighting mood there was that thing about the old man. He could make a mayor feel like a ward constable. The cigar in his mouth did a continuous dance from the clamping of his teeth, and the fire on its end was only a little redder than his eyes. "Those guys have got a lot on you, haven't they?" he demanded. "You might just as well tell me the truth. I know it anyway."

"I'll say they have!" I groaned. "Slug and Nick and Dutch ——"

"Yes," the old man interrupted, "an' Twist an' Dandy an' Gat. Oh, I know the story! Know it well. Don't think I'm goin' it blind on this thing. I don't work that way."

"Maybe not on your own racket," I countered, "but how about us? Only last night I figured you might get me bumped off just to save yourself. Now I guess you'll let the state do the job an' save yourself the trouble. But ——"

"Don't be a fool, kid!" he growled. "Blood is thicker than water. After all, you're my kid. An' besides, I've got to think about other things than just you. I'm goin' to be elected alderman no matter what anybody else says. That's what made me so mad at you when you cracked about education an' my manners. The bosses are sayin' the same thing. I know it. But wait an' see. I'll run, an' I'll be elected, or every police official and crook in the town will go back to work!"

Danny steadied a little as the old man talked and leaned over and poured another drink, but when he swallowed it he gulped like a pig.

"Now you listen to me," my father went on. "You were just goin' to tell me that if I framed you, you would tell a few things you know. Well, tell 'em. But I ain't goin' to frame you. I'm goin' to get you out of this mess, an' I'm the only man that could. I know those yeggs will squawk! Know it as well as you do. That's just what I want them to do. Just what I expect. They are double-crossin' rats, all of 'em. So I crossed them first an' I saved you young fools by doin' it.

"They go in for murder—see?" he went on. "Plain murder an' the evidence is all set to convict every one of them. The world'll be better off without 'em anyhow."

"But they'll drag us into the same killing!" I cried, thinking about the way Slug had bumped off that poor driver.

"Yeah?" he sneered, his eyes shining again and his shoulders heaving upward in pride the while his cigar danced more rapidly than ever. "They will, huh?"

"Certainly they will," Danny managed to say. He was hunched in his chair and his face was blanched and his hands worked together between his knees. "You know we was in that fight. We led the gang up there an' Slug bumped the driver without our expectin' it."

The old man got up and walked across the room. On his way back he stopped at the table and filled his glass. Then he filled Danny's and mine. With his free hand he took the cigar out of his mouth and lifted his glass up to the light again.

"Stand up," he said; "stand up an' drink to the best man you ever drank with!" His voice boomed out in laughter that filled the whole house.

"You thought you had somethin' on the old man, eh, kid?" he said to me. "Thought you was pretty safe because I bumped off Fletch that time, or had him bumped off. Oh, I admit it! Me an' the captain had that job done nice an' handy without no fuss to speak of." He paused, flirted his glass and drained it with a grunt of satisfaction.

"And now lemme tell you. All your gang, exceptin' you, are in for that particular killin', an' they can't win. The cards are set. The case is complete. The Honorable James Murphy, leader of the gas-house district and self-made defender of the common people, has brought just six gunmen to a deserved justice and made his district safe for ——" His voice trailed off in laughter again.

"You mean," Danny said, his tongue rattling as if the words were solid things that scraped across it, "that you framed these guys for killin' Fletch?"

"Certainly! That clears the captain an' me forevermore. It brands anything they say about you two as lies; a cheap attempt on their part to strike back at the man that brought them to the bar of justice, which man is me, savvy? We got witnesses that will stand out like the dial on a money box—that's what we have. An' when those yeggs crack about the uptown gun fight, all it will mean is a lot more fine publicity for the Honorable James Murphy!" He laughed again, and in his voice there was a note of exultation and pride.

"By heavens," I muttered to Danny, "the old man is right. All those guys took the stand and swore at my trial that they never left Clancy's the night of the shootin'. It looks like the old man has turned a neat trick, at that!"

Cleaning the Slate

"He has," the old man snapped at me. "A trick that only a man with a lot of weight could pull off, believe me. Never speak to me about nerve again. Nor brains neither. I got all that was give to this Murphy family!" I could not speak, and Danny did not. Somehow the whole thing was—well, ghastly. He did it so easy and was so sure of himself.

"Wait till you see the evidence in the papers tomorrow," he laughed. "Wait till you read about me workin' with the police for endless weeks an' finally winnin' out an' bringin' this gang of killers to the bar of justice. . . . I like that phrase—that bar of justice!" Once again he laughed. "What I done, an' all I done, was beat them to the punch! An' the district attorney won't know a punch has been made until these mugs read my statement in the morning papers. After that they will fold up an' take the rap. They can't do anythin' else! They won't do much talkin'. The captain'll see to that."

Danny and me sighed in relief. I hated to see guys framed, but they were framing me even as the old man worked this trick. It was a case of them or us, and it had to be them. But you got to hand it to the old man, because he was smart; he planned that one thing to wipe the slate clean for all of us.

"An' now," he went on, posing before Danny and me like an actor on the stage, "just to show you that I ain't too far behind you when it comes to brains, I'll take the $700 you got from those chumps, kid!"

I gave him the money without a word. I would have thought he was a wonder if he had not asked for that money, but when he cracked that I saw through the whole thing Clancy was the man who worked it. Clancy was the man who knew Twist was going to give me the money, because that was decided in his place, so Clancy must have told the old man about it.

I could see that easy enough, because the old man would have to fix Clancy for testifying for us if the gang talked. Clancy would have to swear again that we never left the poker room that night of the uptown gun fight. And I knew, even as the old man strutted around and boasted, that Clancy himself would get the $700. But that made no difference. Danny and me had to admit that the old man had plunged and won for us, and for himself too. And that was what counted. I felt so good about it, and so relieved, that I went to the telephone and called up Mary, but the woman there told me that she had left for the hospital and was going to live there after that.

A Troublesome Conscience

If I tell too much about the trial of the six men that had been our gang, it will make trouble. I have to be very careful about that, because those things go very deep. But they were tried. With the old man backing the district attorney the thing went through like greased lightning. Within a week of the time they were arrested they had been indicted, and the papers told every day about how the district attorney was going to rush the processes of justice. Just as soon as all this broke I told Lefty I would not show at the assistant district attorney's outside office because that would make it look bad, and he agreed with me. So I had nothing but time on my hands. I missed Mary a lot. They had regulations up at the hospital and she did not get much time to leave the place. I saw her once or twice and she seemed happier up there. There was a queer manner about her. I had noticed it for quite a while, ever since my mother died. It was as though she had reached a big decision and was fixing up her life to match the decision. People are that way. After a man decides to do a certain thing and devotes his life to it he gets sort of settled. Mary had that look and manner—a happy manner, like she was dead sure she was right. Once again I asked her if she loved me.

"Yes, Jimmie," she said slowly; "I really and truly love you. I guess I always have. And I think you love me."

"Then why not get married?" I cracked again. "That would change everything for me, Mary."

"It would change a lot," she admitted, "but the one thing I want changed would remain the same."

"And that?"

"Well, you are a crook, Jimmie. I never could marry a crook."

That made me sore and I walked away from her and told myself I never would bother with her again. A man is an awful fool at times. Mary is the finest girl I ever knew. I have said before that she is waiting for me and I often think how wise she was not to marry me during those days when I asked her so often. Suppose we had married and she had not learned nursing? Where would she be now, with me doing time? But anyway, I was alone a lot and lonesome. Ever since Danny had sort of half helped Twist and Dandy to put that thing over on me about the $700, I was afraid of him.

The papers told all the evidence they had against the gang and I had to take my hat off to the captain and the old man. They had dug up witnesses who had no criminal record to swear that they saw Fletch killed in an argument down by the gas house. The jewelry the captain had planted on poor Fletch was used as evidence of a gang fight over cutting up loot, and three men who worked on the docks swore that they knew Slug and Twist and Dandy and Nick as the men who started the shooting at Fletch.

When you have gone out with a bunch like that, all of you loaded with rods and ready to start shooting, they are different to you; they stick in your mind as pals. I hated to see them take the rap even though they had let me take it during my trial for murder. It bothered me. I got to thinking that perhaps other people knew about the frame-up and what they must be thinking about me when I let my pals go to the chair. I was awful sorry for the gang and awful scared too; I got to admit that.

There was a good chance that some of their friends I did not know might bump me off some dark night. But aside from that, I was afraid to think of them going to the smoky seat while I was living on the fat of the land. It was a mixture that I felt—a mixture of fear and sorrow—and I got to hating myself. I finally decided I had to do something about it, even if it made me confess I was in with them on the gang shooting and led to my taking the rap with them. So I went straight to the old man and we sat at the dining-room table and talked it all over.

"These guys are getting a tough break," I told him. "They are my pals and I got to do something for them. Otherwise I would go goofy thinkin' about 'em."

The old man sat very still, but his eyes found mine and he never moved them an inch. There was that funny fighting light in them and I saw that his jaw was set hard and his lips twisted a little into a smirk.

"Oh, goin' to show yellow, huh?" he sneered. "You're about the cheesiest combination I ever met up with. How the devil Jim Murphy had to breed a kid like you, I don't know!"

"That's all right," I cracked back at him. "At that, maybe a kid that'll stand by his pals ain't so tough. All that's botherin' me is this business of sending my own buddies over the road to the chair."

"Bunk!" he snarled. "Pals!" There was blazing scorn in his tone. "Those guys would frame you quick as a wink. Don't be a fool. If I didn't have them covered from every angle they would get you from their cells!"

"I gotta do somethin'," I repeated kind of doggedly. "I can't stand by quiet an' see them all get the limit."

Seeing Your Pals Framed

I guess anybody could see that I meant what I said. I know I did mean it too. Even more than the fear of being bumped by the gang was just the thought of letting a pal go across on such a rotten frame-up. The old man poured us both a drink. Sometimes when he was thinking pretty hard he used to clench and unclench his fists and chew his mustache. He was doing that now, and the gesture pulled down one side of his face and made his right eye look big and dangerous.

"All right," he cracked at last, just like he was willing to help me; "we'll do somethin'. What'll it be?"

"What'll we do, you mean?" I asked him. I was sparring for time, because I knew that whenever the old man seemed to agree with anybody, and especially with me, he had something up his sleeve.

"Yeah. What'll we do?"

"Well, I was goin' to ask you that ——"

"You ask me about everythin', don't you?"

"You only think I do. You're smart—I admit that—but there are other smart guys too." (Continued on Page 88)

Three rules for the battery buyer

How to make sure that the battery you select is a good one

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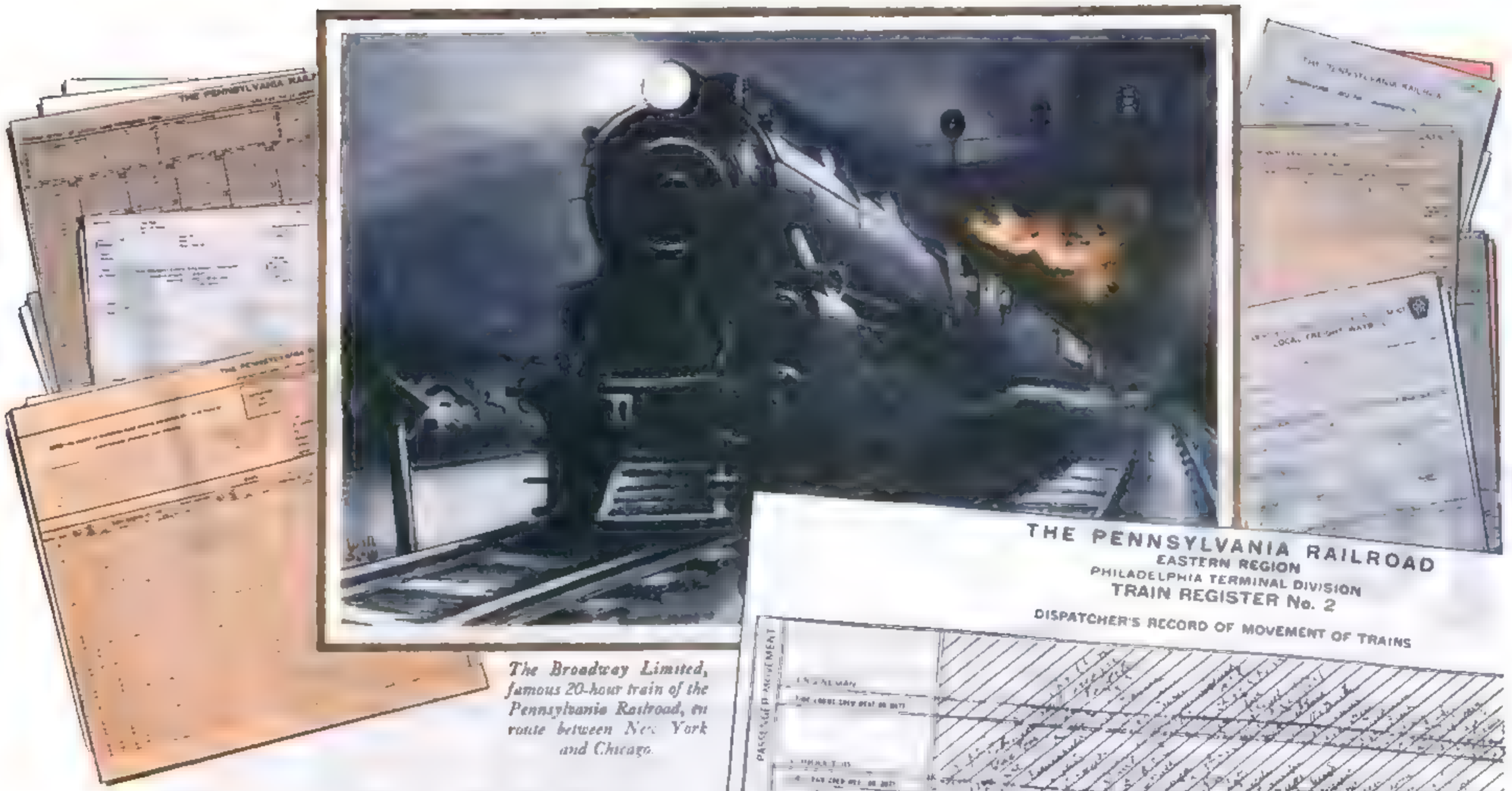

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(Continued from Page 84)

"Why not ask them? I don't want to be bothered fussin' around with the likes of you."

"You're in on this deal," I cracked back at him, like that explained everything. Then I got up and drank the whisky at a gulp and started walking the floor. I felt just that way. I had to be doing something all the time. The minute I sat down I felt jumpy and nervous and had to get up and move around. The old man was laughing at me again. That soft laugh which, after all, was so hard.

"You mean, kid, that you know I'm the only one that can do anything," he grinned.

"Mebbe that's it," I admitted. "I know you could if you would."

"Sure I can, an' I will! You just tell me what to do."

"Well," I mumbled uncertainly, "get 'em a ten-year stretch for manslaughter. Keep 'em outa the chair anyway. Later on you can spring them outa the can."

He laughed. "More nonsense!" he exploded after a minute. "Stop an' think a minute. Imagine those birds in the can, with each day seemin' six months long an' their minds festerin' under the frame-up we fixed for 'em! Just picture that, will you? You know Slug Dolan. Do you want to have five other stir bugs hangin' up there in the big home achin' for a chance to spill all they know? Do you want that? Do you want every crook in the can to know how these birds were framed an' who done it?" Once more he laughed sneeringly. "You talk like a warty jellyfish! Some reform candidate will come along before many months an' be elected to office. That would give them their chance to talk, an' what a pile o' talkin' they could do! What meat their conversation would be for a mug that was shoutin' reform!" His right fist was working open and shut as he talked and the knuckles were white with the pressure of his grip. "They'd hang it on us inside of six months, you fool!" he finished savagely.

"Well, get 'em life, then," I cracked. "Do anythin' to keep 'em from the chair!"

"An' if I don't?"

"Then I will!" I said. "I'll go to the bosses an' tell 'em all I know. I'll take the rap myself to save them."

The old man stood up and poured another drink. He swallowed it and never even twisted his face. He was that kind of a drinker; he really liked liquor. Then he lit a cigar and, as he puffed, his right fist kept opening and closing. I knew I had him stumped. The smoke was hanging in front of his face, but I could see his eyes through it and knew that he was weighing me and what I had said

"I guess, by gorry, you would!" he said at long last, and there was a good deal of surprise in his voice. "Yeah, at that, I guess you would!"

"Sure as flaming hell, I will!" I said.

The Trail of the Smoky Seat

"Sit down," he snapped, his voice a little softer. "You are as free from brains as a pig is from feathers! Lemme talk to you. Lemme show you a couple of things you don't seem to savvy. The minute you go there an' squawk, in you go! The district attorney has built his case the way I wanted it. What can he do now? The courts and the people won't believe you, an' all you would gain would be a dead loss. Those yeggs are headed for the chair as sure as you're a foot high. If you want to go with them, you've picked the best way I know!"

When he mentioned the chair I kept thinking about the time I was on trial for murder and the visions I had of the little gray hall with the smoky seat at the end of it. He had me there. That is a terrible thought to keep thinking on for days and days.

He knew he had me; he laughed just a little and said, "Well, we won't do that, I guess. Now what is your next best bet?"

I was desperate. "See the district attorney and put the screws on him," I cracked. "Get 'em off with life."

"That is worse yet," he answered very calmly. "That would still leave 'em around to talk when the chance came, and, anyway, the district attorney can't do that, because he would hang himself. These guys are as good as convicted and everybody knows it. Can you imagine a district attorney askin' for second degree when he has already won on a first degree? That would make a nice smell for the other political party to build on!"

In Society's Coin

"You're so smart," I cracked helplessly, "you could find a way to fix it."

"You are dumber than I thought," he came back at me. "Don't you think there are other bosses? Don't you think there are guys higher up in the organization than me? I can get away with a lot, but I got to play the game with them."

That was a big thing for him to say. It was the first time I ever heard him admit anybody was bigger than himself, and the minute he said it I knew I had him worried for fear I would do something foolish. He went on talking before I could answer.

"You gotta see that this thing is a system. Once you get something started you can't always stop it. I'm boss down here, but the whole system is run from headquarters. The only way I stay boss is by playin' with bigger bosses, an' that's why I get the appointments to give out an' the control I have over other officers of the city an' county an' state. I pull out the votes. The whole thing is a machine. Try throwin' a wrench in it an' see where you come out! I'm tellin' you that there ain't a thing we can do, kid. These birds tried to frame both you an' me. We come off first best, that's all. They gotta go the route because we started 'em an' can't quit. If you open your mouth, all you'll get is a ride with 'em. The system is grindin', un'erstand? Grindin' it is, an' nothin' will stop it. I gotta admit I kinda like you for stickin' by your friends, but you shut up an' go your way. Leave this with me!"

He was right. I could see that; see that anything I could do would hang me cold and high and dry and never help the gang a bit. I hated to admit it; hated and feared the thoughts I could not shake off; but I could take it or leave it and that was all. The gang had to go. The old man showed me that the system must work or collapse. They intended to keep it working and the gang was the victim.

"I suppose you win," I admitted, a groan in my voice.

"Sure I do. I always do," he boasted. "It's like a crooked card game—you can't lose if you're on the inside."

I turned to leave, but he poured a drink and told me it would brace me up and I must not be yellow about this trial. "As long as it had to come, kid," he went on easy and free like, "we might as well use it to our advantage. I intend goin' to the city hall, an' this conviction will go a long way to help me. You'll leave the trial to me, huh?"

I promised I would, because what else was there to do? I was licked and so was the gang.

The old man was in the saddle for the system and he was going to ride across the finish line 100 miles the winner.

"An'," he went on as a parting shot, "watch me work. You'll see how much of a chance that bunch and their friends will get against us. They won't even get a shot at crackin' more than their real names!"

It was surprising how well the gang's talk was kept out of the papers. Their own lawyers convinced them they ought to keep quiet about me and the old man, because if they cracked anything on us, everyone would say they were just trying to get back at him for getting them arrested. You can see the chance they had. They were licked before they started. In order to make a warning to all the underworld, the district attorney pleaded for a death sentence. He got that too. Every one of them was sentenced to the chair and, as you may know by this time, every one of them went to his death.

By the time all this was done I was twenty-two years old, and maybe I was beginning to get more sense. The death of those guys went deep with me. I was not responsible and they had earned that sentence, but it went deep. It seemed to bring home to me the rottenness of life and the slim chances a man has got when he starts going wrong. I saw I could not win. I saw that even the old man must have his day of reckoning. And when that day came we would all do some pretty tall paying! I told him that honestly; told him I would really like to go straight and wanted a chance.

He laughed at me when I asked him to get me a political job. He said I never would work.

I saw Mary after that trial ended and told her how I felt. There was a glad light in her eyes, just from the way I said it, but she did not seem to take me very seriously. When I asked her why not, she said again that reform came from inside a man and when it showed there I would really feel it.

"But it is inside me," I told her. "I'd love to get a decent job and really keep straight!"

"When you are truly reformed, Jimmie," she cracked, "the thing you will think about least is the future. You will dwell a whole lot on the past and try to find some way to make up for it."

Mary was always cracking queer things like that, but I felt sober and serious, so I tried to make her tell me all she thought.

"I'm sorry for all I've done," I told her, "an' I'd square it if I could. But how can I?"

"There is only one way," she said, cool as an ice cake. "If you owe something to society, pay it!"

"But how? The money is gone, or most of it."

"Not in money. How do all criminals pay their debt to society?"

"In the can, I guess," I grinned. "That's the only way they could."

"Then why not that? When you are reformed inside, you will do that."

"What!" I gasped. "Do you mean to tell me you think I ought to go to the police and ask to be put away for what I've done?" I thought she was kidding me along, but she was not. She meant every word of it.

When Nerve Counts

"An' you claim to love me?" I said, very sore at her.

"It is because I love you that I feel this way," she said.

"Nobody," I told her, "would send anybody they love to a prison. Why, look what it done to Slug Dolan!"

"Nobody that is fine and noble and sincere would marry a crook if they knew it," she answered me; "and I want to be fine and noble. Look at your mother. It killed her knowing she had brought you into the world. Honest people hate crooks, Jimmie. I would rather work at scrubbing all of my life than have a child of mine a crook!"

Well, you can see that I thought she had gone nuts. If you ask me, the idea of me going to the cops and confessing all I had done and asking to be put away was enough to make a snake's hips wiggle!

"You'll never marry me till I do that?" I asked Mary.

"Never," she answered. "You may as well know the truth, Jimmie."

"Then I'll find me a real girl," I told her, "an' get married within a year. You ain't the only girl alive!"

She never answered; just patted my hand a bit and smiled that confident and satisfied smile of hers, and we separated. Just how funny life is, you can see from the fact that Mary was right all the time, and that is why I am here. I saw it her way at last and that is why she is waiting.

I used to think I was game when I was lugging a rod and talking tough with gangsters, but the only real nerve I ever showed in my life was when I gave myself up and took the rap. The way I feel now, it was the only time I ever showed good sense too. But here I am ahead of my story again and I really want to stick to telling things just as they happened. As I said, I was lonesome. The old man got real jovial after the trial and conviction, and when that gang was finally bumped off he got really good to me.

"Keep out of jams," he used to say to me, "I'll give you enough money to get along on. It takes brains an' guts to play with these crooks an' I ain't sure you got either one of them!"

Seeking Reënforcements

"I want a job, that's what I want. Get me a soft job in some city department."

"You would have me in a jam in thirty minutes after you landed there," he grinned. "Honest, kid, you ain't got the brains to keep from being a mark for these people. They are smart, and every department in the city is tied in with them one way or another. As long as you are known as my kid they will all be after you with schemes that you ain't got sense enough to see through. . . . You keep away from this Lefty Todd—hear me? He is a smart crook."

"Suppose he comes after me and cracks something about what the district attorney knows about the dock foreman and you?" I asked him. I thought that might scare him a little more. But it did not. He just laughed.

"Tell him to jump in the lake if he comes to you. Tell him I broke his boss just by snappin' my fingers an' I'll send him over for plenty if he monkeys with you."

"Was it you that got that assistant district attorney fired?" I asked him.

"It wasn't nobody else," he boasted, throwing out his chest. "An' I don't mind tellin' you that I even own his gamblin' house now! It don't pay to cross with Jim Murphy, kid. It just don't pay! I'm the biggest district boss in this town. I'll be an alderman when I get ready."

But I got to missing Danny more and more. It is a terrible thing to like somebody like I did Danny and then find you cannot trust him. Maybe I put too much thought in that deal over the $700, but experience is bound to teach a guy, and I never yet met a crook that would not squawk to save his own skin.

At last I went around to see the captain and I told him about my talks with the old man and how I really wanted a job. I figured he might get me one and then convince the old man I ought to take it. I also thought that if I got a job and stuck to it Mary would forget that nonsense about giving myself up, and later on marry me. I loved Mary then even as much as I do now. Women may be nutty, and I guess most of them are, but Mary is different, and I wish the world was full of people like her. The captain had grown gray during the past three or four years. You know, no matter how smart a man is he will grow gray if he is crooked. There is so much to worry about and you are always in the hands of people you do not trust any too much. But he listened to me and then told me that I had better do whatever the old man told me.

"Your old man is a tough egg, Jimmie," he smiled sourly, "but he is smart and he has the courage of a lion on the trail of raw meat. He is getting bigger all the time, and right now there is not another boss in town that wants to cross up with him."

"But," I told him, "the old man wants me to sit around all the time, and I hate that."

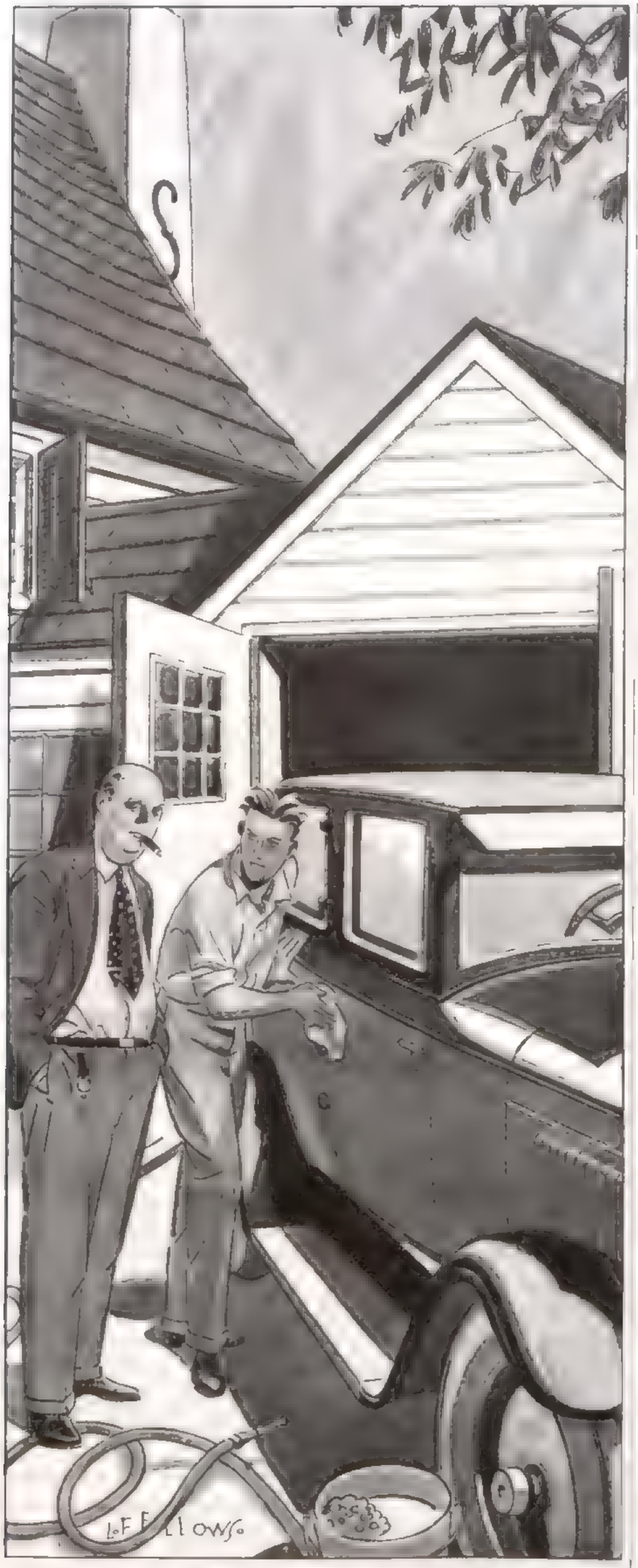
"Have you split up with Danny Critch?"

"Nope. Not exactly split up."

"You ain't goin' to pull together on rackets, though?"

"No. I guess anything I ever do, I'll do alone. What I really want is to get me a job and be decent. I mean that, captain."

"Mebbe you do. But take my advice and stick to what your old man tells you.



"You'll need some new tires pretty soon, Bill."

"I know it; I'd like to get some Kelly-Springfields, but they cost too much."

"Why, Kellys don't cost any more than those tires you've got now, and you'll get so much more mileage that in the end the Kellys will actually cost you less."

He knows best. He just fixed that fool detective for grafting, and a man that can do that has really got brains and pul."

"Why can't you get me a city job?" I kept after him. "Even if it was sidewalk inspector, it would do. I know that everybody thinks it's funny I live without workin' at all, an' since the gang went for the fall they may be thinkin' I'm livin' on what we all stole together and that I sent 'em away just to get what we might have had."

"Did you have anything?" he asked, and I could see right away that he never would change.

"Not a dime, captain. There was an even $700 that they tried to slip me the night they were knocked off at our house, but I gave that to the old man."

"Well," he said after a while, "I'll go so far as to talk with your father, because there may be something to what you say about its lookin' better if you went to work. But whatever he says, I would stand to if I were you."

"Suppose he should die an' leave me nothin'?" I asked, feeling rather foolish as I did.

"That guy will never die," he muttered, and there crept into his voice a note that made me wonder if he would not be glad to see the last of the old man.

"He will die if he ever runs for alderman," I grinned. "It would kill him to be beaten by the voters."

The captain smiled in spite of himself. I could see that everyone knew my old man was hipped on the alderman thing and nobody gave him a chance to win. You could see why that was too. The old man came from the docks and never was able to shake off dock manners. How could he make a real speech?

"He is pretty strong, though," the captain said. "He might fool you and win." I only laughed and went back to talking about the job I wanted.

"I'll talk it over with him," he promised me again. "I'll do the best I can with him, and he has been feelin' fine for quite a while. Mebbe he will do something for us. But for the love of Mike, Jimmie, keep out of rackets for a while. Things are pretty bad around here now."

A Dress Rehearsal

"I hear you're gettin' transferred?" I shot at him.

He set to drumming on his table with the fingers of his soft hand, and I knew he was worried. He always did that when he was worried, and I guess he was worried most of the time.

"There's some talk about it," he mumbled. "But I guess it won't come off. I don't want to leave here. Your old man is working on the thing for me. . . . I'll talk this job over with him and see if I can help you."

"Sure," I grinned; "he ought to do it for you. Look at the dough you bring him in every week!"

He raised his eyebrows and drummed louder, then he scowled. "A nice little friend you make!" he sneered. "I offer to help you and you make cracks like that!"

"I want the job," I told him. "Want it bad. See if you can't get it for me."

Then I left the station house, knowing very well that I had scared the captain a good deal and that he would tell the old man and maybe that would get me the job. I was right too. I went to a movie that afternoon and got home just in time for dinner. We had a good cook and the old man was coming home to dinner more. The meals were great.

When I got home the captain was there and I heard him taking a drink with the old man. I went in where they were and I half expected to catch trouble right off the bat. But they both said they were glad I came in.

"We'll have three for dinner, captain," the old man cracked. "You stay along with us. Go telephone home and tell 'em where you are. I'll not have no for an answer."

The captain went to the telephone, and while he was gone the old man mixed three drinks. Just in the last few days he had started taking siphon water with his drinks and he had got some new glasses that were all frosted and very high.

"Bring us some ice," he called to the maid; "an' see that it's cracked up in small pieces to fit a glass. Come, captain, we'll have a good whisky and soda before dinner."

Just as soon as he cracked that I knew he was in training for alderman. Not that aldermen drink these days, but this was the first time he had ever taken his liquor any way but straight, and up till now our evening meal had always been called supper. I wondered if the old man was taking lessons in being a gentleman so he could stop the biggest kick against his being an alderman. If he was, I thought, he would get fooled in the end. Being a gentleman, I figure, is the same as Mary said about being reformed – it is on the inside.

A Wish Come True

But we drank the long drink out of the new glasses, and I could see the old man did not like the ice against his mustache, and before he had drunk all that water he was nearly drowned. I got a big laugh out of the idea. I liked to see him pay for all this nonsense just over running for alderman. I knew what it was all about, but I do not think the captain did. He did his best to swallow the highball.

"Nothin' like a whisky an' soda before dinner," the old man cracked. "I say good Scotch with fresh siphon makes a gentleman's drink."

When we got to the table there was more forks there than I ever saw before. I looked at the old man and he frowned. All through the meal things were served from platters, and we never did that before. We used to just reach out and help ourselves or pass things around. I never cracked a thing, but I could see that the old man was getting lots of fun out of watching the captain. Two or three times he almost tipped a platter out of the maid's hands, and he did not know any more about the different forks than I did, or than the old man himself did.

But, anyway, you get the idea that was taking the old man. We were beginning to put on some style, and as sure as you are born, that was only on account of the alderman thing. It might have been funny to think about, but there was another side that worried me. If the old man ran for alderman and was beaten, that might ruin him for district committeeman too. Just as soon as he let it be seen that he could be licked, everyone would be out to lick him. I thought he was an awful fool to make the try, myself. I figured I would talk to him about that end of it when a good chance came along. Suppose he got licked for alderman and then for district committeeman too? Where would I be then?

"Jimmie," the captain was saying to me, "I have told your father about our talk."

"About the job, captain?" I asked. I sure hoped they had got together on the thing, and I felt from the way they acted that they had.

"About the job," he cracked back at me. "Yes, about the job. I think perhaps I have made your father see the sense of your idea."

"Good," I said. "But what about the job? Do I get one?"

"You do, I think." He raised his eyes to the old man and received permission to speak out. "Yes, you get a job."

"A city job? What is it?"

"We are going to put you on the police department," he said as I nearly fell off the chair. "For a week or so you might have to do reserve duty at my station and after that we will see that you get into the C. I. D.—which means that you will be a detective."

He said something more, but I was so surprised I never did know what it was. Imagine me a cop! After all, maybe the old man would win for alderman. Anything could happen after this!

TO BE CONTINUED

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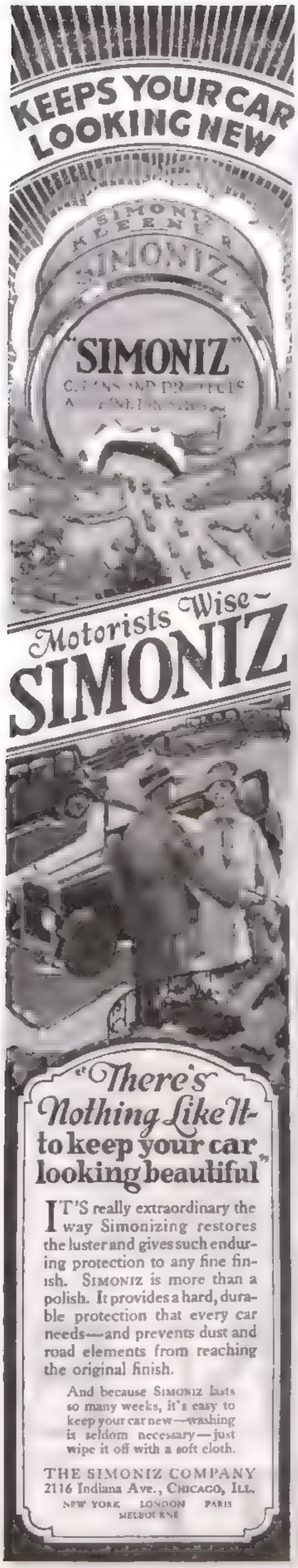
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The Grand Canyon

Fishing When it Was Good

"I REMEMBER the time very well," observed the veteran trout fisherman, "when you could catch two hundred trout in a day in Colorado. But those days are gone now; and they will never come back. The trouble is those tourists. They usurp everything. They are everywhere you go; even in the remotest places. You can't get away from them. I've tried. Well, I have had this satisfaction: That I have known fishing when it was good!"

The veteran trout fisherman is an old man. He lived in the days of gloried outdoor sports in America; he saw things that will never be seen again—not on this earth.

And when I mentioned to him that perhaps conditions were not so bad as he had pictured them to be, that perhaps there was some fishing—enough to entice a sportsman and to be worth his while—the veteran said that neither fishing nor hunting would ever be any good any more, and had as well not be followed. He was comparing the present with the past, and that is always dangerous.

I have been learning lately the same thing from other sources. I have talked with tourists, and they say that trout fishing in Colorado is no more. I have seen the same thing in newspapers and magazines—yes, and I have discussed it with native fishermen and learned the same thing.

But I have also heard a different story offsetting this one—a story that trout fishing is not so bad in Colorado as many say. Which story you will believe, if you are a fisherman, depends upon two things: Where you fish and how well you fish.

Fishing in Colorado, as elsewhere, should not be improving; it should naturally be getting poorer each year. The reason is that there are too many people fishing, too much accessibility to streams, too much easy transportation, too much skill in fishermen. Yet, in spite of this, many fishermen reported the 1926 season as being the best season in ten years, and said that they had taken more fish, enjoyed better fishing than they had since those fabulous though very uncertain old days.

Now, if fishing is getting better and not poorer, there must be a reason for it. This reason is not difficult to uncover. It is supplied by the words: "More intelligent stocking of streams."

Four years ago the state of Colorado began stocking its trout streams, of which it has 6000 miles, by a new method. The results in better fishing are just beginning to be noticed; the reports of the 1926 season justify this statement.

The new method was adopted as an experiment. Not many said that it would make good. There were many cavilers who remarked that it was costly, impractical; that, anyway, what was wrong with the old method?

But already the results have excused the little larger cost of the new method; and these results are barely being felt now, as four years is too short a time to judge properly. The originators of the method say that in ten years from now the method will be more in position to be judged than now, for in introducing it they said that it would take at least ten years to make good.

The man who began this new method of stocking is R. G. Parvin. He is state game and fish commissioner of Colorado. It was his idea, and he put it into practice. What is this new idea of stocking which is showing such results? It can best be shown by the antithetical method of describing the old first and then setting the new alongside it. So that is what I shall do. Stocking of trout streams, to begin with, is no new act in Colorado. For forty years it has been practiced. When first adopted the method used was that of other states. It was an easy, simple, convenient, inexpensive method, and it was also standard. All states used it.

It consisted of hatching the trout eggs in troughs, raising the young trout until they were two or three weeks old, at which age they are about three-quarters of an inch long, putting them into milk cans consigned to the different points along the different streams, shipping these cans, dumping them. It was simple. That was all there was to it.

Such methods did, of course, produce some fish in the streams, for some of the little fish grew to be big fish in spite of unsurmountable handicaps imposed upon them. But with the increase of visitors to the state and the greater number of fishermen taking a greater number of fish, there began to be observed a shortage in many of the streams—in most of the streams, in fact. There was some talk of unlawful methods, of fish hogs, of too many tourists, too many fishermen, and so forth; but no one thought of saying that the stocking method was wrong.

Then Mr. Parvin came along and, after patient study, asked this question: "What becomes of every 100 of those fry during the course of the four or five years required for them to attain the size of legal catching?" No one could answer it, as no one had asked it before; so Mr. Parvin set out for himself to learn by research what he wanted to know. Right at the start he learned some startling things about these little fish which the department had confidently been releasing in the streams. The most startling thing he learned about them was discouraging. It was that most of them died during the first month. He also learned that only five out of every 100 released in the stream ever reached the size where they could do the fishermen any good. Ninety-five perished ere that.

Continued on Page 95

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DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOURS

(Continued from Page 92)

Those little fry were unused to cold, rough, rushing water, to begin with; they had been carefully nurtured in the warm still water of the troughs. Their food had been brought to them each day. They were nursery babies, delicately handled and treated. They throve amid such environment. But they could not stand the rough treatment. Most of them died on their first day in the stream. The hardy ones survived and grew to become fish. But the method was wasteful.

"We had to find a way that would save a maximum number of fish and lose a minimum," said Mr. Parvin, in talking of the change. "We studied what other states were doing. Some were stocking eggs. I did not approve of that, for I thought the waste would be larger than our old system. Some states were stocking larger fish. That sounded like a feasible way.

"So we adopted the plan of raising the fry in nursery ponds until they were six months old, before releasing them in the streams. A nursery-pond trout six months old is three to five inches long; and he is a fellow who can take care of himself and rustle food when it is scarce. He is used to cold water, he can stand rough treatment, he can shift for himself.

"We found that the cost, once we had altered our hatchery equipment to accommodate these fish in nursery ponds, was not much more than for old-method stocking. It was almost no more.

"Of results we knew nothing as yet. We had to be patient and study by research work again. We were pleased at what we learned, for we found that out of 100 of these nursery-pond trout let loose in a stream at the age of six months only 15 per cent were lost. Eighty-five of the 100 grew large enough to fit well in a creel.

"Many scoffed the first year, and said that they noticed no improvement in fishing. They said the same the second year, even the third. But I sent a questionnaire out to old fishermen at the end of the 1926 season asking them how they found fishing, and learned that many of them found it better during 1926 than they had during any other season in twenty years.

"That means only one thing: That our stocking idea is correct. There are ten times as many fishing in our streams now as there were five years ago, and roughly, they are catching ten times as many fish. If they are finding fishing better than for years, it means that there are more fish in the streams, by at least ten times, than there were before."

Mr. Parvin is one of the best state game and fish commissioners Colorado ever had. He is a conservationist, a scientist, a business man. He is fortunate, in a way, that he does not have to worry about political fortune, for he works under the civil service. Heretofore commissioners were too often dependent upon which way the political currents were running.

Before Mr. Parvin's time the average tenure of office was two years—just the time between elections. He has been in office eight years already, and he is merely getting a start. Putting the game and fish commissioner in Colorado under civil service did as much as any conservation measure for the game and fish, also for the sportsmen.

Colorado is carrying the idea of stocking its streams with advanced trout even further, and the proposition now being worked on is to raise the trout beyond the legal limit before releasing them in the streams. The legal limit is seven inches. Experimental work toward this idea has already been done. Mr. Parvin established some large nursery ponds at Singleton, on the South Platte River. Here he experimented with different kinds of trout, fed different diets, and raised fish under different conditions. In twenty-two months, in these Singleton Ponds, as they are called, he raised rainbow trout that were seven to nine inches long and weighed up to one-half pound and were ready for legal fishing when they were loosed in the streams.

Fishermen in the South Platte River noticed the change in fishing the first year these fish were released. One-half million of them were put in the stream, and in some parts of the South Platte River trout fishing was good where it had not been good for years, except in the yarns of old-time fishers.

To put these large nursery ponds in at every fish hatchery will be a very costly change. It will be costly to transport these larger fish to the streams set for stocking. But if this method of stocking is the one that will bring old-time trout fishing back in Colorado most rapidly and surely, it will be the method followed. So says Mr. Parvin. Last year 24,000,000 trout were released in Colorado streams. The goal is to release 50,000,000 each year.

—CHARLES B. ROTH.

CIVILIZING CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 20)

in a skyscraper age and are witnessing the highest production of material things ever attained. But we must not forget that we are also showing the greatest of all increases in church membership and the largest enrollment of students in high schools and colleges.

Why should we deplore that we have cities and corporations having a $2,000,000,000 turnover annually? Is there any reason for hiding our faces because the national income of our country has reached the huge total of $90,000,000,000 or $770 per capita each year, which compares with $52 in 1850? Is there cause for regret in our having increased the per capita use of certain commodities like paper by as much as 1500 per cent in a generation?

Silk Shirts From Kitchen Tables

Archimedes laid down the law of the lever and fulcrum in the second century B.C. Was it wrong for us to refine and utilize this crude idea that others passed over for nearly twenty-one centuries? Hero of Alexandria, in Egypt, first conceived the plan for a steam engine 250 years before Christ. Was humanity benefited by the neglect of people to develop this revolutionary principle during the 2000 years that intervened before James Watt put the wonderful discovery into usable form for the service of humankind?

What we are doing at the present time to effect more and more economies is a tale of absorbing interest. Things that were either entirely worthless or of small value a short time ago are now being made to serve a useful purpose in the creation of wealth.

The average person has heard how the transformation of vegetable fiber into lustrous rayon fabrics revolutionized the world's textile industries. But he does not know about the many new lines of business that are being developed out of the use of cellulose from a wide variety of plant life. It seems only yesterday when the sources of cellulose were limited to cotton plants, hemp, flax, jute and bamboo. Now we get it from corn stalks, sugar cane, China grass, soft woods like spruce and hemlock, and even ordinary straw, cactus and sagebrush.

Because paper is made from cellulose people have assumed that all other things manufactured from this same material must be lacking in lasting qualities. But research has developed methods of treatment that are giving cellulose products a degree of durability equaling that of more expensive materials.

It is from cellulose that we now make hundreds of things, ranging from wastebaskets and wardrobe trunks to milk containers and high explosives. No one would have believed a few years ago that science would find a method to make silk shirts, durable shoes, unbreakable glass, imitation ivory or automobile paint out of a kitchen table. Now that vegetable fiber has become the base material of products that are tougher than horn, lighter than aluminum and nearly as hard as iron, we are quite ready to believe that a silk purse really can be made from a sow's ear. Through the utilization of what was once waste vegetation we have at least postponed the day of reckoning resulting from the heedless destruction of our forests.

The possibilities in the use of vegetable matter seem to be endless. One of the new things is straw oil, which is now being made to yield fly sprays, disinfectants and a remedy for skin diseases. This oil is harmless when one dips his hands in it, and yet the microscope shows that it will kill germs of every nature. Carbon made from straw may find a wide use in the manufacture of tires and other rubber goods. Even car wheels are now being made out of calendered rye-straw board. Circular sheets of this fiber composition are made into wheels by being smeared with flour paste and pressed together into solid blocks, the final force applied being the enormous pressure of 500 tons. When steel tires and iron hubs are added, the finished product is a wheel capable of standing up under heavy railroad service. How astonishing that steel should now find itself in competition with articles made of paper!

Out of the tropical jungle comes the newest loud speaker in the form of balsa, the lightest wood known. Then there is a new variety of parchment that is not only waterproof but can even be boiled in water without injury. Nor must we overlook the latest in wall paper, which is a product that can be washed and yet does not lack the soft tones of the papers now in use.

Not long ago we were taught that only ten chemical elements were necessary for the normal growth of vegetation. Now we find that eight other elements are important, if not absolutely essential. These are manganese, copper, barium, strontium, zinc, boron, iodin and arsenic. When we have gone further into this line of study, we shall doubtless be able not only to increase the quality and quantity of crop yields but quicken the growth of timber. It is already evident that we must find a way to force trees to reach a size in fifty years that required a century or more in the past.

Bringing Sunshine Indoors

This new application of metals to plant life is producing results that are interesting. The addition of as little as one hundred-thousandth part of manganese sulphate to barley seedlings decidedly stimulates their growth. The use of a larger quantity of the metal is damaging. Grains and vegetables deprived entirely of manganese turn yellow, indicating that this element is essential to the process that develops the green color in leaves. Copper, zinc, arsenic and boron also stimulate plant growth when not present in excess. A spray of copper brought a material increase in the yield of potatoes and favorably affected their composition. The ultimate end of such experiments will be more foodstuffs and a lowering of the cost of living.

Over in Ireland, where the growing of flax and the manufacture of linen is an old and important industry, they have been giving much attention of late to the perfecting of a superflax seed that now promises to help a lot in making linen as cheap as cotton. The new seed is already producing tow double the length of ordinary flax. But of far greater importance is the fact that this new variety of tow is free of the sticky substance which has always made it necessary to use expensive handwork in preparing the raw thread. The new seed is to be tried out in the Dakotas and some of

Love Sends Convert to Pipe-smoking on Tobacco Hunt

Ambitious young man discovers right tobacco and now all is well

"Ladies Prefer Pipe-smokers" might well make a best seller, according to frequent letters that come to us from young men who have discovered that fact.

Of course a young man in love will do anything to win favor in the eyes of his lady fair. And pipe-smoking seems to be one of the credentials that admit young male America into the graces of the fair and gentle sex.

But while smoking a pipe seems to solve the feminine problem, finding the right tobacco evidently is the male problem.

Probably that is what prompts such letters as this:

New York, N. Y.,
June 30, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
[illegible], Va.
Gentlemen:

I started smoking on cigarettes, but after meeting a young lady for whom men who smoked pipes had a greater charm, I promptly switched to one.

Then my agony began. I tried one [illegible] of tobacco after another, always working on the theory that the more you paid for tobacco, the better it would be.

I tried imported tobaccos, special mixtures, and what not. I paid as much as fifty cents an ounce. All to no avail.

Then came the day I tried Edgeworth. It was at a ball game. I had run short of the certain brand I was smoking, and a casual acquaintance offered me a pipeful from his pouch.

Imagine my delight when after the first few puffs, I did not feel the old familiar bite. I puffed on, inhaling the delightful aroma, and oh, boy! it was sweet right down to the bottom.

I can assure you I lost no time in finding out the name of the brand.

Nothing has separated me from my pipe, or my pipe from Edgeworth, since then.

Yours very truly,
(signed) David Freedman, Jr.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

{The most radio [illegible] in on WRVA Richmond, Va. [illegible] Edgeworth Station. Wave length, 254.1 meters, 1180 kilocycles.}

our other Western states and the ultimate outcome may be a day of cheaper and better linen

A few years ago I wrote of the urgent need for new types of glass that would permit the vital rays of the sun to pass through Now we have such a product and I doubt if any of us are able fully to visualize the ultimate effects of this development. Already it is clear that instead of merely producing an aid to human health we have gone further and supplied an article of benefit to other forms of life and to industry. Recently the directors of a large zoo became worried about some of the animals that were sickly and ill-natured. After much discussion it was decided to substitute the health glass for the ordinary window glass in the cages, and presently the animals grew a new coat of healthy hair and regained normal vitality.

Even more interesting are the results of experiments at one of our Western universities, where vegetables and flowers were grown behind the ultra-violet-ray windows Not only did the vegetation grow faster and become more luxuriant but it was found possible to grow plants that would not thrive in ordinary greenhouses. The widespread use of this kind of glass will mean an increase in the production of eggs. It will mean the growing of tropical fruits in northerly latitudes and the eventual elimination of the seasonal factor in raising vegetables. It will mean fewer malformed bones and bent legs in the coming generations, and it will also result in more regular attendance at school and less sickness among office workers

Unskimmed Light

In fact, there is no way to measure the value of the introduction of unskimmed natural light into the life of a people. One test at the Smethwick School in England showed that after the installation of the health windows the absences dropped from 12.78 per cent to 7.27 per cent

So many new things are up for discussion it is difficult to make a choice of those that should be mentioned. Each passing month finds new fields of usefulness for Doctor Coolidge's cathode rays. Professor Long, of Lehigh University, has worked out a plan that suggests the practical application of the rays in the speedy drying of paints Experiments also point to their use in testing for impurities in metals. A bombardment of acetylene gas by these radiations converted the gas to a solid yellowish compound. On the other hand, if the rays are turned on a liquid like castor oil, the result is solidification. Possibly this discovery represents the first step in the chemical transmutation of liquids into solids. At any rate, the new rays are to become a worthy companion to the X ray

The mosquito has never ceased to be troublesome. E. Roubaud, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has developed a formaldehyde compound which has power to kill the larvæ of the mosquito without being poisonous to warm-blooded animals or fish and without injury to aquatic plants. This preparation is in the form of a light dust when it settles upon the water, and after killing the top feeders the poison slowly sinks and is eaten with fatal results by the larvæ of other types of mosquitoes

Among the comparatively new things is a varnish that greatly improves the tonal qualities of a violin. Chemists in Denmark have produced a synthetic milk possessing the nutritive qualities of the genuine article They have substituted vegetable fats for the butterfat of cow's milk and also added a sufficiency of vitamines

South Africa is visited frequently by plagues of grasshoppers and the farmers have been compelled to organize defensive measures for the protection of their crops An enterprising chemist, knowing that grasshoppers are rich in fat and that their oil has been used all over the world for various purposes, decided to try to make the pest pay in part at least for its depredations Now he is shipping an automobile lubricant from the Cape made by pressing the oil from the bodies of the grasshoppers that perish in the deep trenches dug by the farmers across the line of march of the pest.

New metal alloys are much in the public eye. Where we now have dozens we shall soon have hundreds. This field of development is practically virgin. A variation in composition of no more than a fraction of one per cent in a single ingredient may entirely change the properties of an alloy. A chemist might devote his life to trying to exhaust the possibilities of three metals in varying combinations and still not finish the task. One of the most recent discoveries is the alloy solium, which is impervious to powerful acids and can be made as hard as steel or as soft as lead. It seems to be noncorrosive and to have properties that may make it a suitable substitute for platinum

In 1900, when platinum was nine dollars an ounce, no one wanted it. When its price increased 1000 and more per cent, everybody wanted platinum settings. This was not because of any superior qualities possessed by the metal, but because folks want to wear what looks like money. Nickel is beautiful and durable, but its cheapness has prevented it from becoming an aristocrat

I might continue this recital covering new materials by telling of a fabric to hold airship gas that will save approximately $1,000,000, or one-ninth of the estimated cost of two new airships just proposed by Congress. I might tell of the fight to convert the Mohave Desert into a profitable source of supply for nearly enough potash to make us independent of foreigners. Or I might turn to the field of coal by-products and describe propylene—a new and powerful anæsthetic produced from ordinary manufactured gas—which permits the patient to return to consciousness within a minute and be almost entirely free of any after sickness. Such are the wonders being disclosed on all sides.

But let me leave the subject of materials and set forth our progress in perfecting automatic devices to save hand labor and release human thought and energy for more important duties. Few of us realize the amazing delicacy of the hundreds of bits of mechanism that are saving us tens of millions of dollars yearly. Even the perfecting of the modern scale, or weighing machine, has served to reduce prices in a half hundred industries. The horse power of every new automobile engine is determined by a scale to which it has been harnessed. Similar instruments find out the ability of a spring to withstand the shocks of a bumpy road, and by indicating the diminishing weight of the gasoline in the tank of the car they disclose fuel consumption under varying conditions, making it unnecessary to give the machine a real road test.

Other scales use the weight method to throw out of the line of production any book that the binding machinery has failed to supply with the exact number of pages prescribed. In fact, producers of paper, textiles, metal parts and hundreds of other common articles need not take time any longer to count or measure the things they turn out in great quantity. Scales will do the calculating for them with an accuracy that humans cannot equal. If a package that should contain 1000 sheets of paper has only 999, the scale indicates the deficiency. It also saves money for trolley and subway systems that use this type of delicate mechanism to count the tickets collected.

Some of the new types of apparatus now coming into use perform operations that are almost beyond belief. One device perfected by Swedish inventors will receive telephone messages in the absence of the person from his home or his office. This machine is coupled up to the telephone when the person owning it goes out, and when a call comes in to this particular number, the device sounds two bell signals indicating to the person who is calling that no one is at home and that any message left will be properly recorded. The spoken words are received on sensitized paper, and the apparatus will record a number of messages before the old receiver has to be taken out and a new one put in. Though this device has yet to win success in actual service, the results already obtained indicate possibilities for a mechanism of this kind.

New York Photographed by the Light From a Searchlight of 1,250,000,000 Candle Power, Which Was Many Miles Away. The Heat From Its Rays Is So Intense That Lead Can be Melted at a Distance of Twelve Feet

Fly Power

The growing prevalence of heart disease has turned the attention of medical men to ways and means of making the heart rumble and roar, so to speak, rather than merely murmur. As a result it is now possible so greatly to amplify heart sounds that an entire audience crowded into a large room can hear the heartbeats of a person as plainly as if each one had a fine stethoscope applied to the patient's body. Equally remarkable is a new spectrohelioscope which now makes it feasible for the astronomer actually to follow with his eye the whirling gases that make up the much-discussed spots on the surface of the sun.

Heretofore the astronomer has been sun blind and his photography had to be carried on in more or less of a hit-or-miss manner. This new device makes possible a daily study of the sun's atmosphere and the men looking through our great telescopes can now watch the behavior of fascinating phenomena such as the whirlwinds of hydrogen that play around the sun spots. This instrument is to older apparatus what the motion picture is to the still picture The sun's flaming gases give off lights of characteristic colors and the observer may now give all his attention to one particular color element in much the same manner that a radio set can be tuned in on one particular station.

Research carried on by the Westinghouse Company has perfected a grid-glow relay device that has an amplifying power of 100,000,000. The mere movement of a human hand toward the device rings a bell and lights a bulb. Raising or lowering a shade in the room does the same thing by changing the intensity of light coming through the window. Mr. Knowles, the inventor, tells us that with this apparatus it would be quite possible for a passing shadow or a dewdrop to turn on the lights

Continued on Page 101

◆ ◆ is the frame structure of the wall. Wood frame, it will readily burn. . . ◆ ◆ is the broad, high sheet of Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard, that you nail to the wooden framework. Being gypsum rock, it can not burn. . . ◆ ◆ is the smooth, rigid, permanent wall you make so easily with Sheetrock, decorated with wall paper, paint or Textone, the plastic paint. *Sheetrock is sold by your local dealer in lumber or building supplies.*

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Every genuine Alligator garment bears a label with the name, "Alligator, St. Louis." Demand the genuine Alligator and get it. Ask your dealer for an Alligator made by the Alligator Co., St. Louis. The only manufacturer of genuine Alligator garments.

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Two Popular Alligators

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Smartly cut and beautifully tailored from balloon cloth .... not a rubber raincoat

A genuine Alligator is a decidedly different kind of outer garment. It is made from balloon cloth . . . the strongest cloth for its weight ever woven.

To this superior material are added the advantages of the exclusive Alligator process.

Not a particle of rubber is used in the treatment of this remarkable material. Alligator garments are impervious to oil and grease. Instead of deteriorating, they improve with age and wear. They are the lightest weight garments made that are absolutely waterproof under all conditions.

Alligator outer clothes are all-weather and all-purpose garments. Light as a feather for all kinds of weather. A full length coat weighs only 20 ounces. It can be rolled or folded so compactly that it can be tucked in a pocket. It will not stick, crack or leak. They are worn by sea captains on our big ocean liners. Their smart style and dependability made them the choice of our Army officers.

The extreme light weight of Alligators gives them a semi-transparency that adds style and smartness to the whole range of fashionably tailored models.

Remember that the genuine Alligators are made only by The Alligator Company, St. Louis. And only in a genuine Alligator can you get the utmost in style, light weight, protection and durability. The better dealers carry genuine Alligators.

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Leading style-clothiers everywhere handle Alligators. If for any reason your clothier does not have them in stock, send us his name and address, together with the retail price of the Alligators you want, and we'll see that you are supplied.

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Alligator all-weather College Coats have proved popular with college men and women throughout the country. These garments embody the essence of smartness and have answered the question for swagger outer wear on the campus and where good appearance combined with service counts. They are recognized as the ultra-smart in College Slickers. Colors: Yellow, Deep Sea, Peacock, Black, Red, Jade Green and Blue . . . Prices $5.00 to $7.50 according to size.

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A favorite with those who seek comfort and protection when afield in any avenue of sport
Coat Model [illegible] $12.50
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Alligator Golf Shirt. Light, strong, waterproof. Weighs only 10 ounces. Can be rolled and put in a pocket or golf bag. Colors: Deep Sea, Jade, Blue, Brown, Burgundy, Red and Yellow. Model No. 514, $6.50.

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Alligator Featherweight Sport Shirt. Model No. 500. Lengths [illegible] Color—Deep Sea
Price [illegible]

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LIGHT AS A FEATHER FOR ALL KINDS OF WEATHER

LIKE MOONLIGHT

pouring through the trees . . . mellow . . . cool . . . mild. What a happy description of the mellowness of White Owls! . . . and how true! . . . For the tobacco now being used in White Owls has benefited by every phase of Nature's exertions to better even the best. The sweetest-tasting, mildest, mellowest tobacco in years!

White Owl
CIGAR
3 for 20¢

MILLIONS ARE SAYING—"TASTING BETTER THAN EVER!"

(Continued from Page 96)

of a city, start a railroad train or maneuver a battleship. The energy required to operate the relay is but a fraction of that exerted by a fly crawling vertically upward one inch in one second. Though the chief use of this instrument may be in the automatic control of electrical circuits, it might be employed as a burglar alarm or for many other uses, such as turning city lights on at night and off at daybreak.

A device almost as delicate in its operation is used by some of the power and light companies to give early warning of the approach of storms. Such a disturbance 200 miles away rings a bell at intervals, and the closer the storm approaches the more frequently the bell rings. This invention permits the firemen to get the reserve boilers into service and be prepared for the additional demand for electricity that will result immediately if the sky becomes darkened.

Use of the invisible ray for sending signals was given much attention during the war. Infra-red radiations which are invisible to human eyes are generally employed, and these can be used to produce loud signals in head phones at distances of three miles or more. The direction of these signals can be controlled and no one can detect them unless he should be able to place himself in the direct line of the ray. The metal molybdenite is used in the receiving set because it possesses the peculiar property that when invisible red rays fall upon it, its electrical resistance is changed. All this means a close approach to the practical use of the secret transmission of intelligence.

Looking ahead just a little farther in this same field of invisible light, it is reasonable to expect the coming of a time when automobiles, busses, and the like, will be fitted with headlights that will flood the road with dark rays. Other moving vehicles, as well as fences, bridges, and the like, will be covered with a fluorescent substance which will cause these objects to leap into color under the action of the invisible rays.

We are getting nearer each day to the final perfecting of an entirely satisfactory apparatus for detecting icebergs by sound waves. This will make travel in the North Atlantic far safer.

Vest-Pocket Motors

A new automatic-signal system increases the safety of railway travel. It calls for a panel of lights in the engineer's cab, which lights reproduce instantly the warnings of the wayside block signals. The engineer can see these warnings at a glance even when the outside signals are obscured by rain or fog. Should he fail to observe the lights before him, safety devices quickly stop his train.

The ease with which electrical energy can be conveyed to any point is causing the substitution of mechanical devices for hand labor in hundreds of places. Men no longer dig the holes for telephone poles. An electric earth drill mounted on a truck bores a pole hole in ordinary ground in less than a minute, and a swinging derrick raises the pole and drops it into the hole. The truck, of course, is fitted with a small electric-power plant. Electric pumps attached to high-pressure lines and hydrants are rapidly replacing fire engines. With this method water can be thrown to a height of 250 feet. Electric compressors are cutting down the shipping cost of cotton by reducing the volume of the bale, making it possible to load many more bales in a car.

Now comes the street-car laundry, in which the car is first given a preliminary spraying and then run slowly through another spray from upright pipes which dislodges the loose mud and softens the harder accumulations. Next the car continues on between another set of pipes on which are fixed revolving brushes. The pressure of the car against the brushes starts the spray of water and within five minutes the brushes have thoroughly scrubbed the entire car.

The first street car closely followed the lines of the old stagecoach, and practically the only change made in two generations was to add to the length and weight of the vehicle. Keen competition with the motor-bus has changed this. Some of the street cars now being built are painted in pleasing colors, are scientifically lighted, have noiseless gears, roller bearings, bodies cushioned with rubber, attractive lines and luxurious equipment. A new type of magnetic brake permits higher speeds and reduces front-end accidents by cutting down the stopping distance of cars as much as 40 per cent.

Strange tales are coming to us concerning developments in the automobile and aeronautical fields. A French company's experimental car has twelve cylinders, each no larger than a demi-tasse, and yet the small engine attains such an amazing speed that it develops upward of 200 horse power. In Denmark they are discussing a new car that operates without gears, and the French report hopeful progress in perfecting silent airplanes made invisible by night-color paint.

Radio Eyes for Ships

Some of the big new searchlights in this country and abroad send forth beams so powerful that night-traveling airplanes can see and be guided by them on a clear night when more than fifty miles away. A great illuminating machine that spread its flood of light over New York City recently has a candle power of 1,280,000,000, which makes it probably the largest searchlight in the world. The heat from its rays is so intense that lead can be melted at a distance of twelve feet. Searchlight guns that may attain popularity in advertising are capable of projecting pictures upon clouds five miles away.

The field of wave transmission is producing marvels. The other day I had my first real experience with television and the results were sufficient to prove beyond doubt that soon we shall have apparatus which will do for the eye what the telephone has done for the ear. We will see across continents and probably across oceans with the same ease we now talk over such distances. The commanding officers of an army may sit in a darkened room and watch the progress of a battle.

An eminent Italian has met success in the use of ultra-violet rays for the wireless transmission of speech. This system, which has been used over a distance of ten miles, has the advantage of providing secret communication such as was referred to in connection with experiments with invisible red rays. An interesting device that is being brought rapidly to the point of commercialization can be installed in the pilot house of a ship and by means of an electric beacon broadcast a warning signal over a ten-mile radius to other ships in the path of the on-coming vessel. This really means that modern ocean liners will be insured against collision by an equipment of radio eyes. Also extremely interesting is the present effort to teach the deaf to hear through their fingers by transforming sound waves into mechanical vibrations.

The fact is that so much is taking place all around us that our imaginations are taxed in attempting to visualize the future. The secret of lightning is being disclosed by new cameras that make pictures of the electric flash at the rate of 2600 a second. Already it has been shown that lightning occurs in coils, and before long we may discover what really happens when lightning strikes a transmission line. We never have known what lightning really is, nor how to protect ourselves from it.

Nor is science neglecting the farmer. The blueberry crop of Maine, valued at $1,000,000, has been attacked frequently by a pest that threatened to make the berries worthless. There is no practical way to separate the good berries from the bad by hand picking. A new apparatus perfected by Federal employes in the Department of Agriculture takes advantage of the fact that infected berries are more easily broken open than sound berries, and in this way the good are separated from the bad by a machine that will treat 500 bushels of berries a day and that is covered by patents dedicated to the people of the United States.

Not only are we living in a time when each day discloses some new device or material but it is an age of unending change in current methods. And it is not the spectacular achievements, but the multitude of little improvements, that have pushed us ahead so rapidly.

Let me mention a number of recent developments that represent betterments in a variety of fields.

Food is life's first essential and it is only natural that we should give much attention to perfecting ways and means to supply ourselves with things to eat. We have already discussed some of the happenings in the mysterious realm of radiations, and we may add a word concerning the X-ray treatment of seeds, which a few years ago was almost universally regarded as harmful. Now it is revealed that the earlier experiments were carried on with hard rays—those of shorter wave length—and that the exposures were continued too long. Recent investigations here and in Europe indicate greatly increased yields from seeds subjected to mild doses of soft X rays. Potted plants grown from rayed seeds flowered and fruited from one to three weeks earlier than those from unrayed seeds. Furthermore, the yield from the rayed plants was from 20 to 160 per cent greater. Tubers and bulbs also are greatly benefited by X-ray treatment, provided they are afterward kept in the dark and entirely protected from sunlight during the days or weeks that intervene before planting takes place.

Prof. R. B. Harvey, of the University Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota, reports that he has speeded up the ripening of fruits and the sprouting of seeds by giving them a treatment with ordinary manufactured gas. Honeydew melons, bananas and even pineapples develop a higher sugar-content and mature more quickly when subjected to the gas attack. The Germans have an *elektrokultur* company, said to have government backing, that is getting interesting results by taking electrical energy from the air and sending the currents through the soil to purify and nurture vegetation. This is an outgrowth of experiments with static electricity during the war, when science started to extract synthetic nitrates from the air.

Science and the Farmer

The farmer of yesterday was a man of muscle. Now he is being forced to prepare himself for what is becoming a highly technical profession. At least 1,000,000 farms will be supplied with current from central power systems within ten years, and this change is sure to bring agriculture back into step with industry. Indicative of the trend, let me cite the case of a poultry farm in Kansas. The owner spent eighty-five cents for electricity to supply light to get the hens up and at it a little earlier on winter mornings. The gain in the production of eggs was twenty-one dozen per house, or a profit of $9.65 after deducting the cost of illumination.

Professor Stewart, of Minnesota State University, observed that cows would not drink sufficient water when its temperature was very low. He induced dairymen to install a combination electric pumping and heating apparatus by which slightly warmed water could be supplied to the cattle. One farmer having seventeen cows got 430 pounds more milk a week. The Massachusetts cranberry crop has a value of about $3,500,000. It is necessary at times to flood the bogs to protect the berries against freezing and insect pests. Not all bogs have a sufficient reserve of water to enable this to be done quickly enough. Twenty growers solved the problem by installing electrically driven pumps which raise the water from ponds to elevated basins from which the bogs are flooded by gravity.

Scientists met in London not so many years ago to discuss the question: "What shall we do with our tar?" Now this slimy black substance is yielding hundreds of products running all the way from perfumes to explosives. A number of farmers have found that seed corn coated with tar will not be dug up and eaten by crows. A cordon of it spread around a field will stop an all-devouring army of worms, and when mixed with sulphur and spread on certain lands, the result is an exodus of insects, particularly the destructive red spider of the West Indies.

We have been giving a good deal of attention to producing superior types of animals, so W. F. Wells, biologist of the New York State Conservation Commission, decided to see if he couldn't do something in the way of producing a pedigreed oyster. Scientific breeding was undertaken, and now his super oyster grows faster, is healthier and more palatable. Furthermore, it lives in a shell that is far better designed than the clumsy home of its less cultured ancestors.

A lot of thought is also being directed to reducing the waste from spoilage. Doctor Marble, of the American Society of Horticultural Science, asserts that an above-ground cellar with walls and floor of earth provides a better storage place for apples than a similar cellar underground, or even one that is cork lined. With above-ground storage it is possible to maintain a higher percentage of humidity, which means that the fruit loses less in weight and is more fit for marketing.

Making Fruit Airtight

Another scheme to preserve perishable fruits is to dip them in rubber latex—the milk of rubber—which makes them airtight and permits the fruit being shipped long distances without refrigeration. Under this plan strawberries have traveled fourteen days without spoilage. The rubber coat is easily peeled off, and this means that delicate tropical products may soon appear in northern markets with all their delectable flavor intact.

The fishing industry has been almost revolutionized by merely having changed from the slow freezing of fish to rapid freezing. In the latter system the cell walls are not ruptured by ice crystals, resulting in a loss of valuable juice when the fish are later defrosted.

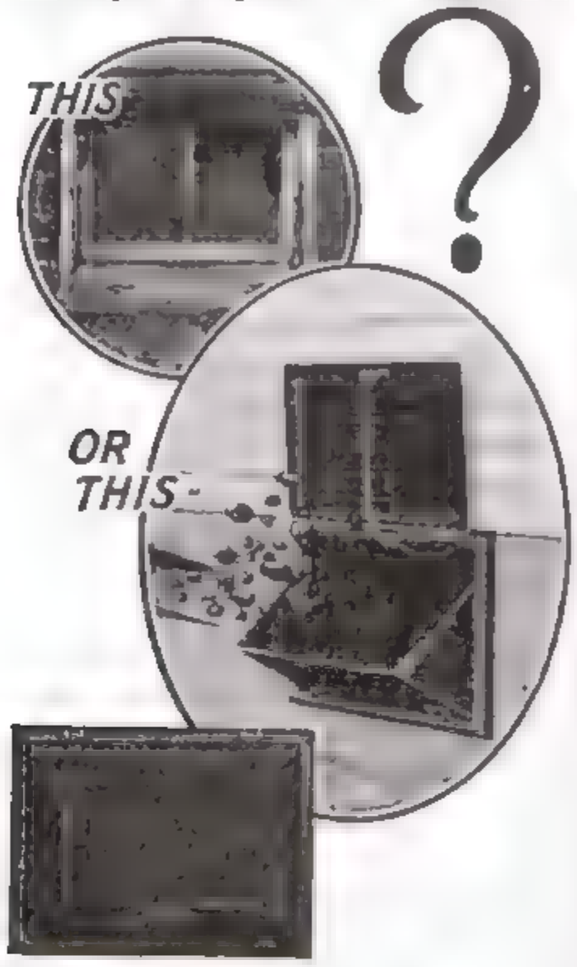
Now people in Kansas and Colorado may have safe and palatable sea food without having to go to the coast. New methods of refrigeration are springing up on all sides. Soon it will be possible for the housewife to purchase ice cream which may be kept indefinitely on the kitchen shelf and used as desired.

Everything is being made to serve the needs of man. Even the desert cactus is having its fruit converted into rare confections or a brew that has a powerful kick. Wonderful are the workings of science. A submarine containing twenty-eight seamen sank to the bottom. Immediately a floating buoy was released from the vessel and a few minutes later an electric bell attached to the buoy was ringing loudly for help.

Not even can a pathogenic germ any longer be used in safety by one bent on committing a subtle murder. A woman in South Africa plotted to be rid of her husband. Her lover brought tsetse flies from a region nearly 1000 miles away and placed the flies at night under the mosquito netting. The victim was bitten and contracted the deadly sleeping sickness, which eventually brought on death. Science called upon pathology, bacteriology and entomology to aid in solving the mystery and the result was the arrest and conviction of the two that committed the crime.

And for those who are thinking of economies, there is much to engage their attention. Doctor Weimarn, of the Imperial Research Institute at Osaka, Japan, is now

WHICH Do You Want ?



Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home

YOU don't want an ordinary frame and sash for a coal window in the house you buy or build—you know it can't protect your home from damage when coal is being delivered. And you know it will soon become an eye-sore that will lower your property value and pride. You want a Majestic Coal Window—that really protects the foundation and sidewalls—a window that remains permanently sightly and unmarred. Majestic is the leading coal window value of the world—with its Certified Malleable Iron and Keystone Copper Steel construction—break-proof and rust-proofed. See that you get a Majestic in your new home.

ANOTHER MAJESTIC PRODUCT
You'll Want in Your Home

A modern, sanitary solution to the garbage problem—the Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver. Keeps garbage can buried, out of sight, odorless, away from disease bearing flies and animals—yet right at the kitchen doorstep if desired. Costs but little—endorsed by health authorities everywhere.

Write for catalog describing all styles of Majestic Coal Windows, Underground Garbage Receivers, and many other Majestic Quality Products you will want in your home.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
1100 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario

able to make old silk into new. He dissolves the old silk rags and then converts the resulting liquid into a plastic substance which is drawn out into new threads. Instead of raisin seeds being thrown away, the oil is now extracted from them and the residue used as fuel. Thousands of useful articles are being procured from the inhabitants of the seas. The skin of the garfish is polished and made into jewel cases resembling ivory. The shark gives us leather and the skin of eels is being employed more and more for book bindings. The story is endless

Out on the broad stretches of our prairie regions the prolific rabbit is commencing to look like a source of real money. At times the whole countryside joins in drives to exterminate the crop-destroying pest. In Kansas alone more than 10,000,000 rabbits are bred annually, and it is estimated that the yearly damage of each animal is $1.04. The sponsors of a new plan to cut this waste propose a rabbit-packing plant that will turn out a highly nutritious meat, a base for cosmetics, fur for felt and other valuable by-products.

Fighting Caisson Disease

Articles made of rubber are sure to be improved in quality and their cost reduced by a recently perfected method that places a tough rubber covering of uniform thickness on practically any kind of standard form immersed in a bath of liquid rubber. The din of the steel riveter on the near-by skyscraper will be silenced by the flame of the electric arc that will replace the riveter and make the steel skeleton of the future building a single welded unit. Instead of using the slow and laborious hack saw for cutting the big steel risers, the modern method will employ oxygen and manufactured city gas in torches that will cut the metal in a fraction of the time heretofore consumed.

The city gas can be piped at low pressure to the desired spot, doing away with acetylene or hydrogen gas in steel bottles under high pressure. Tests of the new plan indicate a saving as great as 50 per cent.

Hazards to life and property grow less with each passing day, notwithstanding that new dangers continually arise. The portable fire extinguishers which we see so often in offices and factories frequently employ carbon-dioxide gas to smother flames. A German has perfected an enlargement of this practice which puts out a fire by using flurries of carbon-dioxide snow cooled to more than 100 degrees below zero. The Coast Guard uses a shore gun to shoot a life line to a ship in distress offshore. Officers of the army corps propose that airplanes equipped with tow target reels be used for saving life at sea. This would increase the present range of rescue from 500 yards to as much as a mile.

Helium, that marvelous noninflammable gas which has done so much to advance dirigible aviation, now promises to enlarge the whole field of submarine engineering by largely doing away with the sickness known as caisson disease. This malady arises from the too rapid decompression of an individual after he has been exposed to an atmosphere of high barometric pressure. This action is similar to that of a carbonated beverage when the bottle is opened, except that the gas which effervesces from the liquid is carbon dioxide, while the bubbles that form in the tissues and blood vessels of the caisson worker or diver are mostly nitrogen. By making a synthetic atmosphere, with helium taking the place of nitrogen, it is now possible to carry on decompression in one-third the time previously required. Helium is not so soluble as nitrogen and the worker does not accumulate so much of it in his body when under pressure.

I might go on and tell how sawmill waste is first steamed and cooked, then shot out in the form of pulp and finally pressed into boards without the addition of any binder. I might explain how the police in several European cities are using radio; how semi-secret wireless service between England and Canada, using the beam system, permits the sending of 1250 letters a minute in either direction; how visual signals may be sent from the ground to an airplane, making it possible for a pilot to be guided to the ground at a landing field by observing the flashing of light signals in his plane; how Boston is applying the skyscraper idea to garages and already has parking space for 2000 cars in one great structure; and how electricity is about to change the teaching of music by introducing the elementary pupil into the mysteries of the piano through merely indicating to him by means of lights which keys to play and how to play them.

But sufficient mention has been made of comparatively new developments to indicate clearly what is being done to eliminate waste and make life easier, happier and better. It must be plain that new opportunities for the individual are more abundant than ever before. It is also perfectly obvious that the present moment is a time of great necessity for analyzing everything we are doing, to see if some improvement can be introduced.

Recent history proves conclusively that we progress intellectually in direct proportion to our rate of advance in automatizing life. Business ethics were never before on such a high plane. Some are too prone to condemn the whole body industrial because of the many little deficiencies that still exist in the great structure we have set up.

We still find folks holding an erroneous conception of the present and ultimate effects of science on life. They see humanity headed for destruction. It means nothing to them that the natives of India, China and other countries where handwork still prevails occupy the lowest planes of mentality.

They overlook that America is a world center for people with alert minds, light hearts and full lives. They prefer to rest their case on nothing more substantial than mere folklore rather than on what the human eye can actually see through a high-powered microscope.

A Multitude of Hands

Instead of having become a machine-ridden nation, we are not mechanical enough. Too many of our workers are still tied to jobs that entail laborious hand processes. We must create still more complex machines in order to escape from such bondage. A human brain utilizes only a fraction of its powers when its time is taken up entirely in directing merely two hands. By adding machines, the same brain is given the task of directing a multitude of hands, and efficiency is increased. When we substitute motors for muscles we cut out such weak links in the chain of operations as are represented by delicate and undependable human nerves.

Science is a youthful and practical something that has no ultimate end. It uses not only all the human senses but man-made extensions of each and every one of them. Its chief characteristic is unceasing change, which means that it does not know all and is forever revising and discarding those of its conclusions that are in error. But it is man's one hope for becoming master of his own fate and the future of the race. In no other direction is there any possible chance for us to make our conscious aims effective.

Why should we be constantly finding fault with the one thing that is doing most to make civilization civilized?

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Parsons.

An Intimate Glimpse Into the Home Life of the Antique Hound

WHY YOU LIKE IT

The first and main reason why you like Heinz Tomato Ketchup so much is that it *tastes good.* The taste is the test.

Back of that fine flavor are several Heinz exclusive features: Seed developed by Heinz; plants raised by Heinz; tomatoes grown where soil and climate produce the best; Heinz kitchens located near the farms; from vine to Ketchup a matter of hours.

That is why Heinz Tomato Ketchup gives an added appetizing flavor to everything it touches, and why even the plainer foods are improved by it · *New salad-making recipe book will be sent free upon request.*
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Largest Selling Ketchup

THE CHANGING ROAD

Continued from Page 5

dead Alpine streams always fascinated Davidson, who was an ardent angler; fascinated him as roads—unknown roads—did. He no longer bothered about the end of a road, nor was he curious. At the end of the road lay his destination; he knew all about it. But the middle stretch of a road was always a mystery, the unknown quantity, and he was more interested in that part of the road than in either the end or the beginning. Perhaps this attitude was due to the fact that in July, 1914, he had started for Aix-les-Bains to play golf, and in the middle of the road had risen a man's war. It took six years to get to that game of golf at Aix-les-Bains.

Mason returned to his seat and deposited his papers and passport handily in the side pocket of the door. Shortly he would need them again, at the Swiss customs.

It was beginning to rain again. The sky presented unbroken drab. The solemn grandeur depressed Davidson; it reminded him of the gloomy imaginings of Doré. Upon a tilted field a boy with a meal bag over his head in lieu of an umbrella tended some bedraggled goats.

"Any news, Charlie?"

"The pass is all right. But a fall of snow last night left a lot of mud and slush."

"Well, hit it up whenever the going permits it."

Mason laughed and started the car. He hoped the beer in Brigue wouldn't be sweet.

At the Swiss barrier Davidson got out and bought some matches. His passport, having been properly visaed, was promptly returned to him. One had to have a passport, but it had reverted to the negligent importance of 1913. Not once in ten times did an inspector compare the photographic with the living face. Contraband—particularly tobacco—was the main object of the customs barriers. Getting on or off a ship, it was only then that a passport was mandatory.

Davidson asked the inspector in French if there was any danger, going over the pass.

"No, m'sieu. If it snows you will be able to get through before it becomes too deep. There will be a week or ten days before the pass really becomes forbidden. The taverns and gas stations are already closed. The hospice is always open of course. Still, I should not loiter between here and Brigue. These are mountains, and mountains have little ideas of their own." The inspector gestured toward a clutter of bowlders below. "You have plenty of gas?"

"Plenty, thank you. . . . How many cars have come down today?"

"Two. And two have gone up this afternoon. The lady must be in a tremendous hurry."

"A lady?"

"And alone, except for her chauffeur."

"American?"

"No, m'sieu; her passport was issued at Bukharest."

"Ah—Rumanian."

"You never can tell."

"Young?"

The inspector laughed. "You never can tell that either, these times. Her hair was perfectly white, but her face was young and beautiful. You will doubtless see her in Brigue. I do not believe she will go through there tonight—a woman. A grim sky. But a safe journey, m'sieu."

Mason had additional information: "Car Number 2 is chasing Car Number 1."

"Chasing?"—astonished.

"Ye-ah. One of the men in the second car gave my inspector a hundred lire for the tip that Car Number 1 was on the pass. The car I saw was going for all it was worth, and your car just as fast."

"Flight and pursuit. That sounds funny. What did the pursuers look like? Did your inspector say?"

"Well dressed, but tough-looking birds. Police, probably. Both cars carried Austrian licenses. All passports were correct and visaed."

"Halfway across the continent!" mused Davidson.

"Car Number 1 needed gas, but wouldn't stop for it. Had enough to get to Brigue. Wonder what's up? Woman a howling beauty. Bolsheviks, maybe. Those guys may be wrong, but they stick on stalking jobs."

"Too many movies, Charlie. She may be skipping her board bill. . . . This rain is like ice water. Cup of coffee?"

"Sure!"

They drank a cupful apiece and the real journey began; no more holdups till they reached the Hôtel de la Poste in Brigue, then dinner and to bed.

Blankets of snow, some fresh and some eternal; turns which brought precipices within a yard of the wheels; the vivid green of wet grass; a farmhouse here and there, the roof weighted with stone to keep the shingles from warping; and always up, up. From time to time Davidson had a glimpse of a glacier. It was odd how it appeared and disappeared. The sky grew darker, laden with snow which might fall at any moment. The car windows grew misty. Davidson had to rub them frequently.

"Coffee?" he shouted.

Mason stopped the car. "I'll say so. This is like cuddling up in a refrigerator."

The vacuum bottle was emptied. The car droned on.

Suddenly and inexplicably, out of nowhere, came the fog, against all the laws of atmospheric science; a fog denser than any sea fog, and sinisterly cold. Almost instantly the mountain landscape was blotted out.

"Boss, I don't like this," Mason called back.

"Neither do I. But we can't go back now. Turn on your headlights. So long as we can see the road we're all right."

Half an hour later it became as dark as night. The headlights were ineffectual beyond twenty feet. A phenomenon presented itself—an impenetrable wall of gold dust preceded the car, mile after mile. It was a weird and beautiful sight, but not at all reassuring. The road glittered as if covered with powdered glass. On both sides of the car and rearward blackness, an objectless world. Truly, as the inspector had said, mountains had ideas of their own, and Davidson agreed. He knew from experience that atmospheric conditions on mountain tops had no permanency; no weather prophet could foretell what the next minute might produce.

Mason now picked his way cautiously at eight miles an hour. The wooden rim of the steering wheel was slippery with sweat. The windshield cleaner swept back and forth ineffectually. The cold got into the marrow of Mason's bones.

"Those other cars were lucky," he said. "They got to the other side before this stuff rolled down. . . . Any more of that coffee left?"

"No. Want a sandwich?"

"I'm not hungry," answered Mason. "I'm cold."

"Sorry, Charlie. I should have started after breakfast. I didn't expect anything like this."

"You can't tell anything about these birds"—with a gesture toward the universe, being certain that it was near by somewhere.

"Would you like a nip of brandy?"

"What do you want me to do—scoot us both into kingdom come?" cried Mason. "I'm groggy just from staring at the road. Are you warm enough?"

"I wanted glass around the driving seats before we left Paris, but you said you'd rather have the wind on you."

"I'm all right. It's working slow that kind o' gets me. Think of a darn fool of a woman waiting through this stuff!"

"She's an hour ahead of us. What time is it?"

"Four."

"We ought to be near the top."

"I've been going pretty slow. All I got to do now is pick up a hobnail," he added pessimistically. "I've pulled out ten since we left the Dolomites."

"Cheer up! I'll turn you loose in a bridal suite when we get to Montreux."

"I'd like it right now. Say, we used to get this stuff in the war. You crawled through the mud, a gun in one hand and a compass in the other."

That ended the conversation for a considerable time. The density of the fog remained unchanged. For all that there were chains on, the car slued ominously at several of the turns. They were alone in the grim immensity of mountain peaks; uneasy and uncomfortable.

Davidson smoked incessantly. But for the knowledge of Mason's discomfort, however, he would have enjoyed this adventure.

He had never before been caught in a mountain fog of this caliber. Altitudes got Charlie. His imagination would be painting things which did not exist.

"What's that?" called Davidson, as the car came to a halt grudgingly.

"Hell! A flat. I knew it, I knew it! Had to happen. But I'll get you to Brigue, so don't worry."

"A puncture!"

"As ever was!"

Davidson got out to help. Mason would need assistance. The two of them stood shoulder to shoulder at the rear of the car. Davidson heard Mason gasp.

"What's the matter?"

"Dead battery in the lamp!"

III

A WALL of golden dust ahead, an absorbing light, not reflective, so that where they stood was darkness. Both were speechless for a moment. Both knew that without direct light it would be something of a miracle to change tires and not leave some weakness. Then, too, the skid chain had to be transferred. Mason declared it to be a devil of a fix.

"Boss, this is bad medicine," said Mason. "My fault; but I haven't had any use for the lamp in weeks. Didn't think to test it before we left Domodossola. I'm sorry."

"I'm the goat, Charlie. I would start this afternoon. Best put out the headlights for a little while. We might spot a light somewhere. The hospice should be around here." Davidson struck a match.

"No go," said Mason. "I can just see your face. I'll put out the lights."

But as he went forward he paused, stooped a little and stared ahead. Davidson noted the attitude *en silhouette*.

"Charlie, what do you see?"

"Come here." When Davidson reached his side, Mason said: "There, to the left, where the ditch ought to be. Do you see something shiny like the back of a car?"

"A rock?"

"That wouldn't stand out. Stay here, and I'll take a prowl."

As he entered the golden haze he seemed to Davidson to lose substantiality and become nebulous. Presently he passed through the wall of shining atoms and vanished.

Mason was gone three or four minutes, then he staggered back into Davidson's vision and soon into Davidson's arms.

"Oh, my God!" in a whisper.

Davidson shook him. "What have you seen?"

"That woman's car. She's gone! The chauffeur's dead in the driving seat. I took him by the collar. Blood on my hand!"

"Get together, Charlie! Turn out the lights. We may get potted ourselves."

The transformation in Davidson became instantaneous. His impatience and restlessness went to zero. His mental looseness and indirection congealed into the cold, quick-thinking machine that had made him an ace in the Intelligence. Murder and possibly abduction. Understanding that Mason for the moment was helpless, he ran to the lights and turned them off. He waited till his vision accepted the dark, then let his glance rove about. He possessed the hunter's trick of catching objects from the side of his eye. If you look directly at an object in the dark, generally you do not see it, but it often becomes visible if you look obliquely. And obliquely he caught a luminous patch to the left, above where he stood. The hospice? That was out of the question, considering all things.

They were still on the wrong side of the saddle. There were no precipices about, if he recollected the map correctly. When they turned down the pass the drops would be to the left all the way to Brigue.

Three times he sent the oblique glance up the incline; three times he saw the misty patch. A farmhouse.

"Have you got a gun, Mason?"

"No, boss; nor anything else. I'm sick. I'm not yellow, but that stuff on my hand —— Give me a minute or two."

"Take five. There's a farmhouse up above. There's a light. We'll go up there."

"They must have heard the shots."

"We'll find out."

"If we hadn't had the flat, I'd have gone by that car without seeing it. The windshield was all steam. Those Bolsheviks! . . . Hell! I'm ready; but if there's a scrap I won't be any good."

Davidson couldn't quite understand Mason in his present plight. The boy had seen thousands of mangled bodies; he had gone back and forth through hell, callous and indomitable; yet this episode had turned his blood temporarily into water. Perhaps in the war he hadn't been quite human. Had anybody been? And he had returned at the end to normalcy, himself again, a tender, pitiful young chap who shuddered at the sight of human blood exposed violently.

"Here," said Davidson, holding out his flask, "take a good swig of this."

Mason groped for the flask. He swallowed so hastily that he nearly strangled. When the air got back into his lungs he said gallantly, "Let's go!"

"That's the way to talk!"

Davidson deduced that there would be little or no danger in approaching the farmhouse and knocking for admittance. He needed help himself in the form of a lantern, or he and Mason would have to roost in the car till dawn, supposing there came a dawn on the morrow. Pitch dark and not quite five o'clock in the afternoon!

What had happened, what the affair was about, lay in the realm of speculation. All he had in hand was that murder and abduction had been done. The poor white-haired woman with a young and beautiful face!

Perhaps Mason had hit upon the truth—Bolsheviks and vengeance. More than once he had seen a resemblance between the implacability of the International and the deadly relentlessness of the Danites of Utah.

The murderers had got away temporarily. Both the Swiss and the Italian customs men could give accurate description, car license, and all the rest of it, and within twenty-four hours a thousand pairs of watchful eyes would be on the alert. But Davidson wanted to know what it was all about.

The two groped their way to the farmhouse, stumbling frequently and catching each other by the arm. Davidson could not get away from the queerness of the affair. Pistol shots, a dead man in an expensive car and a light in a farmhouse window. Why the light? Deaf old people who hadn't heard anything? Never again would he travel without small arms.

"Are you fit?" he whispered to Mason.

(Continued on Page 106)

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Drawn by Karl Godwin

While the walls tottered around them . . . they buried the linotypes . . . and saved the city's news service

When the great fire of 1906 swept San Francisco, not a newspaper office was left standing.

But while the walls were still tottering, the men of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD *Daily News* were feverishly digging under the press room floor to bury and protect the linotypes.

So it came that the *San Francisco Daily News* was the first paper in the stricken city to resume news service.

Men do intrepid things when they work on their own. If they share in the profits, they will not weigh their share of the toil and hardship.

That is one reason why the history of SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers is illuminated by so many pages of heroic achievement by individual staff members.

For these newspapers are owned and controlled from within, by the men who make them, by the editors, writers, executives and publishers. Their concerted efforts to make SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers still greater never lessen.

For there is ever sounding in their ears that stirring Marseillaise to ambition — the worker's right to share in the fruits of the progress he helps to create.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO . *News* · DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* · WASHINGTON . . *News* · DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . . *News Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . *Post* · FORT WORTH . . *Press* · EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
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ALBUQUERQUE . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

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CLEVELAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES

The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until new supplies are brought in a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 104)

"Sure! That hooch has taken hold. I'm good for ten rounds It's this mile-high business that gets me."

"Here we are. Keep behind me."

Davidson knocked on the door, his heart pumping with excitement. The changing road and here the middle stretch of it! Silence. He knocked again, loudly. No answer. Then he tried the latch. The door opened mournfully.

He beheld an astonishing picture. A deserted house; the room had the bleak walls and the misty chill of deserted houses. A lantern rested upon a rickety deal table; a dim lantern, one side of the globe black with soot. In a chair facing the dead fireplace was a woman, bound. Her hair was white. That she was alive but insensible was indicated by her bonds. On the floor were two suitcases, their contents scattered about. In one corner was a cot of rusted iron and bleached rope. A table, a lantern, a chair and a cot—the room was devoid of any other furniture. By one leg of the cot lay a vacuum bottle, identical in pattern with his own. Possibly it had fallen from one of the suitcases. The room was filled with vaultlike coldness. It took Davidson only a few seconds to make these observations.

There was no longer any mystery. The woman had possessed something those men had wanted. They had found this object and made off, devil may care whether she was found dead or alive.

Davidson ran to the woman's side and unbound her. She was breathing. Released, she would have fallen to the floor had he not caught her. He carried her to the cot. They had given her chloroform; the odor was still faintly perceptible.

Mason's eyes had been active too. Among the strewn intimate articles on the floor he discovered a pocket lamp.

Davidson sought the vacuum bottle, hoping to find some reviving coffee. There was no coffee within; there was something else, however—a sodden coffee-stained napkin. One did not stuff napkins into vacuum bottles purposelessly. Observing that Mason was busy testing the pocket lamp, Davidson put the bottle in his overcoat pocket.

"Charlie, let me have that lamp," he said. "Watch her. When she shows evidence of coming out of it, give her some brandy. I'm going down to the car."

"Gee, boss!"

"There may be a gun in the other car," said Davidson, hurrying away. When he returned, the woman was still insensible. Never had he seen a more beautiful face. "Charlie, here, take the lamp and see if there is anything upstairs."

Mason out of the way, Davidson laid his own vacuum bottle on the floor. There were other actions.

"What a fluke!" he murmured. "What an inexplicable fluke! And what the devil shall I do?"

One thing he must do at once—revive the woman. When Mason came down to announce that the upper rooms were empty, Davidson had the woman feebly resisting his efforts to pour some brandy down her throat. She coughed and strangled—and opened her eyes, strangely luminous black eyes. Blankness lay on the pale face for a moment; then bewilderment succeeded, and in turn came understanding.

"Gregor!" she cried in French. "Where is my man Gregor?"

It was an extraordinary face; beauty was not alone there. The mold was a resolute one. Davidson was a good physiognomist; studying faces was one of his pastimes. Here would be a woman of high intelligence, courageous but headstrong. Well-born; the fine hands and the shape of the head were mute testimonies. The cheek bones put into his mind the notion that her origin was Slav.

This world! Its ironies, its muddles, its bombs of unexpectedness! On the way to Molly, he had to be thrust into an affair like this! Perhaps it was the tonic—the violent tonic—for which he had been blindly searching. He was in a quandary. He did not know which road to take, as both were dangerously thin ice. There was the touch of death in this game. Perhaps that was why he wanted to play it. The old thrill! Chivalry and the inherent respect for the bent of lawful civilization—at war with each other. Yet even before the attack of this thought was done, he knew that he would go the way chivalry directed.

"Your chauffeur, madame?" he said—"madame" because her hair was white.

"Yes. Where is he?"

"He is down in the car dead. I am sorry."

Her eyes closed and her chin touched her breast. For a moment she looked beaten Then the iron showed through. "I must get to Brigue." She struggled up.

"Madame should rest a little while. I'll take you to Brigue in my car."

"Who are you?"

"Tourists who fortunately discovered that something was wrong here."

She let go a long sigh. "It was to be, then? I have fought so hard for days. You are right. I had better rest. It was all so sudden. I can drive a car, but I had no chance. Gregor—poor faithful Gregor!"

"You were robbed?"

"Yes—of jewels. I was bringing them from Vienna. Jewels of a Russian friend of mine; all she had in this world, and I was bringing them. To lose at the very gates of the haven—Geneva! . . . My name is Sonia Karlov."

Davidson nodded. The Rumanian passport carried that name. The photograph, however—the original photograph—had been skillfully replaced. He was an old hand at recognizing defects in passports. These times there was so little scrutiny at the barriers—the war was gone. The real importance of a passport lay in its visas, which averaged ten dollars each. But there was another little game going on. Passports of vanished persons were being resurrected—happen these documents were not more than two years old.

"If we could have got to Brigue!" she said. "I am beaten!"

Mason growled. Davidson's face was gravely sympathetic. "You shall go to Brigue, madame."

"And my friend who so depended upon me! . . . Poor Gregor, dead! . . . Are you armed?

"No, madame. We are peaceful citizens of the United States, on our way to Montreux."

"Americans!" The accent conferred knighthood.

"We couldn't go on, you know," replied Davidson. "Are you steady enough to get your things together?"

"But Gregor?"

"The Brigue police will take care of him. Did you know you were followed so closely?"

"Yes. We thought we were four hours ahead. What did they give me?"

"Chloroform."

"Perhaps your man had better pack my things. If I stoop over ——"

"Mason, pack those suitcases."

"What does she want done with the vacuum bottle?"

"Put it in one of the cases."

Mason packed the cases, latched them and stood them up. "Keys?"

"Madame, have you the keys?" asked Davidson.

"Useless now." The woman got upon her feet and began to walk about, and slowly her strength returned.

Davidson stood by the table, his right side toward the lantern. He had learned the wisdom of standing near table lights when there was a hidden menace about. Besides, he had good reason to believe that the play wasn't over yet. Mason remained by the suitcases, in readiness to carry them forth. Into the minds of the two men, as they looked at the woman, came the same phrase: "What a pity!" But the phrase was colored differently.

Only a few hours gone Davidson had thought of high adventure and the exciting

(Continued on Page 109)

FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

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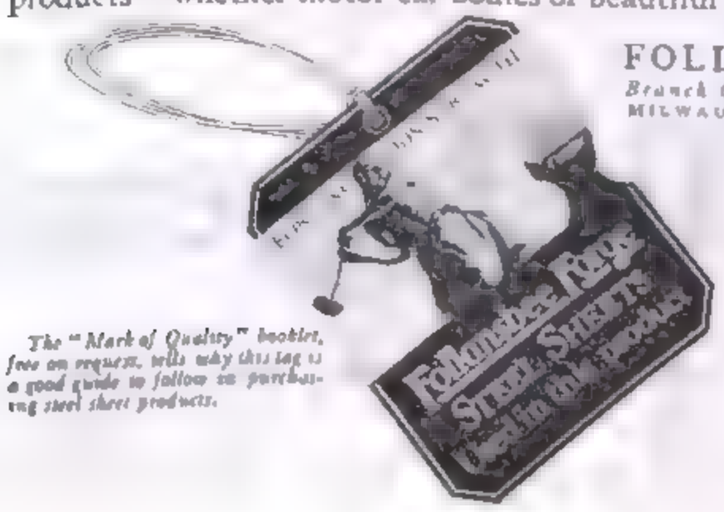

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It is portable and can be installed anywhere. Just plug it into any convenience outlet.

It is unusually quiet.

It never needs oiling or attention. All its moving parts are enclosed in one hermetically sealed housing.

It stays clean because the circulation of air through the coils prevents dust from settling.

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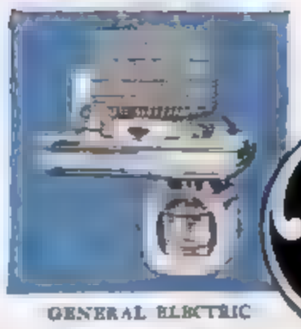
16 CUBIC FOOT SIZE

5 CUBIC FOOT SIZE



GENERAL ELECTRIC ICING UNIT

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 106

hazards of outlawry, and had felt a touch of envy. But now, not so. Romance and reality did not appear to be correlative. Would he have been inclined to chivalry had this woman been plain, coarse! He tried to stamp out this question, but it burned like certain chemicals.

"Let us start," said Sonia Karlov. "But to leave Gregor—alone! Gregor, loyal to the death!"

"The Brigue police will take care of him," Davidson reassured her. "Delay might be dangerous to you."

"Yes, yes; the police. They will see to that poor boy. But it makes me feel cowardly."

"He will never know," said Davidson kindly.

The door opened with a crash. Upon the threshold stood two men with powerful bodies and lowering faces. In the hand of one was a revolver, the black orifice directly in line with Davidson's heart.

IV

THE situation hypnotized all of them—even the man with the gun, since he did not shoot at once. Davidson had reasons for believing that these men would be coming back, which accounted for his closeness to the table. He had hoped to get on before they arrived. They must have gone as far as Brigue, considering the time. Two gorillas, to whom violent death was only an inconvenience!

Because neither of the strangers spoke, the moment seemed pregnant with death. One of two things was going to happen, Davidson knew: He was to leave a conqueror or he was to die here. Naturally he was first to recover from the hypnosis. He sent over the table and ducked at the same time. The lantern crashed to the floor and went out. Scarcely had the new second come when the room reverberated with the percussion of a pistol shot. Another followed. Spiteful stabs of flame which illuminated nothing. Davidson heard the hum of the bullets, and to the third shot he answered with an old trick—a cry of agony. He was confident that the gorillas would now confine their efforts to the routing of Mason, which would give himself a free hand.

All four wore overcoats, which would offer a serious handicap, happen they came to grips. Still, this disadvantage would be shared by them all. Immediately Davidson sensed this fact and with lightning speed tore off the encumbrance. The old thrill—an exultant thrill—tingled his blood. Somehow—of course, that was on the knees of the gods—somehow he was going to get through to Molly.

Mason came out of his stupefaction and forgot everything but the fact that the human being he loved best was either dead or mortally wounded, and with a fury, deadly because it was cold and calculating, he dropped silently to his knees and crawled toward the door, his right hand extended. Suddenly he touched a leg.

Davidson understood, when he heard the thud of bodies, what was taking place in Mason's mind. But he dared not call out. Instead he began to work his way around the table. There was such a racket going on in Mason's corner that he could move without fear of creaking boards.

Thuds and bumps; a gunshot toward the ceiling, for the flame darted that way. Mason evidently had his man by the wrist and was fighting desperately. After the shot, a groan, followed by several dull thuds, then silence.

There was no sound from the woman. Doubtless she was huddled upon the cot. Indeed, there hadn't been any sound from her since the dénouement.

The silence in Mason's corner brought about the downfall of the second rogue. His mistake was natural. Confident that Davidson was out of the way and that his companion and his assailant were hors de combat, he turned on his pocket lamp to investigate. His chin was faintly visible. Davidson saw that he was near enough, and struck. Rogue Number 2 fell limply upon his face. The pocket lamp rolled along the floor, then stopped, with the glare of it concentrated upon the overturned table. This spot of light to Davidson was as good as a compass. Swiftly he got out his handkerchief and soundly tied the rogue's hands behind his back. Then he picked up the lamp.

"Mason?" he called. "You aren't dead?"

Davidson turned the light upon the point whence Mason's voice issued and saw his man seated upon the head of Rogue Number 1, the salvaged revolver ready for any event.

"I'm all right, Charlie. Had to fake the cry to make them forget about me. Evidently we aren't going to check out this trip. Bind your man's hands behind his back."

"Maybe he won't need tying. I beaned him."

"Do as I say."

Davidson then focused the cot. The beam of light struck the woman's face. Her black eyes were flashing, but her clenched hands were pressed against her bosom. Game, he thought. Not an outcry during all the tumult, knowing that if he and Mason went down, finis to her affairs would be written. What an infernal pity it was! She had tricked the rogues, but they had found it out and had returned to kill her. When thieves fell out, honest men got their dues—sometimes.

Twenty magnificent emeralds, packed away in the bottom of a vacuum bottle! And fate had thrust him into the affair with the same inexplicability with which it had suffused these mountain tops with fog. But wasn't that the way with life? To each tragedy individually provoked there were at least ten brought as gifts.

The globe of the lantern was broken, but nevertheless Davidson applied a match to the wick and righted the table. "You are unharmed, madame?"

"Thanks to you."

"What would they have done to you had not my man and I appeared?"

"Tortured me—or worse. When you cried out I believed you killed. The man with the beard shot Gregor. He is Fedor Lubovin. Tie him well. I had no weapon."

Fury instead of fear! He did not ask her to explain why the dupes had returned; that could wait. Other things could wait, too—cogitations. This was no time to run in and out of blind alleys.

With the rope drawn from the cot he and Mason bound the rogues thoroughly and callously and propped them against the wall. Mason hadn't been gentle in his berserker rage, for his victim appeared to be in a bad way. Both rogues were still insensible. Mason had a cut across his forehead and a goose egg over his right ear, and Davidson's hand pained him considerably.

"Some shindy, boss," Mason whispered, "considering we weren't asked to the party."

"Now, madame," said Davidson, "we'll start for Brigue. The police will take care of these chaps and your chauffeur. We have a tire to put on. That will take a minute or two."

All this sounded hard, bloodless. Perhaps he had become momentarily hard and bloodless, due to the thought of that handsome young chap down yonder, dead in the driving seat, lured there by the extraordinary beauty of this woman, who was a thief. The death of the boy had hit her shockingly; there was no doubt in his mind regarding this. Nevertheless, the boy's death could be attributed indirectly to her acts.

Chivalry or duty. Dutiful, he should hand this woman over to the police. Chivalry bade him let her go. And in the end she would not be the least grateful for this chivalry. He would let her go, but he would hand over the Boronov emeralds to the Brigue police.

"Take the suitcases, Mason."

Davidson then blew out the lantern and by the aid of the pocket lamp led the way down to the car and turned on the lights.

"Just a moment, please," said the woman. "That poor young ——"

"You wish to see him?" . . . Humph! thought Davidson; some papers she wanted to dig out of the dead man's pocket. "You aren't afraid of the dead?"

"Not when they have died in my service."

"Very well."

She was a thief, but she was a magnificent one. He watched her disappear into the golden wall. When she returned he helped her into the car and put her suitcases beside her. He was about to close the door when she spoke: "Is there any way out of Brigue tonight?"

"There's a tram which will take you to Martigny. From there you can go on to Geneva. Do you fear that there will be others in pursuit?"

"I don't know." Her voice was full of weariness.

"I believe we can make the eight o'clock tram. Please excuse me for a moment." He went back to Mason, who was waiting for the light.

"Gee, boss, I thought they'd got you! That's why I tried to brain my man. Just as the other guy turned on the lamp, I was aiming to plug him. Then you whammed him on the button. Say, that's a white wig! She's young, with a black bob. . . . Why did they come back?"

"She fooled them."

"You mean she's still got the jewels?"

"Sh!" And the whispers ceased.

V

DAVIDSON had discovered four important facts: That this Karlov woman was young and beautiful, perhaps without exception the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; that she was using a passport which had been cleverly tampered with; that she was one of the partners to the theft of the Boronov emeralds; that she had double-crossed her confederates. Nevertheless, he was going to connive at her escape from the police.

These winding roads of fate, with their unexpected ambuscades! But for his interest in the newspaper clipping, he would have fared forth absolutely ignorant of Death's reason for stretching out a hand toward him this evening.

How had she fallen to this state? The war? Had that driven her to defend herself in this fashion? Come, come! he thought. He must not let this beautiful outlaw get into his thoughts too deeply.

The fog was thinning; rain was lacing it now; but it was the devil and the deep blue sea for choice. The fresh tire on, Mason called for a drink of brandy and asked for five minutes circulation.

"I'm groggy and cold and kind o' nightmarish."

"Take your time," said Davidson. "There won't be anybody behind us. I wish I could spot the hospice. I'd stop and have this hand looked over. It hurts like the devil, and it's swelling all the time."

"If you knock over a Woolworth, what can you expect?"

The five minutes up, Mason got into the driving seat and Davidson took the seat beside him. For a while the car ran levelly, then its nose dropped a little.

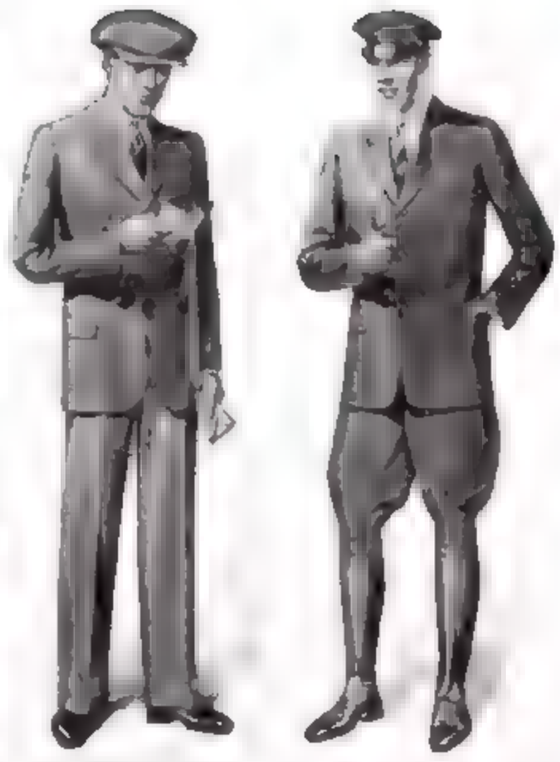
"On the way down now, Mason. Mind the left. The drop will be there. All right?"

"Sure! But what got me was that cry of yours. I thought they'd got you. Say, it's a funny world. All this out of nothing, and it won't have anything to do with tomorrow."

"Just an interlude." But Davidson wondered if this would be the end of it. He was glad that he carried all his old war papers with him; he had a notion he would need them when he approached the police in Brigue. What a whale of a yarn to tell Molly! Or should he tell her?

All at once the rain ceased; the fog rolled up, shredded and vanished; and lo, above were the clear evening stars and below the evening lights of Brigue! Mountains had notions of their own.

(Continued on Page 111)



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(Continued from Page 108)

It was a long, slow journey down the winding road. But for the cheering lights of the little town, the descent would have offered the illusory notion that the car was on the way to the bottomless pit.

The sky was not yet the dark blue of night; it was turquoise in the west and malachite in the east. It was the great range across the way that gave the valley the semblance of a pit.

Davidson began to worry about his hand. He had broken it between the knuckles and the wrist; of this he was assured. Two or three weeks in splints, probably. Still, he was alive and kicking.

When they were about to roll into town, Madame Karlov reached through the open window and touched Davidson on the shoulder. "The tram at once?"

"Certainly, madame."

"You understand? If I appear against these murderers, I shall become a marked woman and terribly inconvenienced. You can arrange it?"

"Madame, we shall go directly to the station."

"What a dreadful night!"

"We are at least alive," Davidson remarked.

"They wanted me to die."

"They left the lighted lantern."

"Just to torture me. You are a very brave man, Monsieur ——"

"—— Davidson."

"And your home is ——?"

"Paris, London, New York—wherever I happen to be."

"Ah! If you will be in Lucerne next week, and if you will call at the Beau Rivage for Sonia Karlov ——"

"I shall be delighted."

But this committed him to nothing. He knew that she might be in Paris or London or Berlin next week, but never in Lucerne. How many poor devils had she done in with those eyes of hers? That chauffeur she called Gregor—she had looked into his eyes, spoken into his ear, and there he was, dead on the pass. What a devil of a world it was!

"Mason, do not go to the station itself. Draw up between the street lights." When Mason had acted upon this direction, Davidson turned to the woman behind. "Madame has a veil?"

"No; women do not wear veils any more. It would attract attention."

"Perhaps you are right. But I should keep in the shadows. You have a memorable face. I cannot be seen with you. In order to save you the annoyance of being quizzed by the police, neither the guard nor the conductor should see me. I am going to perjure myself a little. You disappeared after we had conquered your enemies. The police will think you took refuge in the hospice. Are you following me, Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"We do not know what became of madame after the fight in the farmhouse."

"Yes, sir." Mason understood the order, but not the reason for it. Well, the boss always knew what he was doing.

He stopped the car between two street lamps. Davidson got out, assisted the woman to alight, then placed the suitcases at her feet.

"You are a brave and gallant gentleman," she said. "I shall always remember. Adieu." She held out her hand.

"My hand is injured, madame. If you will take the left ——"

"Bad luck. Three lights from one match, the left hand; you know the superstitions."

"Why did those chaps come back?" he shot at her.

"Because they discovered that I had given them the imitations. I can tell you that now. Will you take some money—to bury Gregor with? Dead, trying to defend me! They gave him no chance."

Despite his distrust, Davidson warmed toward this expression of pity. What a jewel of a woman, if only she had taken the straight road! "The police, madame," he said, "will take care of that. Farewell."

"You are a handsome man too. The scar makes you interesting. I shall never forget you."

Swiftly she took him by the shoulders and kissed him, picked up the suitcases and sped toward the station.

Davidson was human—male. He did not lie to himself in this singular moment. A very beautiful woman had kissed him, and he tingled with the pleasure of it. A kiss which excited not one emotion, but several. Then he remembered Molly, his sister. He could not carry that kind of kiss to Molly, so he wiped his lips against his sleeve. Yet despite his sudden and accountable distaste, an amazing miracle had occurred. Never again would he be afraid of a woman.

"Gee, boss!" cried the astonished Mason.

Davidson heard him but did not sense Mason's astonishment. He watched the speeding form of the woman till it merged into the shadows. Davidson laughed ironically. He could wipe his lips but not his memory on his sleeve. Perfume which had no name. A thief! Hang it all!

The tram from Brigue to Martigny that night was, oddly enough for that hour, filled. Sonia Karlov was grateful for this condition, for she knew from experience that in a full car no one person became a point of observation. She took the window seat at the rear of the car, which gave her the advantage in the matter of observation. One suitcase she deposited in the rack above, the other she laid sideways on the floor, using it as a footstool. The passenger who occupied the other half of the seat was an old man, bent with rheumatism.

She waited tensely for the tram to start. She knew that when the motor power was thrown on the strength of the electric lamps would diminish considerably. The night she would pass in Martigny, where she was totally unknown. In the morning she would proceed to Geneva, thence to Paris.

The tram started. She leaned her head against the window jamb and closed her eyes. The old man next to her soon laid aside his newspaper and looked at his fellow traveler, and his eyes widened in astonishment. The young woman was silently weeping!

"Madame is ill?" he asked courteously.

"No, monsieur. I have just lost a dear friend."

"I am sorry, madame." And the old fellow pulled out his newspaper again, not so much for the purpose of reading as for the wish to disembarrass the beautiful lady.

It was strange, thought Sonia, that she could still weep, that there were still tears to weep with. Brave and gallant Gregor! His mother would curse her. Gregor's wild enthusiasm had dazzled her, thrown her off her balance. She might have known what would happen with Fedor Lubovin at large. The bullet should have hit her. Gregor had had everything to live for and she had nothing. A charmed life—for what end? Why did death avoid her? Gregor! Twenty times twenty emeralds were not worth a hair of his head.

She forced aside this poignant vision. That handsome man with the scar—she redrew the Homeric battle in the deserted farmhouse. The window at her elbow, and she had not thought to climb through it! Adroit, that man; his cry which had fooled everybody. He and the chauffeur, both of them brave and kind. And they would go their ways, always believing that they had accomplished a fine deed in delivering her from death. Irony!

How many lives had these emeralds under her feet cost? How many more would they cost before their ultimate end? There suddenly came to her a furious desire to fling the stones out of the window and have done with them. But she knew that she could not. Gregor had given his life for them; so she must go on.

What had been that man's name—the man with the scar? She could not remember beyond the fact that he was an American and that his man addressed him as captain.

A kiss of gratitude. She was always surrendering to impulses, some of them dangerous, nearly all of them incomprehensible. The impulse to go on, on to Geneva, when, by taking the train at Domodossola, she might have reached Geneva unmolested. On the train she would have been in the midst of people continuously, in the station, in the city; she would have found many ways of eluding Lubovin and his companion. Neither of them would have dared to mention the emeralds. Impulse—and Gregor had paid with his life.

By pressing down she could feel the vacuum bottle against her feet. The touch chilled her.

The long ride to Martigny came to its end. At the station she hired a cab to conduct her to the best hotel still open. Once in her room, she ordered supper. She had not eaten since morning. The maid came to turn down the bed. The waiter came twice, to bring and to remove the dishes. These actions over, Sonia locked the door and the windows and let down the curtains.

First she opened the suitcase which contained her true and false passports. The one which had opened the road for her from Vienna to Brigue she burned piecemeal in the washbowl. These ashes she washed out through the waste tube. Next she got the vacuum bottle, balanced it in her hands and studied it for a space, frowning. Then she unscrewed the top and shook the bottle upside down vigorously, upon the counterpane of the bed. Nothing rattled, nothing fell upon the bed. Inspection showed her that there was nothing in the bottle. Her hands became limp and the bottle rolled to the carpet.

She sat on the edge of the bed for a full minute, motionless, dumb. Then—fury; fury of thought and fury of action. She emptied both suitcases and scattered the contents about—futilely, of course. The fury abated and she covered her face with her hands. Gregor, who had died for nothing! She sprang to her feet, her mind filled with cold, clear thinking. The world was not so very large. She still had half her pearls, and she would spend them one by one to find the man with the scarred cheek. And when she found him —— She struck her mouth violently. She had kissed him in gratitude!

VI

MEANTIME Davidson ordered Mason to proceed to the Hôtel de la Poste, where he engaged a suite so that Mason could be within call. A physician was sent for and the hand set and bound in splints. A strip of court-plaster took care of Mason's cut. All told, both of them had come out of it rather luckily. Ruefully Davidson would always remember Fedor Lubovin as the man with the iron jaw. Well, the beggar would not put that jaw in the way of a fist for a long time to come. There would be no maudlin sentiment, no petitions, no bouquets. Continental law, when it got you properly, was a grim thing.

"Now remember, Charlie," said Davidson, "when the police quiz you, that woman escaped during the row. Come on. That pair of birds are tough and that cotton rope wasn't so good. You've got all your papers?

"Yes, sir."

Davidson tucked the vacuum bottle under his left arm. "Come on, then. For some time, Charlie, you're going to sign hotel registers for me. I'm temporarily left-handed."

"What are you going to do—give the commissioner, or whatever you call 'im, a drink of coffee? What's the idea of the bottle?"

"I like drama, Charlie, only I'm on the lawful side of it. Maybe because it's more comfortable when you go to bed o' nights. Our lady friend is a thief, and a rare one."

"A thief?" cried Mason.

"No questions. I want to play it out my own way. Did you ever see a more beautiful woman?"

"No, boss. I thought she might be Russian."

"Probably is. But don't build any beautiful Bolshevik dreams. This is a matter of crooks at war. The lady's passport was a forgery, in the first place. In the second place — No, I'll tell you the yarn in the police bureau. But keep this before you: That while we were in the middle of the rumpus, Sonia Karlov got away. And when I describe her, don't look astonished and don't correct me. It's a queer old bug of a world, Charlie. You saw how beautiful she was."

"Aw, your sister ——"

Davidson interrupted with a short laugh. "Molly is lovely, but this woman who calls herself Sonia Karlov is beautiful according to Praxiteles and John W. Phidias. But like the Venus in marble, Sonia hasn't any soul."

"Maybe nobody's tried to dig it up."

"A Pygmalion to the rescue! Not a bad notion, Charlie. But it would take a demigod to wake her. You and I are a pair of unconventional duffers. We don't run with the crowds; we think for ourselves. So we'll say we're sorry that Sonia took the unlawful side of adventure."

"The death of that poor kid keeled her over." Mason was reluctant to give up his scenario on Bolshevism.

"And maybe that's one of the reasons why I let her go—one of the reasons. She would have fooled me if I hadn't taken to the habit of following things in the newspapers. Now no more chatter. Let's hop it to the gendarmery."

Brigue is a quaint little village, peaceful as its goats. Nothing ever happened to disturb the tranquillity of the police. At least Davidson assumed that nothing ever happened; for it took several inquiries to locate the gendarmery—the police station. A dimly lighted room, cold and musty; a man slightly past middle age reading a newspaper at a desk—that was the picture which was presented to Davidson.

"Monsieur, do you speak French?" asked Davidson at once.

"Yes," said the lawful guardian of Brigue. "I also speak German and Italian—whichever is most convenient to you, monsieur." He smiled in a friendly fashion and eyed Davidson's bandaged hand. "What is it you wish?"

"To report to you that murder has been committed on the pass and that the murderers are tied up in a deserted farmhouse near the peak."

His war adventures had taught Davidson to throw his verbal bombs without flowery introductions. An extra word was always an extra second.

The officer's eyes and mouth opened abnormally and comically. "What's this you tell me?" His rise and gesture reminded Mason of slow moving pictures. "Murder?"

"Yes, monsieur." Briefly but completely Davidson recounted the main incidents of the adventure.

"A dead man in a car and two men prisoners in a farmhouse at the top of the pass?" Death by precipice and by avalanche the officer could understand, but murder and fisticuffs! He became what it is possible he had not been since his promotion—an alert policeman. "Your papers, monsieur," he demanded grimly. "Yours also," he added, speaking to Mason. He was much astonished when he finished examining Davidson's civil and official records.

"You are satisfied?" asked Davidson, rather admiring the elderly fellow's ready acceptance of the first big drama that had ever entered his affairs.

"Perfectly. You are highly recommended. You are an American detective?"

"No, no; but naturally I am still interested in crime. I ran into this affair quite accidentally. A newspaper helped me to understand. When I lifted the woman to the cot her white wig was awry. She was insensible so long that I had plenty of time to investigate."

"A woman." The officer helped himself to a cigarette. "Describe her."

"Handsome. The light was bad. Her eyes might be blue or black. Hair shingle—black. Couldn't tell much about her

clothes. Mason, was there fur on her coat?"

"I don't remember, captain. Touching the dead man did not leave me very keen."

"Well, when the fight was over, the woman was gone. Her name is Sonia Karlov. It is my opinion, however, that her passport is a forgery."

Mason, who could follow the dialogue easily enough, thoughtfully rubbed his chin. The boss had let the woman go; yet here he was, giving away her name. The moment she exhibited this passport at any Swiss frontier—and a murder would cause all the inspectors to be on the lookout—the police would get her. The boss hadn't let her go merely to get her caught elsewhere. Mason was deeply puzzled.

"And she got away with the Boronov emeralds?" The officer rubbed his chin too; perhaps thoughtfully, perhaps because it was in need of a shave. "Well, she cannot get far. She will be at the hospice. Your prisoners will tell me all about her. But what have you there, monsieur?"

"Sonia Karlov's vacuum bottle."

Mason stiffened in his chair.

"And what is in the bottle?"

"The Boronov emeralds."

"What?"

Mason gasped.

"The woman had a set of imitations," went on Davidson. "Probably had them made in Vienna, where they do such wonderful glasswork. The rogues found out their mistake and returned before we could get away. Then ensued the battle which ended as I have told you. You see, my own bottle was exactly like hers. I picked hers off the floor to see if there was coffee in it, to revive her with. She had been chloroformed."

A moment later twenty magnificent emeralds rolled out upon the desk blotter. The policeman's vocabulary was nil for the moment. His excitement presently simmered down. Murder and robbery had come to sleepy little Brigue. "I see. The woman robbed her accomplices."

"In English we say double-crossed," explained Davidson.

"I shall send men up the pass at once. When the prisoners are brought in I shall call upon you to identify them. I shall at once telegraph the Vienna police. You will be at the Poste?"

"Yes." Davidson nursed his throbbing hand.

"Monsieur, you have done a fine thing."

Mason knew this better than anyone else, but there was still a puzzle to be solved. As he and Davidson returned to their rooms he decided to have this puzzle explained.

"Boss, why did you let her go?"

Davidson threw his topcoat on the bed. "Perhaps I was in the American jury box and she was a beautiful woman," Davidson laughed.

"But why did you tell him her name was Sonia Karlov and that her passport was forged? What's the idea of letting her believe she's free, when every barrier will be on the lookout for that name?"

"I saw the case of another passport, Charlie; the same kind of a case we use—French. I didn't open it. I don't want to know who she really is. I don't want to do any more lying. Fill my pipe for me."

"Do you think she will take the blow sitting down?" asked Mason as he got out Davidson's pipe and pouch.

"No, Charlie. But if she ever finds me it will be due to the kind of fluke by which I found her. Of course she'll forget that I saved her from prison. She'll forget that I saved her from death by exhaustion or worse. Perhaps she'll forget the emeralds when she sees a rope of pearls just as valuable, in some Parisian night club or cabaret. But she'll never forget us two, and by the same token we'll always remember her."

"Uh-huh. You sure had a pull to get French passports for us."

Davidson got the coal of his pipe going. "Perhaps the French Intelligence still has a grip on me."

"You are after someone?"—astounded.

"No. But I might stumble on something, and then our French passports would expedite things. You'll remember that so far we have used only our American passports. Strange things are still burrowing underground, Charlie. You never can tell when we might fall upon something."

"What made the woman kiss you?"

"I thought at first it was gratitude. But I've been thinking it over—flattery—vanity—to keep my heart fluttering till she was back in France. What would you have done if she had kissed you?"

"I'd 've been standing on the sidewalk yet," said Charlie truthfully.

Davidson chuckled. "Charlie, there are women in this world who are the very devil for getting men into trouble. A rainbow sort of woman that men pursue, only to find mud puddles. No matter how beautiful she is, she will never make any man happy. Charlie, I didn't like her going to that dead boy and rifling his pockets of all things relating to her. Nerve; steel under the beautiful velvet. I'll wager she's been through a lot. Well, she's out of our radius."

"Boss, what makes a beautiful woman like that go to the bad?"

"I'd like to know myself, Charlie. Bred that way as a child, maybe. Beauty is like genius; it comes from anywhere, and you can't breed it. The war may have had something to do with it. And there's Russia, gone crazy. The tragic joke of it is, when she looks into that vacuum bottle she'll write us down as crooked as herself. But she'll see the papers tomorrow and learn the truth."

But Sonia did not learn anything of the sort. The Baroness Sauer took care of that. Through the power of her financial and political affiliations, the restoration of the Boronov emeralds did not appear in print. The baroness had awakened to the fact that to possess such gems and openly to exhibit them was to invite the continental underworld to her house. But there was other information which roused in Sonia equal portions of fear and fury.

"Go to bed, Charlie, but don't undress," said Davidson. "The police may need us any moment."

"I'm a wreck, boss, that's a fact. But here's the point: In all the war I never put my hand on a dead man in the dark."

"You'll be all right in the morning. Toddle along."

Davidson laid his pipe on the dresser, put a long cigar between his teeth and sat down, rather glad to be utterly alone. There might be less somewhere in this cup of adventure; nearly always, in his experiences, there had been some kind of aftermath to such exploits. For all that, there was a tingling joy in the knowledge that his fettle was still unimpaired, that he could put out of business temporarily a gorilla like this Lubovin. Alive again, with boredom gone down with the day. It would be a long time before doldrums again sagged his canvas.

He heard a sound and listened. It was a powerful car, humming on its way to Geneva, probably. He chuckled over an absurd notion. The surprise of the gods, could they but return to see these queer tin ants scurrying all over the globe! Phœbus stopping at Saturn for gas! Paris carrying off Helen in a flivver! A char-à-banc instead of a wooden horse! Davidson's chuckle became a laugh.

Then he saw his topcoat sprawled on the bed, a sleeve pendent. He stared at that sleeve. He had rubbed his lips against it, as futilely as Sisyphus had rolled the bowlder up the hill. The man who cheated himself at solitaire, who lied to himself, was a weakling. A beautiful young woman—no matter what she was morally—had kissed him, and he was glad of it.

He rose and peered into the dressing mirror, examining his lips. No, there hadn't been any lipstick. That wasn't the kind of perfume that had gone to his head. Naturally he had to look at the scar. Molly had never said it, but she had often implied it—that he was a monumental ass for trying to run away from his face. By George, from now on he was going to step out! If he found the villa full up with pretty women he would not mind in the least. If any took umbrage at the scar they could go hang. And that was that.

A new thought caused him to grow cold with distaste. She had probably given that poor boy the same kind of kiss. The inconceivable good and the inconceivable ill a beautiful woman may work upon mankind. Hang it all! He began to pace the room, resting his broken hand in the palm of the other. What kind of rigmarole would he give to Molly to account for the hand? A holdup and a fisticuff in the road—that would serve. There wasn't a braver body in the world, but Molly was still worrying about the war. Nonsense, of course; but she couldn't be got to drop the notion that some German would some day take a pot shot at him for his work in the secret service of the French Army. Yet if he wrapped the broken hand in mystery the old fear would pop into her head. He finally decided to tell her everything, excluding, of course, all mention of Sonia Karlov and the emeralds. He would give her the crust instead of the pie.

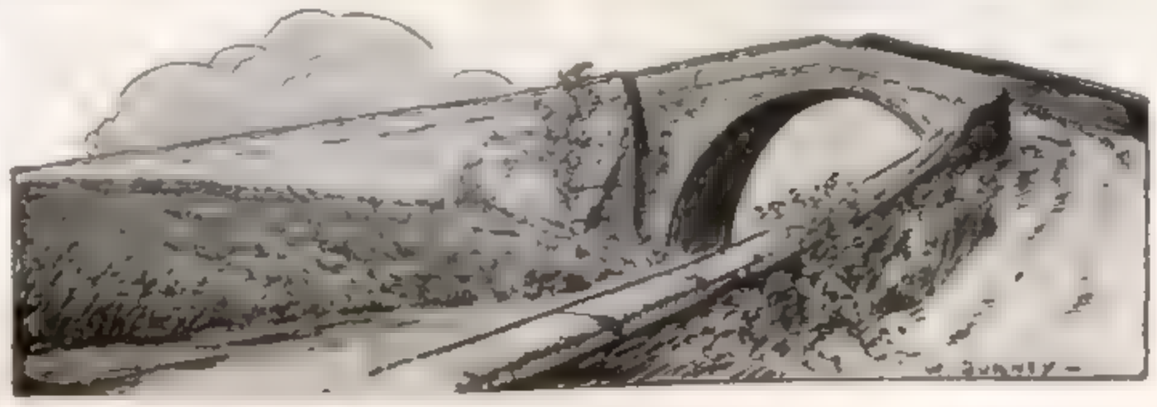
The woman had kissed him. Gratitude—he would let it go at that. He was no adept. Before the war he had kissed a woman or two, but none of these kisses had tingled him the way this one had. He might attribute it to the dramatic ingredients—battle, murder and sudden death. Yet this analysis did not satisfy him.

He knelt and clumsily opened a suitcase, extracting a novel. So long as the hand throbbed, sleep was out of the circle. So he set himself to read—a Tauchnitz, which he opened with a finger, having no paper cutter.

For an hour he read; then suddenly the book fell into his lap. The whole thing became magically clear—not the story but the kiss. He had been given it; he hadn't taken it. He had come upon a new sensation, and till this moment he had not been able to analyze it. For the first time in his life a beautiful woman, unasked, had kissed him. To the devil with the motive!

He returned to the novel but was not permitted to get on with it. Footsteps in the hall—substantial footsteps. Clump, clump. The footsteps paused before his door, and as he rose, a fist thumped the panel authoritatively. When he opened the door he beheld the hotel manager and the chief of police.

"Monsieur," began the chief directly, "my men found everything as you stated it—nearly. There was a woman. A woman's uninitialed handkerchief was found on the floor. They found and brought down the young man who was shot—Gregor Sergine, a licensed chauffeur, living in Vienna. The woman was not at the hospice. It is snowing up there now, and probably she will never be found. What make was the car those two men had?"



Davidson told him.

"Thanks. You didn't observe the number or the tires?"

"No. In the excitement I forgot to take note. Something has happened. What is it?"

"I regret to state that the two men escaped. They passed my men on the way up. It was asking for death to attempt to stop them, with the precipice at our side. You did your best, monsieur, but the ropes were rotten."

"I feared that. Why didn't your men shoot?"

The officer shrugged.

"One does not shoot at avalanches, and that car was an avalanche. Death they knew was theirs if we caught them. They took the one chance they had—full speed down the pass. You will not be detained now. Nor will any mention be given your part in the affair. These rogues free, there might be reprisals. A telegram from Vienna requests us to say nothing about the emeralds. Politics. The woman has vanished, but nevertheless all barriers will be warned and the name Karlov posted. The car belonged to Gregor Sergine, and will be returned to Vienna. It may be that he did not know the true character of the woman he was driving. Many thanks for your prompt assistance. Ah, yes! The Baroness Sauer begs that Monsieur Davidson will make no mention publicly of the Boronov emeralds."

"I agree to that. . . . I was afraid of those cotton ropes. But there was nothing else."

"They will not get far, monsieur. Your description agrees with that given by the inspectors over the pass. Did the woman give you any notion which man killed Gregor Sergine?"

"The man with the beard—Fedor Lubovin, she said his name was."

"Very good. He will shave. He, too, will be posted. But passports are not examined as they were during the war, which is a pity. He may have two passports. But we shall capture him through his companion, who must have been severely beaten on the head. There was blood on the floor. . . . Good night, and thanks."

"Wait," said Davidson. "That car is peculiarly marked."

"How so?"

"Two bullet holes in the windshield."

"A thousand thanks! That will make it utterly impossible for the car to reach Geneva. Thanks."

"In case you should require me at any time," said Davidson, "here is my permanent address in Paris."

The policeman and the hotel manager bowed themselves out.

Alone, Davidson undressed clumsily and got into bed. The vulture and the bird of paradise. It might so happen that Sonia Karlov would not kiss any man again. . . . Hang it all!

There was one phase, however, which would not straighten out; the mathematics were all out of joint—that windshield.

On going down to the other car he had found that poor chap looking less like a dead man than one asleep. At his feet had been an automatic, two shots gone from the clip, the barrel still a-reek with the smell of powder.

The last trip down to the road he had noticed the bullet holes in the windshield of the car. In other words, pistol shots had been exchanged—to the careless eye, not murder but homicide. But he had gone at the mathematics of the episode and no definite sum had issued. Shots had been fired; but how? The boy Gregor, to fire to the rear, would have had to lean over the door rim. Death would have left him hanging over the rim or aslump on the floor of the car. It would not have been possible for him to die in action at such a peaceful angle.

He had intended to quiz the Karlov woman on this point—but she had kissed him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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R48

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

up the ambiguity in the rule and taboo the official-spokesman idea altogether. But Mr. Coolidge took the position that this was a matter for the correspondents themselves to decide, and for many months he did not raise the question, although it was rapidly becoming the subject of caustic editorial criticism and satire.

Finally the spokesman method was abandoned as describing the method by which news is given out at the White House, and now the assumption of the newspapermen is that they are at liberty to use, as coming from the President, the information he gives them, provided they do not quote exact words.

Indeed, Mr. Coolidge has made it clear that if his exact words were to be quoted he would like to have an opportunity to prepare his statements, instead of giving them in impromptu fashion when the questions are handed to him in the newspaper conferences. Mr. Coolidge's idea is that the conferences with the press are not formal in the sense that he may be speaking to a delegation in a public hearing. His theory is that the newspapermen come to him twice a week for information on public affairs, and that if they reflect accurately what he has said they are discharging their obligation to their newspapers, but that if they attempt to give verbatim accounts of what he says he would be obliged to insist upon the opportunity to prepare his statements for quotation, just as is the case when statements are issued on other days of the week. It so happens that most of the newspapermen are not stenographers and therefore are dependent on longhand. The possibility that no two correspondents would present exactly the same verbatim account was another difficulty taken into consideration when the rule was made.

But while this deference to the desires of a President to protect himself against misquotation or misrepresentation has been recognized by some newspapers, it has not been accepted by others. Indeed, there are editorial writers who have insisted that the President has built up a system whereby he gives out only such publicity as is favorable to his own political fortunes and that the correspondents should have the right to publish, even to quote directly, all that the President says to the press. In other words, they introduce the theory that the newspapers have the right to quiz a President very much as the members of parliaments abroad quiz their prime ministers. If such a system of interpellation were to be invoked in America it would probably lead to the same unresponsive answers as are often heard in London, when a minister states that to answer a particular question is "incompatible with the public interest."

A Party's Vulnerable Spot

The idea that a President must give up certain time each week to meetings with the press and that unless he does so he fails in one of his most important duties may be an argument worth considering; but, regardless of what one President may do about it, there is every reason to believe another President might with propriety feel otherwise. Indeed, each Chief Executive has the right to determine for himself what he shall say and when he shall say it.

Poor publicity may often be a disadvantage to a President, just as artful self-expression may help to keep a President on the front pages and aid in building up a favorable public opinion. There are no doubt many reasons why President Coolidge feels it desirable to talk with the press twice a week; but as for any element of compulsion in the process, it can hardly be said that the Washington correspondents or the editorial writers of newspapers have as yet formulated any such demand.

The difficulty is that our Presidents are not the choice of all political parties but represent in office victorious partisans. Most of the editorial writers who are complaining about Mr. Coolidge's methods in handling the press come from the opposite political party. In fairness it must be said that some of the complaints which were made against President Wilson and his reticence on certain public questions came from newspapers opposed to him politically. It seems to be a fetish of editorial writers who carry on partisan warfare that the most vulnerable spot in party armor is the President, and that if by caricature, ridicule or crusading criticism the President can be got on the run the whole political structure surrounding him will collapse. This political sniping begins as early as possible in a presidential term and continues with more and more intensity at the approach of the next presidential campaign. The restlessness of partisan editors becomes apparent with their instructions to their Washington correspondents to begin bombarding the President. Every incident that can be magnified to reveal a supposed weakness of a President is played up and emphasized. Though it is true that the Washington correspondents are independent-minded, some are also upon occasion responsive to the editorial policies of their respective newspapers. In many cases they are not even instructed to write partisan dispatches, but they understand perfectly well the slant they are to take in order to satisfy the editors at home.

The Votes Won Before Campaigns

Even the syndicate correspondents are under considerable pressure to become partisan. They are frequently implored to conduct crusades and to begin partisan attacks. It is assumed that these correspondents will be more effective with their criticism because of the large audiences they reach. Now, these national correspondents have usually risen to their positions by reason of independence and their absolute refusal to write about public affairs in any other vein than that which they conscientiously believe to be the truth.

This does not mean that their dispatches fail to reflect the good or the bad as it develops in Washington, but it does mean that they report what they see from a detached viewpoint. Nor does it mean that partisan newspapers print regularly what these national correspondents write, for each newspaper editor is sovereign. If he thinks that a dispatch written for his newspaper gives too much aid and comfort to the opposing party, the editor may omit to publish it.

Sometimes he will decide that a particular dispatch conflicts with an editorial policy. Other newspaper editors feel that a dispatch signed by a national writer can be published as that writer's report or impressions, and that it is perfectly proper to express in the editorial column a conflicting view. The tendency in the latter direction is growing, because it recognizes that readers of newspapers are both Republicans and Democrats, and that to give them day in and day out only one view on a public question is perhaps unwise from the standpoint of reader confidence.

More and more newspapers are finding that the voter forms his impressions on politics by reading the day-by-day dispatches and articles about current events, and that by the time campaigns come around the voter has usually some deep-seated prejudices for or against a particular party or candidate. Although the politicians claim that many votes are swung during a campaign, this is believed now to be the exception rather than the rule. Mr. Wilson did not make a very active campaign in 1916 and whatever merit he had in the minds of the voters was acquired throughout the years 1913, 1914 and 1915, when he was putting his shoulder to the wheel and driving through Congress the Federal Reserve Act, rural-credits legislation, and other items in his program.

Mr. Coolidge was not elected in 1924 because of things he said during the campaign. In fact, his first address to Congress, in December, 1923, which was a model of brevity and terseness, gave the country an idea of the kind of man who had succeeded Warren Harding, and it was not necessary to make an extended or vocal campaign the next year. If Mr. Coolidge should be reelected in 1928, it will not be because of things that are said in the four months of the campaign between July and November, but because of the impressions that have been conveyed about him in the preceding years. Similarly, if the country should feel in the mood for a change in party, it will be because of dissatisfaction with the Coolidge policies during the whole time he has been in office and not during the few months in which the stump speakers have had their hearing.

This makes all the more important, so far as politics is concerned, what the day-by-day publicity about a President is from the moment he is inaugurated until the day in which he is renominated by his party. Mr. Coolidge has recognized the opportunities for publicity that are bestowed on a Chief Executive. A President can show in dozens of ways just how much fellowship is in his soul, just what are his inclinations about government ownership, socialism and the other isms, and he can reveal his interest in the material prosperity of the country through the avoidance of experimental philosophies. He knows that for three years at least, when there is no opposing candidate in the field, he has the front pages more or less to himself.

Calvin Coolidge has not failed to be courteous in his treatment of the individual correspondents. In fact, he has gone a bit further than other Presidents in his solicitude for them on trips and special occasions when other Presidents have in their excitement forgotten about the working newspapermen. I remember one President who suddenly decided to make a trip West and whose secretary forgot all about the newspapermen and had the President's car attached to a couple of baggage cars, so that the scribes had nowhere to sleep and had no opportunity to get any food for several hours the next day. Another President was in the habit of ignoring the correspondents on his journeys, and they encountered considerable discomfort. I do not recall, however, that any of these correspondents gave vent to their feelings in what they wrote, for they accepted the idiosyncrasies of the Chief Executive as all in the day's work.

The Stage to Themselves

As for Mr. Coolidge, he has been most careful on all his journeys to see to it that facilities were provided for the newspapermen who were assigned to travel with him. He has also included correspondents on his invitation lists along with senators and members of the House of Representatives, feeling that the Fourth Estate was entitled to equal consideration socially. But while these courtesies have been appreciated by many correspondents as a compliment, not to themselves but to their profession, there have been editorial writers who have criticised Mr. Coolidge as endeavoring in this very social attention to curry favor with the press. It is but another instance of how the partisan mind works in its effort to select some phase of presidential activity or inactivity as the basis for attack and criticism.

For many months of the year the executive branch of the Government is alone in Washington. Individual members of Congress who make sufficient news while they are at the capital, somehow vanish into acquiescent silence when both Houses adjourn. Then the Washington correspondent concentrates on what the executive branch of the Government is doing. This means that the President and his cabinet are the principal actors on the stage and therefore

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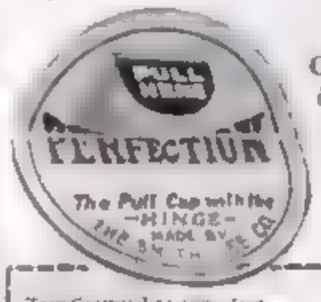

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We are routing, as a free service to sportsmen's clubs, two moving picture films that bring real joy to the soul of a fisherman. "Fish Tales;" and "Bait Casting." Requests filled, gratis, in the order of their receipt.

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attract most of the attention. In truth, the executive branch of the Government does produce more news when Congress is not in session than when it is engaged in protracted debate. The Congressional Record tells its own story of how much time is spent in conversation and how little time is spent in definite action. When Congress leaves Washington the executive branch of the Government, possessed of the authority to carry out the wishes of Congress, begins to frame regulations and to do the tasks assigned to it.

A Balanced Political Diet

Much of what the executive branch of the Government does is not even remotely connected with politics; yet so alert are some of the critics to attribute a partisan motive that invariably they see politics where the bureau official never dreamed there could be the slightest suspicion of political entanglement. In between sessions of Congress, therefore, the Washington correspondents find themselves reporting what the executive branch of the Government is doing, and naturally this is what the party in power is doing. Under such circumstances partisan editors have often considered the possibilities of sending to Washington editorial writers who would conduct crusades and exposés, showing up the party in power.

Some correspondents, indeed, have considered from time to time that they might establish a syndicate of Democratic newspapers or Republican newspapers, as the case might be, to write partisan dispatches so as to satisfy the partisan editors. But the difficulty and danger of such a project is that the readers back home might detect a studied attempt to influence their judgment, and lose confidence in the sincerity of that particular newspaper's news columns. For a while dispatches may appear in the news columns which produce varying impressions on the mind of the reader. The essential fact is that if the disinterestedness of the correspondent or the newspaper publishing his dispatches is evident from day to day, there will be a tendency to regard such information as at least without motive.

However, few partisan editors have been willing to risk giving over their news columns to one particular point of view. In fact the moment their news columns reflect a definite point of view there are evidences of resentment on the part of readers. In some communities, of course, where there are an outright Democratic newspaper and an outright Republican newspaper, the supposition is that readers of a particular political party take one or the other. Then the publisher's desire for more circulation gets the better of him and he begins to wonder what the independent voters are reading, and he endeavors to corral them by making his news columns a little broader in their presentation of the news of the world than those of his competitor. In this way the trend toward nonpartisanship gradually develops until the competition is between policies of fair-mindedness rather than suppression and distortion of news.

Though the news correspondent may endeavor to present as fairly as he knows how what the Government is doing at Washington, he cannot by any means regulate the partisan tendencies of the headline writers. Very few publishers issue direct instructions to their copy desks to show partisanship in the headlines; in fact, they usually urge fairness in handling news; but the copy readers are sometimes conscious of the viewpoint expressed in the editorial column and they know what pleases the editor or owner, as the case may be. So it is not unusual to find them deleting certain portions of news articles which happen to be too friendly to a particular individual or cause, just as they give more emphasis and larger headlines to achievements which they think enhance the political prestige of a party they are trying to support.

The large news associations which distribute news of the speeches of political candidates are often accused of unfairness when in reality they are not to blame. Theirs is merely a business of distribution. It is the right of the individual newspaper to publish or suppress. In some cities where newspapers are aware of the suspicion of readers, a deliberate effort is made to balance so far as possible the amount of news printed about rival candidates or political meetings. This tendency has grown more conspicuous in the past few years, with growth of independent newspapers. All directories showing lists of newspapers nowadays reveal that political affiliations are diminishing rather than increasing. Newspapers are reserving the right to call themselves "independent," even though they may support a particular party consecutively for several campaigns. What they really mean is that they are independent in their decision to support a particular party and that they are not involved in the party machinery. There are instances in which newspaper editors are actually engaged in politics and retain their newspaper properties and direct editorial policies while they are in public office. Some newspaper editors have risen politically because of the power they have wielded as publishers. There have been a number of instances in which men elected to public office have relinquished control of the editorial policy of their newspapers and have cautioned their subordinates to be particularly scrupulous in presenting the news of both sides. Needless to say, such breadth of vision has usually been regarded as a shrewd bit of politics in itself.

Canned Party Propaganda

The fundamental proposition that the people cannot be fooled for any length of time about the news that is fed them from day to day may be accepted as one reason why representative government has accomplished what it has in America. The partisans have gone to extremes, too, in their schemes to manipulate newspapers. Both the Republican and the Democratic headquarters have tried in vain to reach into the news columns of newspapers with canned propaganda. For several years publicity agents of both parties have sent out Washington dispatches free to all newspapers which would publish them. These dispatches have been written in partisan style and have sought to create definite currents of public opinion. These so-called dispatches have been distributed by wire as well as by mail throughout the country, in the hope that partisan newspapers would publish them in preference to the news from disinterested sources.

Unfortunately such dispatches are not credited to the Republican or Democratic sources, but are made to appear in print as if they were bona-fide dispatches from regularly employed correspondents. The newspapermen of Washington have been powerless to prevent this procedure, though they have looked askance at it for years. Occasionally there arises in one of the political headquarters an individual who recognizes that natural news gets more display in newspapers than artificial news. This accounts for open letters, public questionnaires and other devices designed to attract attention. Clever publicity men have recognized that by telling their candidates exactly what to say, either by a skillful attack on another candidate or by some public exposé of wrong-doing, there will be plenty of newspaper and magazine attention.

A Beneficiary of Correspondents

But by and large, the fact that there resides in Washington a corps of correspondents who resist the demands upon them to misrepresent what they see and who tell the truth from day to day by presenting their impressions of public affairs, irrespective of whether these reports help or hurt a particular candidate or his party, is the best guaranty nowadays that the public can possibly have that the corrective processes of representative government will endure. If the party in office tends to misuse its power, the disinterested correspondents will report the facts on which the public will make up its mind that misuse has occurred.

On the basis of such facts, sent out by reputable correspondents, the editorial writers, in turn, will express their vehement disapproval; and when such disapproval comes from the newspapers which originally supported a particular party or President the criticism takes on added weight. So, too, the Washington correspondents who from year to year devote themselves to the task of presenting fairly the news of the day will in the long run have accomplished far more than if they attached themselves to particular parties and sought to create studied political effects.

The President in every administration is a natural beneficiary of much of what the Washington correspondents write, because he is conspicuously in the news all the time. But if the evidence presented to the great American jury by the Washington correspondents is unsatisfactory, then the editorial writers as well as the voters at the polls may, under our present system, render their negative verdict in unmistakable terms. A President may affect the press when he is right, but he cannot retain its favor indefinitely when he is in the wrong. And public opinion, formed by reading the press, is the final judge of whether he is right or wrong.

On the Lewisburg Road, St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana

"We can save you several wagonloads of fuel"

"We're just around the corner, Johns-Manville and I.

I'm the local plumber and steamfitter. You know me. You also know Johns-Manville—they make Improved Asbestocel—the best pipe covering on the market. That's why I apply it.

When I say we can save you several wagonloads of fuel—I mean just that—not just shovelfuls, or tons, but wagonloads!

Listen to this:—I've put Johns-Manville Asbestocel on some heating systems that were bare and some that were covered with lame-duck pipe covering and the house owners have saved as much as three tons in one heating season.

Multiply three tons by the number of years that you're going to live with your furnace and radiators and you're going to save coal by the wagonload.

There's no 'perhaps' about it either.

So, if you want a warm, comfortable, livable home next winter—not the kind of an ice house you remember last winter—let me get busy in your cellar applying Improved Asbestocel. It is a pipe covering of special construction which keeps the heat in your heating system until it gets to your radiators where you want it. When you spend a dollar for fuel—oil or coal—you want a dollar's worth of heat and comfort delivered to your radiators.

Leave it to Johns-Manville and me. We'll get it there.

But we must start now. Winter's only three months off and I'm going to be pretty busy between now and then.

Telephone me—I'm your local plumber—to inspect your heating system and give you an estimate. It's a lot cheaper job than most people suppose."

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If you want the name of the nearest plumber applying Asbestocel, send this coupon to us.

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292 Madison Avenue, New York
Kindly tell me where I can get Improved Asbestocel

Name

Address

THE GIRL ON THE STAIRS

(Continued from Page 19)

fireproof staircase dissolve! Of course, he had really seen nothing of the kind, he told himself afterward; this queer sort of double-exposure business was the effect of a headache, and the surprise of that girl's soundless appearance. But the whole thing was, for the fraction of an instant, utterly amazing.

Instead of standing at the foot of a modern hotel staircase, he seemed to himself to be standing in a doorway. He was looking through this doorway at a piece of furniture, or part of a piece of furniture—it was all too hazy to be certain about. But what he did seem to see quite clearly was a sort of background of black walnut carved in fruit that pyramided up to a large bird. Against this background the head of the girl on the staircase leaned, her black hair framed in the dazzling white of her fur collar. And on her lips, in her eyes there seemed to him an expression so sweet and kind that it tugged at the deepest roots of his being. It brought up to the surface an amazing emotion.

It was as if there had been for years something he had hungered and thirsted for, something he had unbearably lost. He had thrust under this longing; he had not even been aware that it was there. But now he knew. The knowledge brought a pang so keen, so wholly beyond experience, so oddly made up of pain and delight that a sudden moisture stung in his eyes.

"What is the matter with me?" he thought. For what he wanted to do was to walk through that doorway, to lay his head against the whiteness of that white fur, to bury his face in that soft cloud of black hair, and to be at peace.

"Good Lord, I'm light-headed!" He put a hand involuntarily over his eyes, as if to steady himself. And the girl on the staircase came down three steps.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

He opened his eyes. His normal powers of observation now functioning, he saw that the young woman was gazing at him with grave concern. The staircase was once more a staircase.

"You look rather ill," she repeated.

"I'm all right now," he smiled. "A touch of dizziness. For a moment I saw things, rather. I hope I didn't frighten you?"

"Oh, no!" She came down the remaining steps. "I was standing there trying to get my bearings. These corridors are like a maze. I was looking for the Poetry Society dinner and I found a dinner to an ambassador."

He laughed. "I'm bound for the ambassador's dinner and I've just tried to crash the poets'!"

"How droll!" Her brief laughter was as charming as the color of her slippers. "Then you can tell me whether I am approximately on the right floor?"

"I can do better than that, if you'll let me. I can take you to the very spot."

"Please don't trouble to do that!" she protested. "Although you do look much better now."

"I'm as right as anything now," he assured her.

Indeed a sense of elated well-being took possession of him with a rush, a sort of excited appreciation of everything in the world, including the prune-colored corridor along which they were now pacing.

Their conversation as they retraced, not too rapidly, the way back to the poets' banquet hall was unimportant. Roger himself was scarcely thinking about his part of it, for he was preoccupied with an odd sensation of repetition that gave to this moment a dreamlike quality. He could not understand it; this girl was a stranger to him; he had never seen anyone even remotely resembling her before. She seemed to him unique and lovely, and oddly familiar.

"Darned if I know what's the matter with me!" he thought. "How short this corridor is! We'll be at that corner in no time." And aloud he inquired of his companion if she was a poet.

"No," she replied, "I'm only a guest of poets."

"Then you can't tell me whether it is true that they fight?" This was asinine, but one had to say something or she would notice that one was walking more and more slowly. Alack! Alack! Here was the corner and there were the poets! Arriving in clouds, they swirled through the broad space in front of the velvet-hung doorway, while the red-haired girl sat behind her table, answering questions, checking off names, more like a busy young bird than ever. Even from this distance the place resounded with soft cries as the poets greeted one another, amidst clouds of tulle and black coats and jade earrings.

"You see how amiably they greet one another," murmured his companion.

"You don't think, then, if I hover around awhile I may see them—er—at it?" He was stalling for time.

She shook her head. "I imagine they keep the best for their regular meetings."

Then he heard himself asking desperately, far too urgently: "Do you go to the regular meetings?"

They had come almost to a standstill now, and their eyes met. Again there surged over him an uncanny sense of something that was new and very old. There was something he wanted to do, something he longed for with an unhappiness that was nostalgic.

"By the gods, I'm homesick!" he thought with amazement. He who had never known what it was to long for home since those far-off nights when, a motherless boy, he lay and stuffed a pillow to his face to keep back the sobs. That was what this girl made him feel—homesickness. It was incredible. He stared down at her, and she, her eyes dilating as if a certain quality in his gaze had got through to her, stared up at him. Her lips parted to speak, and a fiendish calamity befell. A clamor broke out behind them; it drew swiftly nearer, it resolved itself into shrill cries of: "Darling! Where have you been? We've looked everywhere! We got off at the wrong floor. Did you? Have you waited long?"

"My friends," the girl murmured. In the way she drew a step back he read a slight embarrassment, as if she were aware of the intimacy of the moment now so ruthlessly destroyed. "Thank you!" She gave him a somewhat formal bow, and the next instant she was surrounded, captured.

A lady whose hair was in a fillet and whose stoutish figure was draped in artfully rusty-looking stuff, threw her arms about the girl; a thinner woman with tulle all up about her ears pecked at her cheek; a mournful man who hovered near by brightened and took her hand. They at once swept her past Roger, and she, casting at him one helpless, farewell glance went with them, overwhelmed.

Roger Arnold now realized that the good old phrase "rooted to the spot" had merit, for he was unable to do anything whatsoever but to stand looking after her. Years of perfect *savoir-faire* deserted him, and he could think of no way a man could run after a lady, demanding her name, without looking ridiculous. He saw her caught up in the swirl of poets and swept into the banquet room. One instant he could still catch a glimpse of her small black head above the white fur of her cloak, and the next she was gone.

He had an impulse to charge into the room after her, then a less conspicuous way of managing the matter came to him. He would rush through his own dinner as rapidly as possible and get down here before the poets had finished. He would be strolling past as if by chance when she came out, and the rest he would leave to his lucky gods.

Back to the staircase where he had first seen her, he hastened. At the foot of it he recalled the remarkable hallucination he had experienced as he stood there not more than ten minutes ago. He did not in the least understand it; he could only lay it to his somewhat feverish condition. But of one thing he was certain: In the past fifteen minutes something startling had happened to him. He did not put a name to it until he had mounted to the fourth step from the bottom of the staircase and found himself pausing where she had paused, putting his hand on the stair rail where hers had rested. Not until then did he really know what had befallen him.

"Man," he whispered solemnly, "you're in love."

It was a singular state of mind in which to be chairman of a dinner concerned with international banking problems. Somehow he managed his duties, though he had occasionally to be nudged to introduce the next speaker. But as the affair progressed he grew impatient. Each successive speech was a nightmare of prolixity; he would not have believed that the human mind could find so many ways of saying the same things over and over, or of prolonging the saying of them to such maddening lengths. Moreover, physically he felt very queer indeed; his head ached savagely and his chest felt bound with iron. At last, with one speaker still to go and his own summing up ahead of him, he turned to the man at his right.

"Jerry, I don't feel at all well," he whispered. "Will you take over this affair and let me slide out?"

From the attendant at the door he seized his coat and hat and made a dash for the stairway—the magic, blessed stairway! He grinned nervously and felt like a sophomore with a date. He could not think what he was going to say when he saw the girl again, but that did not matter. In a minute or two now—just down this corridor and around the corner. He broke into a run.

But even before he reached the velvet-hung doorway something told him he was too late. He heard the slamming of table tops, the voices of waiters sounding as waiters sound only when they are demolishing a banquet hall, and as he looked in at the door his heart dropped like a plummet with a sense of catastrophe and calamity. There wasn't a poet in sight. There was not so much as a feather from the wing of a poet, so to speak. From a wrecker rolling a table top like a hoop, he, in a panic, demanded the head waiter. The head waiter had gone home five minutes before. But as he turned away his eye caught amidst the confusion a crumpled sheet of paper. He snatched it up:

SEATING CHART

TABLE 1

ANDREWS, J. H. — LEAMINGTON, L. V.
MRS. ANDREWS — AND GUEST
ELEANOR KETTLE — MARCIEN, H. H.
MRS. MARCIEN. . . .

He stared at the sheet for a long time, but in a moment he was not really seeing it, though he read it all the way through to Table 14. For he was raging at himself. What good would seating charts do him, poor befuddled idiot? He did not know her name!

Dazedly he walked out into the hall, resisting an impulse to run around in circles. There was the small table at which the red-haired girl had sat, checking off names. He stared at it for a moment, then, trying not to run, he made for the elevator.

In two minutes, feeling curiously as if a choppy sea were trying to lift him off his feet, he was leaning across the telephone counter toward a young person who wore—he thought it odd and interesting—a steel fillet and black ear muffs.

"Give me," he panted, "the Poetry Society. I want the secretary. She has red hair."

The next thing he observed was the young person's face swinging around in circles; she was calling out for an attendant. And he heard himself saying with slow calm, "No, I'm not drunk, but I think I'm going to be ill."

After that a number of baffling and painful things happened to Roger Arnold, but during them all he suffered under a dreadful nightmare in which he was becalmed in a prune-colored corridor with barnacles growing on him while something of enormous importance that he should have attended to went undone. This distressful nightmare was varied by periods when he struggled with a strong-armed, hateful being in white who kept saying to him: "Tomorrow, tomorrow!"

But one morning he awakened and tried to speak.

"Did you call, sir?"

He opened his eyes reluctantly. He was in his own bed; Conger, his manservant, was bending anxiously over him. Their eyes met and the man's face became at once less anxious. "You're better, I do believe, sir!"

"Better?"

"Yes, sir. You've been ill, sir. Influenza and pneumonia."

"How long, Conger?"

"Almost three weeks, sir."

"My Lord! I must get up right away. There's something I have to do."

But he found he could scarcely lift a finger, and a nurse put her hand on his shoulder. "Now, now—tomorrow, Mr. Arnold."

"You've been saying tomorrow for weeks," he protested drowsily.

"Of course, I have! With you trying to get to a telephone every hour or two. You go to sleep now, and by next week you'll be able to telephone to your heart's content."

He obeyed her because he could not help himself, and this sleep washed away all his nightmare confusions. When he awakened his mind was clear.

"I met a girl on a stairway," he said to himself. "I fell in love at first sight. And then like a fool I let her get away. Well, the thing I've got to do is to find her."

The first day he was able to leave the house he had Conger send for Rory and his hansom cab. Spring had come in earnest now; the day was bright and as warm as June. As he jogged down the Avenue it seemed to him he had never properly appreciated his native city. In the incredible sparkling warmth of the afternoon he felt like a man new-made. The whole world had changed; he wondered how he could ever have called himself happy before this day. He had something to live for now.

Conger had obtained for him the address of the secretary of the Poetry Society, an office high in a building on Murray Hill. On the glass of a door he read:

EMILY CAMERON
Social Secretary
DINNERS — BALLS
COUNTRY HOUSE ENTERTAINMENTS
CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Feeling a tinge of embarrassment as he considered the unusual nature of his quest, he wondered whether one knocked at the door of a social secretary, or walked in, and compromised by doing both. From behind a desk between two windows the red-haired girl raised inquiring eyes. As on that momentous night, she held a pencil poised over a long list of names. But though instinctively he looked, there was no smudge on her nose. Indeed she was very fresh and springlike in a smart sage-green tweed, with a childish white silk collar rolled back over her jacket. Her hair may have been a trifle disordered, as if she had clutched at it recently, but otherwise she appeared a girl whom nothing could astonish.

This helped him over the beginning. He had resolved upon a jaunty, casual tone: "I say, I met a young woman at your poets' dinner and I want you to help me find her. Not important, of course, but I'd like, for reasons, to get in touch with her ——"

(Continued on Page 125)

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Bumpers and Fender Guards

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2. No cast iron parts to snap under a blow.
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Stewart-Warner Bumpers, and their companion pieces, Stewart-Warner Fender Guards, are furnished in Double and Triple Bar Models. Look for the Stewart-Warner nameplate.

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1. Unusually fast and smooth absorbing action—a big important feature.
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Set of four, $30. Set of two, $15.00
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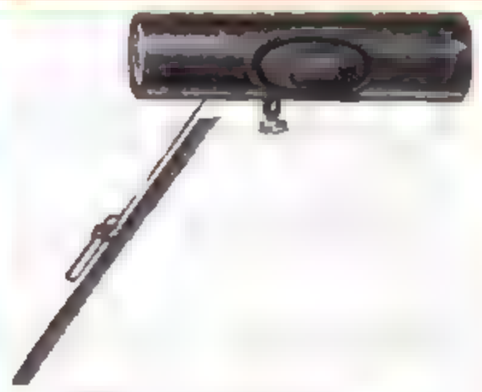

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STEWART-WARNER
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1. *Doubly powerful*—power applied at *both* ends of piston.
2. Tension spring holds the cleaner-blade firmly against glass, giving equal pressure throughout entire sweep.
3. Performs silently—no annoying clicking or hissing.
4. Adjustable for low or remarkably high speed.
5. 160° swing of cleaner-blade gives maximum visibility.

Complete, $4.25
For those who prefer it, we make an electric model—operated independently of the car motor. Unusually fast and silent. Complete, $8.50. *West of 100° meridian, $8.75*

STEWART-WARNER

The Brand to Demand

Why You Will Want a
STEWART-WARNER
Driving Light

1. Cannot blind approaching drivers. Switches off automatically when directed at oncoming cars.
2. Brilliantly lights the dangerous road edge.
3. Turns easily—up or down, to either side, or rearwards.
4. The brilliant light ray is *all* light, not a spotty glare.
5. Handsomely finished in lustrous black and nickel.

Complete for closed cars, $8.00
With or without restricted beam.
Open car bracket, 50c

We also offer a Road Light for close-to-the-road installation. The powerful beam is diffused by a special prismatic lens. Dust and moisture proof. Price, complete, $8.00.

Why You Will Want a
STEWART-WARNER
Vibrator Horn

1. Powerful, distinctive tone gets instantaneous attention.
2. Immediate action and full volume at slightest touch of button.
3. Big in size [14¾ in. long]—Big in volume.
4. Sturdy, simple mechanism—no adjustment necessary. Always on the job when you need it.
5. May be installed in any position—on any car.

Complete with bracket, $7.25

Why You Will Want a
STEWART-WARNER
Speedometer for your Car

1. Accurate speed registration—prevents arrests and fines.
2. Accurate mileage registration—checks gas and tire service.
3. Compensated for absolute accuracy in all temperatures.
4. Built on the famous magnetic principle, insuring instantaneous and positive registration.
5. Expert service always close at hand—available in leading cities throughout the U. S. and Canada.

TODAY THERE ARE 16 MILLION USERS OF STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

When the Greatest Show *in* History thrills the World

.....You're *there*

The BANDBOX $55
A 6 tube Receiver
Brown frosted Crystalline finish—
Bronze Escutcheon.

IMPROVED MUSICONES

Although Musicones improve the reception of any radio set, they are perfect affinities in finish, beauty and reproductive effectiveness for Crosley Radios. A new model, built in the form of a Colonial Tilt-Table with brown mahogany finish, stands 3 feet high. Price $27.50.

16-Inch Super Musicone
(As pictured with Bandbox)
$12.75

12-Inch Ultra Musicone
$9.75

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains

$35

These approved cabinets have been selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal consoles, acoustically and mechanically, for the installation of the Crosley "BANDBOX". Genuine Musicones built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through

H. T. ROBERTS CO.,
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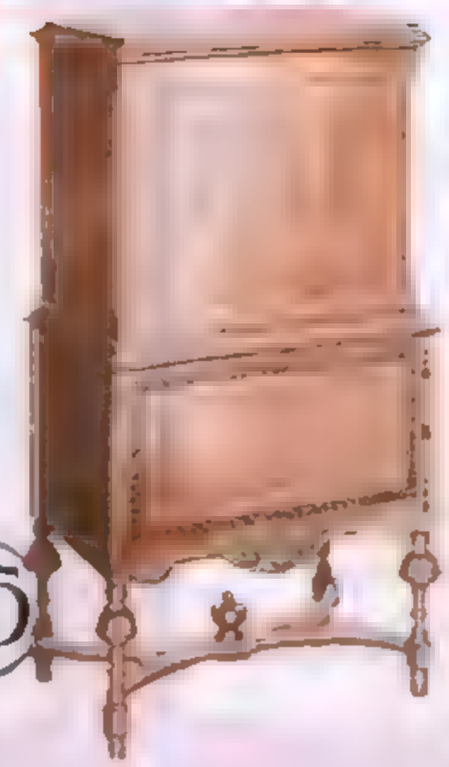
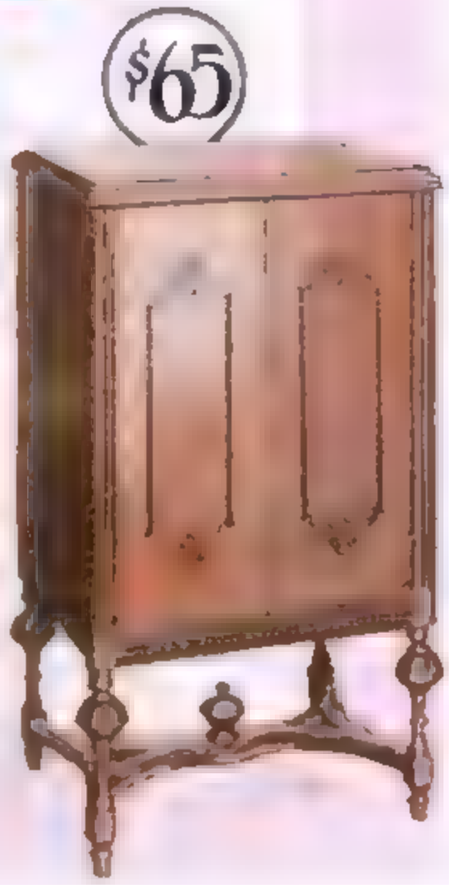
Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories:
SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
THE WOLF MFG. INDUSTRIES



$85



$65

with a Crosley

The "BANDBOX"—a phenomenal Crosley radio receiver for the complete enjoyment of the 1927-28 Radio Season!

Recent court decisions which clarified the radio patent situation have paved the way for still greater Crosley triumphs.

Now—completely available to Crosley—and amplifying Crosley supremacy in fullest measure, are the enormous resources, great discoveries and ideas embodied in patents of

1—The Crosley Radio Corporation.
2—The Radio Corp. of America.
3—The Westinghouse Co.
4—The General Electric Co.
5—The American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6—The Hazeltine Corporation.
7—The Latour Corporation.

under which Crosley is now licensed to manufacture.

Here are the seven big things which represent radio's greatest advancement, brought together by Crosley and combined with the experience, mass production method and leadership of the Crosley organization. No wonder a waiting radio world pronounces the "Bandbox" at the unprecedented price of $55, Crosley's paramount achievement.

The Bandbox is Shielded

Radio coils are surrounded by magnetic fields similar in every respect to the magnetic field around the earth that moves the needle of a compass, but around radio coils these fields make nuisances of themselves by feeding back on each other. Heretofore it has been customary to make inefficient coils with inefficient fields to prevent such feeding back. The Crosley Bandbox incorporates copper shields around each coil to prevent such feeding back. The coils consequently can be made and

are very much more efficient. The amplification of the receiver is, therefore, much higher—the sensitivity is greatly increased. Condensers are also completely shielded from each other in separate metal compartments. Hitherto, only high priced sets have enjoyed this super radio advantage.

There Is No Oscillation

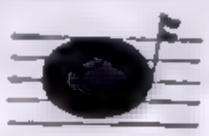
The Bandbox employs completely balanced or neutralized radio frequency stages to prevent oscillation, instead of the common form of losser method. More costly, to be sure, but extremely necessary in achieving such results as are obtained by this marvel of radio reception.

For Sharpness—The Acuminators

"Bandbox" acuminators enable "fishers" for distant stations to bring them in loud and clear. As powerful telescopes magnify distant scenes, acuminators increase the volume of far-away signals so they seem like local programs.

Volume Control

This is another big "Bandbox" feature which permits full brass band power for those who want their dance notes strong and loud. For others, it cuts volume down to a soft and gentle murmur, without distortion.



Illuminated Dial

A Master Station Selector has an illuminated dial for easy reading in shadowy corners. A single knob permits full tuning for ordinary reception of local, near-by and super-powered stations.

Installation Simplified

A woven cable, containing vari-colored rubber covered leads, makes installation and hook-up easy for the veriest novice. No waiting for the radio service man, should the batteries be changed.

Easily Adapted to Consoles

Simply remove screws in escutcheon and in base of set. Lift off metal case. Chassis now stands ready for installation in console cabinet. Opening in console cabinet permits control shafts to protrude. Escutcheon screws in place and—Presto! the console radio is complete.

For A C Operation a special Bandbox is available at $65, wired specially for use with the Crosley Power Converter at $60. This special Bandbox utilizes the new R.C.A. A C tubes which have made the operation of radio receivers direct from house current so simple, efficient and dependable. The first three tubes employed in the A C model are UX 226. These go into the radio frequency sockets. The detector tube is UY 227, with indirectly heated emitter. Another UX 226 is used in the first audio stage. Raw A C current heats the filaments of all UX 226 tubes. Power tube UX 171 is in the last audio socket. This makes the "dog houses" rumble sonorously and the bass drums deeply boom.

The Power Converter

The power converter which smooths the alternating current is a marvel of engineering ingenuity. Only half the size of an ordinary "A" storage battery, it supplies the required A, B and C currents, without hum. Finished in brown frosted crystalline.

There are models for 25 and 60 cycle current. A snap switch shuts down the set and power converter completely.

Price of Power Converter—$60

You owe it to yourself to see the "Bandbox" and listen to its remarkable performance. If you cannot easily locate the nearest Crosley dealer, his name and address will be supplied on request. Write Dept. 31.

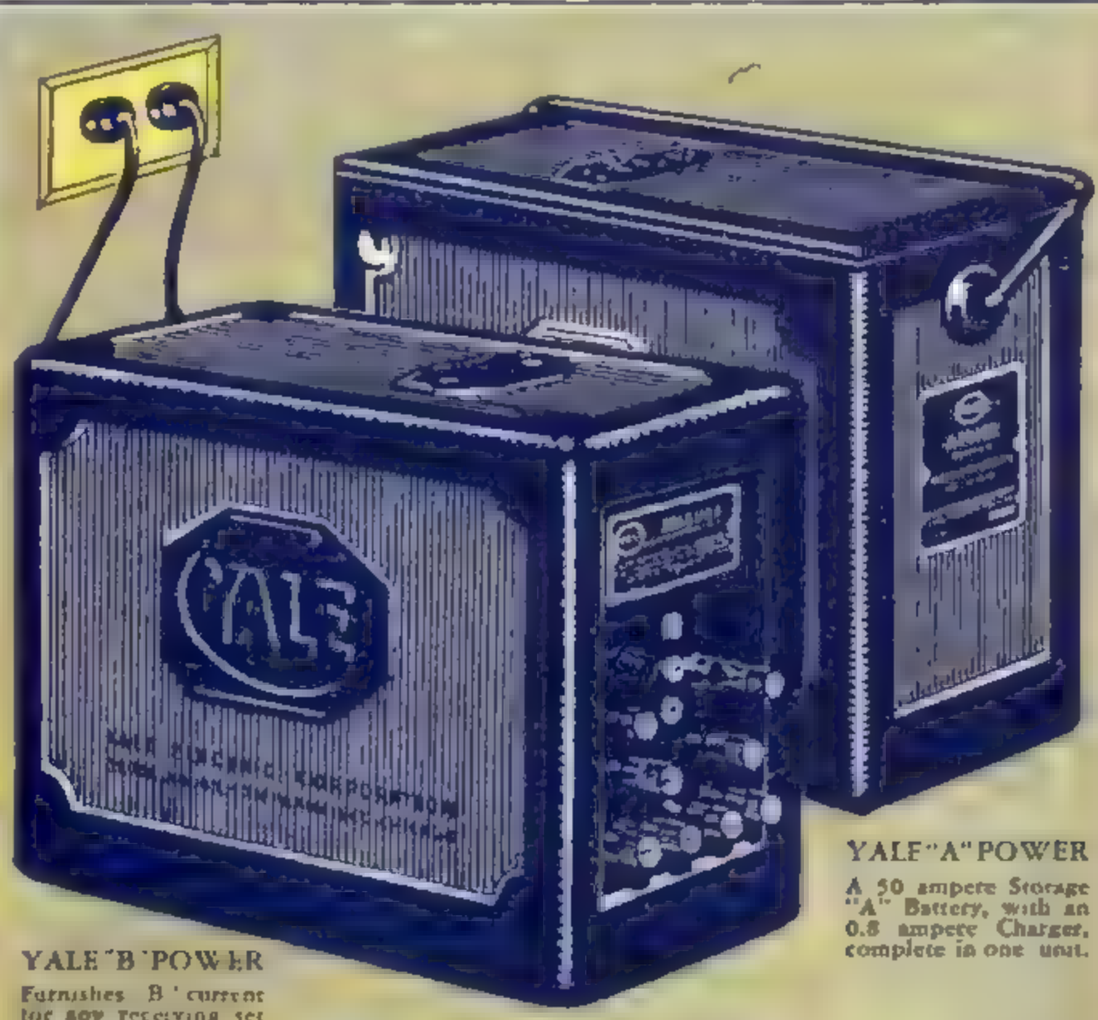
CROSLEY RADIO

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.
CINCINNATI, O.

Crosley recommends the use of five 201-A Radiotrons and one UX 171 power tube, which are furnished at standard tube prices, with each Bandbox. While Radiotron UX 171 is a 180-volt tube, it gives a superior performance for 135-volt "B" batteries.

Dependable radio power that *costs less per radio hour*



YALE "B" POWER
Furnishes B current for any receiving set requiring from 90 to 180 volts or more.

YALE "A" POWER
A 50 ampere Storage "A" Battery, with an 0.8 ampere Charger, complete in one unit.

Each is contained in a case of sturdy hard rubber, mahogany finish, insulated against accidental short circuits.

YALE POWER UNITS

For automatic *radio energy at its best . . .*

THESE compact Yale "A" and "B" Power Units are automatically controlled by your set switch. A click turns them on or off when you turn your *radio* on or off. They contain fool-proof safety devices, originated and developed by Yale—safety devices that prevent damage to your "A" unit, your "B" unit, while your house current is on.

So automatic are Yale Power Units that when you plug them into your light socket you can *forget* radio power! So dependable, so safe are they in operation that they consume a minimum of current, *without waste*—give you silent, steady, unfailing light-socket radio power at lowest cost per radio hour!

YALE

YALE BATTERIES

For battery *radio energy that costs less per hour . . .*

THESE dependable Yale Radio Batteries deliver the powerful, steady radio energy so necessary for clear radio reception.

And because Yale Batteries recuperate, *rebuild* their used energies during rest hours, they deliver, ultimately, more power—a *premium* of radio energy!

That is why Yale Batteries cost *less* per radio hour. And that is why Yale Battery power is recognized by experts as the most efficient, most economical battery power. When buying batteries, demand YALE!

Your dealer will recommend the correct Yale "A", "B" and "C" Batteries for your set.

YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Chicago • BROOKLYN, N. Y. • San Francisco

DRY CELL
"A" BATTERY
No. 1611

HEAVY DUTY
"B" No. 3061
Upright, 45 volts

"C" BATTERY
No. 312, 4½ volts

"There's a YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

(Continued from Page 120)

But there was something about the red-haired girl's eyes so intelligently pellucid, and about the left corner of her mouth a small quirk so elfishly shrewd, that in very midstream he abandoned himself. He knew he could never fool Miss Emily Cameron.

"To tell the truth," he found himself saying all at once, "it's a case of love at first sight, and I want to find that girl. In fact, I'm going to find her if it takes the rest of my life. I'm sorry, of course, to sound like a fool, but that's that. Now, what can you do to help me?"

To his relief Miss Emily Cameron did not stare or smile knowingly or arch her eyebrows. She merely tapped her nose reflectively with the lead pencil and looked at him impersonally. "In your state of mind that evening, I judge you were not a very good observer," she said, and he was aware of the lovely quality of her voice, even when she said brisk, competent things. "But first of all I must know what she looks like."

Leaning back in the comfortable chair to which she had waved him, he gave himself to the delights of describing the girl on the stairs. He told about her beautiful cloud of blue-black hair, the color of her satin slippers, the white fur of her cloak collar. She was, he believed, of medium height, and young, but by no means a flapper. The color of her eyes? Um-m-m—dark blue, perhaps, or violet, or possibly a fine dark hazel. They were not gray.

"No, they would not be gray," murmured Miss Cameron absently. And he noticed for the first time that her own were gray, with perhaps the least bit of green. She at once relieved him of the necessity of speaking by inquiring about the unknown's nose—was it straight, or Roman, or tilted?

He was chagrined to find that he was not certain, and hastily he said, "Straight, of course. A good nose—a really delightful nose."

Miss Cameron gave the merest ghost of a sniff. It was plain that she had read his uncertainty. But she merely rose and took from a file a folder. She laid upon her desk a typewritten list of names and a copy of the seating chart.

"What you have given me," she said musingly, "is not a description but a state of mind. So we must fall back upon my memory and this list of names. You say she was a guest of a member of the society? What did her hostess look like?"

He described to the best of his ability the plump lady and the thin one who had swept the girl away. Miss Cameron sighed.

"Women poets are sometimes stout and sometimes thin," she explained, "but one and all, they go in for tulle. When they are peculiarly unsuccessful they use fillets and batik; so really you haven't helped me much. The chances are if she was a guest of these people I may not have met her at all. But I'll go over the applications for tables and see if I can get a lead. In the meantime, suppose you take these names, sit there quietly and let your mind float. I find often that if I let my mind float, things pop into it."

She put the sheets of paper into his hand; on her side of the desk she bent her head over a pile of filled-out applications. And Roger endeavored to let his mind float. He had never tried it before, and he found that instead of floating, it had a tendency to skip about the room as lively as a kitten, and especially to play about Miss Cameron's copper-colored hair. Red hair. He never had liked it. Couldn't a girl as clever as Miss Cameron do something about it? Anyhow, she needn't clutch it like that until it obscured one eye, giving Miss Cameron a gaminlike air that surely could not be good for business.

She looked up. "I'm afraid you're not letting your mind float."

"Yes, I am," he asserted. "There's one name here that nudges me—that one."

She looked at it and shook her head. "That's one of those numerology names. You can always tell. But I'll look it up." Swiftly her hand reached for the Who's Who on her desk. "Yes, that's her pen name. She lives in Flatbush, has a husband, and was born in 1875. Of course, if you think ——"

"No, no! I don't think ——"

"Neither do I. Suppose I call the head waiter who had that dinner in charge? He may remember her, if she is as unusual as you say. For there's a man who is really observant!"

"If you will be so good," said Roger meekly.

A conversation ensued over the telephone, partly in French, during which Miss Cameron clutched her hair once and chuckled twice. "That's a real artist," she sighed, when she had hung up the telephone. "He remembers nothing, because right at the very beginning someone asked for chopped carrots and dates. So that's out."

But Miss Cameron had by no means come to the end of her resources. While he had been teaching his mind to float, she had marshaled facts. So many persons had been present at the dinner, so many had signed for guests. The difficulty was that in many cases they had not given the names of their guests. Her suggestion was that there should be made a thorough canvass among those members who had brought guests.

"In that way," said Miss Cameron, "you could eliminate the impossibles—the men, the aged and infirm, the redheads, the blondes, the mouse-colored and browns—you are sure your unknown had black hair, and not just dark hair?"

"Absolutely!" he cried. "Blue-black, not shiny. And remember the white fur and the blue-green satin slippers."

Miss Cameron made thoughtful scrolls on a pad of paper. Finally she lifted her head triumphantly. "I think it can be done," she said. "If you wish to put it in my hands."

He felt vastly relieved and grateful, and with some embarrassment he added that of course he could only accept her aid if he was allowed to reimburse her for her trouble.

For an instant Miss Cameron looked as if she were going to refuse this suggestion, then she said: "I daresay you'll feel freer to consult me if it's on a businesslike basis. But I'm to be paid only if I find the girl."

"Oh, but that's absurd! That isn't business at all."

"Ah, but you see, I may get something out of it myself. I'm studying to write, and the vagaries of human beings are my meat."

"Vagaries? I don't know that I quite like ——"

"Isn't any form of infatuation more or less a vagary?"

"But confound it all, this isn't infatuation. This is—is ——"

Miss Cameron's eyes brightened. "My dear man, you've got a bad case of the love image. When it takes a man in the late thirties—you are in the late thirties, aren't you? ——"

"If you insist on dragging in unpleasant details."

"—— then it becomes virulent," went on Miss Cameron firmly. She gazed at him intently over her orderly desk top, pointing a pencil as if at any instant she might spear him and pin him down to her notebook. He was annoyed to find himself coloring.

"It's outrageous," he exclaimed, "the way a man's most sincere feelings get all these indecent labels pinned onto them. Why, I tell you I fell in love with that girl! Certainly at my age I ought to know what is infatuation and what isn't."

"Have you ever been infatuated?"

"Yes, I have!"

"Did she have black hair?"

"Er—well, yes, she did have. But there isn't the slightest resemblance between the two girls, I tell you."

Miss Cameron had leaned far forward over her desk and her eyes shone quite greedily. Her pencil fairly wabbled in her fingers in its eagerness to make notes. "Tell me, what caused you to become uninfatuated with that first girl?"

"I don't know," he replied somewhat sullenly. "All of a sudden I couldn't bear her. But what has that to do with ——"

But Miss Cameron had sprung to her feet; she was walking excitedly about the room, now and then tugging absently at her coppery hair. "Psychic shock," she whispered raptly.

She annoyed him almost beyond endurance. "Well, look here, if you're so cocksure with your psychology, tell me this: Why did the staircase seem to disappear behind that girl and become a doorway, and why did I—er—well, frankly, why did I have the illusion that she was holding her arms out to me and that if I took just a step or two forward I could put my face down against her hair and be—be at home ——" He broke off short, reddening again. "I know I sound like an ass ——"

A rather surprising change had come over Miss Cameron. Her face had softened. "You remembered something," she said gently. "You were coming down with a serious illness, and you were in a highly suggestible frame of mind. Now, I don't say that in this state of mind you may not have met someone who not only fulfilled the love image, but caused a sort of transposition of ——"

He sprang to his feet. Then, as much to his own terror as to hers, he clapped his hand over Miss Cameron's mouth; he also shook her a trifle. "Don't you do it!" he exploded. "I'm in love, I tell you. I've waited twenty years for it to happen and I'm not going to have it spoiled now by a red-headed little snippet explaining it!"

Then they stared at each other. He was horrified at what he had said and done, but Miss Cameron suddenly burst into laughter. "Don't look so scared," she begged him. "You're quite right. I should feel just as—ah—unintelligent about it, if the thing had happened to me. The difference, though, between us, is that if ever I fall in love I shall not mislay him."

"A fast serve, that," he smiled ruefully. "But look here—you will help me, won't you, even though I am a stupid bungler?"

"Oh, yes, I'll help you," she nodded. "Your case interests me very much." He could not be sure the left corner of her mouth did not quirk a bit, but just as he was trying to decide, she indicated his hat and stick, she opened the door to the corridor, and there was nothing for him to do but step out.

Miss Emily Cameron closed the door behind her client so quickly because she wanted to be alone to gloat. This was one of the most interesting cases she had recently come across. She was not cold-blooded, but as she said, the eccentricities of human reactions were her meat. She was garnering them in, and they all went into her literary *pot-au-feu*.

It was necessary that this brew should result in good rich soup rather soon, for she felt that she was getting old. She was twenty-four and her first novel was still unwritten. In the meantime there was the problem of keeping bread and jam in the cupboard. The Cameron fortunes had sunk to the merest trickle during her last year at college, but having been brought up by her Southampton Aunt Emily she was able at once to capitalize her social background. She found a lucrative position as secretary to a petroleum widow, but on the day when she inadvertently told her employer that she was an objective extravert, Emily was minus a job.

But she was not the easily daunted kind. With the money she had saved during her year with the widow she set herself up as a social secretary at large. She did very well at it too. She discovered a surprising number of persons who did not know whom to invite nor what to do with the invited after they had accepted. There were clubs, too, that could not plan their own dinners, nor increase their own membership, and Emily was to all these a godsend. In the crannies of her time she cultivated literature and, as she said, the vagaries of the human mind.

Roger Arnold was therefore a genuine find; a rich vein of inherited tendencies and

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The Hats Of Unexampled Smartness

MAKE your Fall Hat keep its good looks all Winter. The "Cravenette" Process (exclusive) upon Mallory Hats helps to prolong the wear and to preserve the shape. It makes a traditionally fine hat additionally wise to possess.

SIX TO TEN DOLLARS

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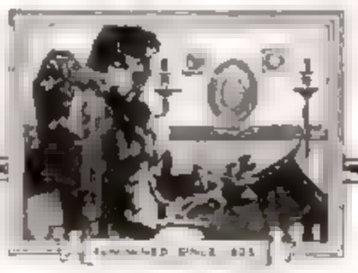

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MALLORY *Hats bear the Mallory Label stamped in the crown and upon the sweat-leather. It is important to find it.*

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THERE'S a world of pleasure in owning a car that has a Hershey Coincidental Lock. Never a worry—the car will be there waiting every time!

In the Hershey Lock, you see, the bolt that locks the steering wheel is interconnected with the ignition switch. The one operation that shuts off your motor securely locks the steering. You can't forget it. And thieves can never get the car. It can't be pushed, towed or driven away.

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Make sure your next car has this modern theft protection. Not only will a Hershey Coincidental Lock save you the inconvenience and worry of a loss, but it provides a maximum saving in insurance costs. Send for the booklet offered below and know all the facts.

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Every person that drives a car should read this booklet—especially if you are about to buy a car. Send for it today.

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acquired prejudices. Besides his interest as a case, he was likable. Indeed, she declared him quaint and pathetic, with his pursuit of a dream.

"He's really quite a darling," murmured Miss Cameron in untechnical language. "But of course he knows no more about love than a dodo."

Darting across her office, she swooped upon her bookshelves, took down a Social Register—to place his background—grabbed out various tomes on the working of the human insides, and dived into them. Now and then she arose and walked about the room moonily, clutching her hair. At last she came to the window, where she stood staring out. From this height she had a fine view of the East River. The mellow light of late afternoon lay over the roof tops, and all the windows facing west burst into flame. The sounds of a great army going home came up to her. For some reason she felt sad; she felt alone and forgotten, high up in her aerie.

"It's a comical world," she murmured.

But her attitude as she leaned against the window frame, pensively nibbling at an ink eraser, was less that of a philosopher amused by the vagaries of life than that of a person stricken by the reflection that it is all very well to be clever at analyzing and arranging other persons' affairs, but how about one's own?

Finally she went to her desk, neatly stacked the papers thereon, took a brand-new notebook out of a drawer and methodically inscribed on the first page: "The Strange Case of R. A. and his Love Image. Memo. Blue-black hair, white fur collar, certain shade of blue-green satin slippers. Face, a blur. Says she's young; but how would he know? He wouldn't. Call up every member that brought guest."

Then, with a sigh, she locked it, along with other papers having to do with the late dinner of the Poetry Society, in a box devoted to her private documents.

"So that's that," she said as she pulled on a clever little hat. "I suppose, men being what they are, Mr. Roger Arnold will have to have what he thinks he wants."

That spring Roger Arnold found himself strangely shaken out of long-established habits. At this time of the year he was usually busy opening his country house, conferring with his gardener, ordering new chintzes, planning the series of small house parties he had made so popular.

But this spring none of these activities interested him. He gave over to Conger the opening of his house. None of his old friends and acquaintances seemed as satisfactory as formerly. He found himself continually on the verge of confessing to some of them the extraordinary experience that had befallen him, although the mere thought of what they would say and how they would look bedewed him with a cold perspiration. And he longed, he hungered to talk about it. Therefore, full of a wary self-consciousness, he avoided his friends.

Besides, he liked being alone now. He found that being in love made him want to do things he had never done before. In the lovely May evenings he would often walk to the Park, where he would sit on a bench, dreamily looking at nothing. Or he would go mooning around and around the Reservoir, putting himself through an exercise in which he found never-failing delight. Slowly he would walk in imagination down a prune-colored corridor, step by step he would reconstruct those few enchanting moments, from the discovery of a pair of slippers on the fourth stair, to the last glimpse of a black head above snowy fur, disappearing, borne away from him, gone.

Sometimes a panic-stricken despair swept him. Would he ever find her again? In these instants the city, with which he had always been on terms so intimate and affectionate, became an enormous wilderness

He took to figuring the chances of two persons among millions meeting by accident, and he could not sleep at night. Again it seemed entirely probable he should one day see her again. At the house of a mutual friend, at the theater, or rounding the next corner, he would surely come upon her.

For, after all, she was his own kind; the world they had mutually inherited was not so wide; it was, in fact, a narrow room, compared with that sprawling wilderness, the greater city, in which she could not conceivably live.

Besides, there was Miss Cameron. She was working for him; he felt about Emily Cameron that there was a girl who would get what she set out to get. It was comforting to think of her, to know that when he could not stand it any longer and had to talk about the girl on the stairs, there Miss Cameron would be in her neat little cage high up above the baffling tangle of the town.

In the meantime, of course, he did what he could. Against his inclinations he consulted a very private detective agency that proved incapable of miracles. He went to a meeting of the Poetry Society—Miss Cameron got him in—he had himself put up for a club devoted to the arts, which he haunted, smoking many a watchful cigarette in its gloomy lounge and willingly consuming its indifferent food. He hoped sooner or later to meet there, if not the girl herself, then one or the other of the two she dragons who had borne her away from him. Whether he would recognize them minus fillet and tulle he was not certain. In fact, he sometimes suffered a cold fright when he became aware that the features of the unknown beloved herself were none too clear. Nevertheless, he would know her again. Good heavens, could he ever forget the turn of her adorable head, her slender little feet, her cloud of blue-black hair?

Finally came the day when Miss Cameron telephoned him that the process of elimination and sorting out was finished so far as she could go. She was sorry to report that one or two members who had been present at the dinner had gone abroad soon after, but she had canvassed the others, and the sifting had resulted in three possibilities. His heart missed a beat.

"Have they black hair?"

"Two of them I've never seen before, to my knowledge," said Miss Cameron concisely, "but I'm told they have black hair and are under thirty. The third I know, and she's extremely pretty. I'm inclined to think she may be the right one. So if you'll come to tea on Thursday at five, I think I can guarantee to have them all there. Of course, they don't know they're on review! There'll be shoals of other folks."

What with expectancy and a sort of cold trepidation, he was breathless when on Thursday he had climbed the three flights of stairs to Miss Cameron's apartment in a fine old house in Twelfth Street. A mist of nervousness swam before his eyes as a maid ushered him into a large room filled with animation and wide summer hats and pretty girls passing sandwiches. There was a great window open to a balcony at one end, and out there under a green-and-lavender-striped awning Miss Cameron was holding a little court. He did not for a moment know her in a chiffon frock. He had not realized she was so piquantly pretty.

She detached herself and he clutched at her hand as if he were drowning. "They are all here—the three of them," she whispered. Her eyes were exceedingly bright, and there was a nervous expression about her lips. "Just walk about slowly. If the right one is here—bless you, my friend."

She turned away abruptly, leaving him more frightened than he had ever been in his life. Reluctant to move too. But he forced himself to circle the room. Slowly in and out he went, trying to appear nonchalant, looking for a cloud of blue-black hair.

And all at once he saw it over the back of a sofa—midnight hair under a small beige hat. Stiff with suspense he prowled around the end of the sofa, moved to where he could see her face, and drew a long breath. It was not his unknown beloved.

Dizzy from the reaction, he skirted the room again, he stared at the group on the balcony under the awning. Out there were two other black-haired damsels, but from them he averted his eyes, muttering, "Lord save us!" He made his way to Miss Cameron's elbow. She gave him one glance and murmured, "Sorry!" adding: "Must you go?"

He felt irritated. "Who said I was going? The least you can do is to let me sit down somewhere until I recover."

She looked at him with an appraising, patient eye. "There's a little room at the end of the hall. Go in there and be sad to your heart's content."

The little room at the end of the hall was plainly one in which Miss Cameron gave way to her worst instincts. Here was no trace of the efficiency he had found rather unhuman in her office. Books leaned tipsily—detective stories against Freud and Adler. There was a typewriter, a small frenzied desk, a half-eaten apple, a volume on astrology lying face down on the floor as if it had been thrown there and trampled upon, a couch strewn with crumpled cushions and the papers from seven caramels.

He found the room's one chair very comfortable, after he had removed from it a book and a black-satin mule. "I am bitterly disappointed," he told himself resolutely. But the plain truth was that he was sleepy. It was peaceful, sitting there, waiting for Miss Cameron. He read in the book awhile. His head fell back; presently he slept.

When he awakened it was dark in the little room. Someone had thoughtfully thrown a light rug over his knees. With apologies on his lips he gathered himself together and went down the hall. The party was over, the large room had been tidied, the maid was lighting candles on a small round table set near the open French doors that gave on the balcony. The last of the saffron twilight turned the candle flames to the color of pale daffodils. From the dusk under the awning Miss Cameron stepped down into the light.

"Would a bit of dinner console you at all?" inquired Miss Cameron.

He saw that the table was set for two, and gratitude warmed his heart. He could not have borne going out into the lonely streets just then.

"You are a remarkable girl, Miss Cameron," he said devoutly, pulling out her chair.

Of course he, or rather they—for Miss Cameron continued to participate in the search—did not give up hope, even after they had exhausted the apparent possibilities of the dinner list. Miss Cameron suggested the personal columns. Why not advertise for his unknown? He hated the idea, but at last, with her aid, he worked out an advertisement that was discreet and not too ridiculous.

The replies he received merely served to convince him there were more black-haired ladies willing, even eager for adventure, than he had ever suspected. He ordered the advertisements discontinued.

The meetings of the Poetry Society ceased for the summer; the club devoted to the arts became more somnolent than ever; his friends scattered to Europe and the country. Just why he himself continued to spend so much time in a city rapidly growing baked and dusty he could not have said. He was tormented by the unreasoning conviction that his elusive beloved was near at hand; just around the next corner he might come upon her. He learned to glance, without actually staring, at each slim, dark-haired girl he passed.

Each morning when he awoke he was surprised to find he still felt hopeful. Moreover, he was not unhappy; in fact, his melancholy was rather pleasing to him.

His cousin Geraldine, however, was worried when he continued to decline her hospitality, and at last a happy idea occurred to him. "Look here, Gerry," he said over the telephone, "you come out to the farm and play hostess for me one week-end. I want to ask Allen Thornby and a girl who has been awfully decent to me. Name is

(Continued on Page 129)

BULOVA *Watches*

....Be sure the watch you choose is above all, a timepiece!

TO POSSESS A BULOVA watch is to possess a timepiece that is the culmination of all that has been achieved for centuries in the building of perfect timepieces.

Priced from $25 to $2500, BULOVA watches vary in cost as they vary in design —alike in dependability.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Makers of Fine Watches
Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada BULOVA WATCH CO. Ltd., Toronto

BULOVA *Rona*
15 jewel.. .. $24.75

BULOVA *Breton*
15 jewel, radium dial $35.00

BULOVA *Jona*
15 jewel.....$37.50

BULOVA *Banker*
15 jewel, radium dial.....$24.75

BULOVA *Lone Eagle*
17 jewel, radium dial..... $50.00

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS····EVERYWHERE

For Personal Neatness, Comfort and Good Health

ONLY a man who has worn one can understand that "neat, fully dressed feeling" which one gets from wearing an athletic supporter.

But any man can *anticipate* its features of comfort. Knitted of soft, fleecy yarn, with covered elastic threads ribbed into the fabric, a health supporter is a garment of amazing coolness and flexibility. Instantly pliant to any movement of the body, yet rendering firm support to nerves and muscles needing protection. As for its health advantages and lasting benefit—ask any doctor, physical director or athletic authority.

College athletes today are required to wear an athletic supporter even for the mildest sports. But the exertions of the office and workshop, when multiplied over the day, are frequently more severe than those of the athletic field.

Every athletic man, every thinker, doer and worker, should have the safeguard and comfort of an athletic supporter, both at work and at play.

Two types are presented on this page—the PAL for athletics and the O=P=C for comfort and protection in everyday wear. Every active man should have both for sport and daily wear.

Wear the PAL when you exercise. It will double the fun you get out of sports—in the feeling of physical security it will give you.

Wear the O=P=C as an article of daily wearing apparel. It will not only guard against local strain, but will conserve nerve force, lessen the day's fatigue—increase your working capacity.

No man who has once enjoyed the comfort of these two dress accessories will ever again do without them. Both may be obtained at drug stores and from leading dealers in sporting goods.

BAUER & BLACK
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

© B & B., 1927

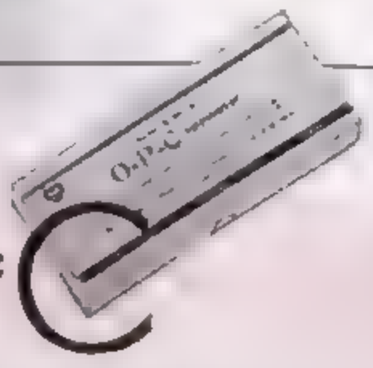
PAL

THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

FOR SAFETY IN SPORTS

PAL is the standard athletic supporter as recognized by leading colleges and gymnasiums. Knitted (not woven). Light, cool, porous, non-chafing. Covered elastic threads knitted into fabric give amazing flexibility. Responds to all exertions of the body, instantly, while still rendering firm support. Washable, durable. *At druggists' and sporting goods stores, one dollar, except in Canada.*

O=P=C



THE HEALTH SUPPORTER

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

For thirty-five years, the O-P-C Comfort Supporter has been the daily companion of myriads of active men, brain workers, thinkers and doers. It has enabled them to save nerve strain and conserve their vim and youth. It is a requisite of the well-groomed . . . the safeguard of the physically active. It may be had in lisle at $1. Or in silk at $1.25 or $1.50, except in Canada. *At druggists' and sporting goods dealers'.*

(Continued from Page 126)

Emily Cameron. I think you knew her aunt at Southampton?"

Now that he had thought of it, he wondered why he had been so stupid as not to get Emily out to the country before. She was taking no vacation, and of late she had looked white and thin. She was also distinctly cross. He had done his best to show his gratitude by taking her to dine, whenever he could persuade her, on cool roofs and at wayside inns. These simple excursions she had seemed to enjoy, and he himself had come to look eagerly forward to them.

The trouble with Emily was that so often she declined his hospitality. "Have to work," she would say shortly over the telephone, and he knew that then she was in a dark mood.

He was therefore doubly pleased when she did not refuse outright his invitation to spend the next week-end at his place in the country.

"I'll come if nothing happens," she said.

"What do you mean, you ridiculous child?"

"I don't know. Tonight I feel as if something portends. Something sits on my left shoulder and grins."

They were dining in the cool breezes of a roof garden before going on to a stadium concert. And in less than half an hour from that moment she had cause to recall this prevision. For that evening the miraculous, the well-nigh impossible thing happened—they saw the black-haired girl. The right one. Roger's elusive, unknown beloved!

They had dined so leisurely that there was little time left to get to their concert, and Emily suggested the Subway. It was in the soiled twilight of an underground platform that the unbelievable happened. They were standing on the uptown platform waiting for their train when Roger broke off with an exclamation in the middle of a sentence and stood staring across the tracks at a graceful girl whose black hair was vividly outlined against white fox fur. She stood on the downtown platform.

Emily knew at once what had happened. His startled face told her that there stood the girl they had both been seeking. "Well? Aren't you going to do something?" she spoke quite harshly. "You can get up the stairs and down on the other side before her train comes in, can't you?"

With a start he came out of his bedazement, sprang for the stairs and disappeared. As for Emily, she shot after him a strange glance of despair. She made a small gesture, both hands outturned.

"There goes my concert," she whispered humorously. But her eyes said, "And the rest of my life!"

Then for an instant she leaned against a pillar, for an astonishing, deadly pain had wrung her heart. But in the distance there was a rumbling; she was shocked to find herself praying for a downtown train. She hastened toward the edge of the platform. Roger was not yet in sight, but the girl opposite turned and Emily had a full view of her face.

"Well, for crying aloud! If it isn't Lola Bourchet!" she whispered.

At the instant of her recognition of a girl she had known in her Southampton days, the distant rumble increased to a swift roar and the first cars of the downtown train swept between her and Lola Bourchet. She could see the white fox, the beautiful uncovered black head—Lola was in evening things—stepping into the second coach. Then the train swept out.

When it had passed she could see a tall, distinguished man fighting with a turnstile and charging out upon the platform. She decently turned her eyes away from his rage. When he rejoined her a moment later she was absorbed in contemplation of a broken slot machine.

"You saw her, didn't you?" he panted. "Didn't I tell you she is lovely? Didn't I tell you I would know her when I saw her again? Maybe you'll believe in me now? Eh?"

"Rotten luck," she muttered, avoiding his eye. And that was all she said. Their train came in at that instant.

Nothing short of a megaphone can enable two persons to converse in a subway train. Perhaps that was sufficient excuse for her withholding the name of Lola Bourchet; possibly the interludes during a concert are not suitable for so important a disclosure. And certainly it was too late when they reached her house to invite him in and tell him that the end of his quest was romantically at hand.

These circumstances may have excused her, but certainly for two long hours after she closed her door behind her she found no excuse for herself. "You're yellow," she raged at herself, walking up and down, from the kitchenette at one end of the hall to the balcony at the other. "You're a slimy beast. Of course you don't know whether Lola Bourchet will make him happy, but does that excuse your conduct? It does not. If he's silly enough to like that odalisque type, that romantic, half-baked prowling kind that Lola Bourchet is, then let him have her. What's it to you? Come on, now, Emily, think straight. You've got it in you to be big. Stop groveling and evading and kicking against fate. Be noble, Emily. Hand her to him and then you'll be—well, anyhow you'll be all nice and peaceful."

Next morning she telephoned Roger Arnold that, if he was sure he wouldn't mind, she wanted to bring a friend with her to his week-end party. He had told her he had room for a dozen. Did he mind? The friend was Lola Bourchet. Did he know her? "I'm sure you'll like her, Roger. She's awfully—er—appealing. Just now she's having to stay in town because she's overspent her alimony—she divorced Jack Bourchet last year. But it was really not her fault. She's—she's all right, Roger. And a stunning beauty too."

"My dear Emily, I don't care a hang whom you bring, only so you come yourself. Take the 3:30 train. The car will meet you—do you mind if I don't? Geraldine's John, and Thornby will want me to play a round of golf in the afternoon. But Gerry will give you tea and make you comfortable. It's jolly of you to come, Emily."

Saturday was fine and Geraldine was waiting with tea underneath Roger's fine old oaks. Far from minding the absence of the male members of the party, Emily felt like one with a brief reprieve. After tea Lola went to her room to get her beauty rest before dinner, and Geraldine showed Emily over the gardens and the house. In the library Emily stopped short before a portrait that hung over the mantel.

"That's a portrait of Roger's mother," said Geraldine. "It's a lovely thing, isn't it? But not lovelier than she was. She died when Roger was eight."

"What lovely hair!" It was all Emily could find to say, for as she looked at the portrait of the charming woman, with her soft, blue-black hair, her tender smile, and her little slippers of blue-green satin peeping out from under her ivory-satin gown, a flood of light seemed to break in upon her.

"How Roger at eight years old must have loved her and missed her," she said in a low voice.

"Yes. He was ill with grief when she died. He has always kept her room upstairs as it was—it is the one across the hall from yours. She was an invalid for the last year or two of her life. I can still see her sitting up among her pillows in that great carved bed, her lovely hair like a cloud."

Emily went slowly up to her room to dress for dinner. The fine, spacious old house was very still. After a moment's hesitation she looked in at the open door of the room across the hall. The windows were open, the muslin curtains swayed gently in the breeze; great jars of roses and delphiniums stood on the mantel and on the table by the side of the bed, the headboard of which was a carved pyramid of fruits and flowers and a poised bird.

She went into her own room, bathed and dressed. But she could not shake off her sense of rebellion and uncertainty.

"She isn't good enough for him," she protested, thinking of Lola in the next room. "He's been snared by his own mother's hair. And I could have prevented it. Lord deliver the world from people like me who will be noble no matter how much harm they do!"

Angrily she mopped a tear from her eyelashes, powdered her nose once more, gave herself a glance of tragic hatred, and went down to the drawing-room. Geraldine and the men were there—the men sunburnt and hungry from their afternoon on the links, and Geraldine soothing them with a tale of Lola's beauty.

"Sh-h-h! I think she's coming," said Roger. "I hear a foot on the stairs. If you want to take John home before any damage is done, Geraldine——"

Emily Cameron's eyes became the eyes of a person waiting in a torture chamber. "Watch her come down the stairs, Roger," she said faintly. "She's really worth it."

The wide doorway of the drawing-room stood open to the graceful curve of the stairs. Perhaps Lola had marked the advantage of this setting earlier, for she now made the best of it, coming slowly downward, smiling her pretty, somewhat vague smile. She wore an extremely décolleté thin black frock, long earrings of rubies and old paste in a setting of antique silver, and on her head, as tight and close as an aviator's helmet, a covering of silver lace. Under it very little of her midnight hair was allowed to show, only a thin sickle of it in front of each ear. It was her night to be Parisian.

But of these details Emily saw little, for her gaze was fixed painfully upon Roger's face. She heard Geraldine making the introductions, she saw Roger bowing over his guest's hand.

But to her utter astonishment, in his calm countenance no startling change took place, no astonishment, no rapture of recognition. He offered the usual liquid amenities; he asked if she had found the journey out from town tiresome and if she was fond of swimming.

"The pool's rather nice in the early morning," he said politely. "But I fancy you won't care for early swimming?"

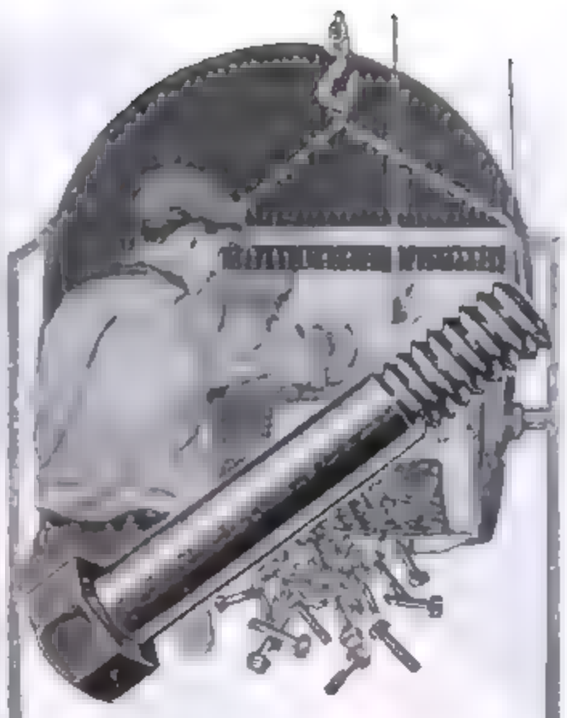
Emily turned away and blindly groped for a copy of the Sketch. It was incredible! He had not recognized his beloved. Or was it merely superhuman self-control? No, she could not mistake his tone—she knew him too well by this time. He did not even like Lola!

During dinner her mind skipped frantically from one speculation to another. It finally seemed plain enough to her that it was the silver headdress that had thrown off Roger; it was like a disguise.

Remembering his mother's portrait, she knew she had been right when she glibly talked about the love image. Roger's mother had been to him the incarnation of all that was lovely and protective. When she died his memory had retained certain details that had made a deep impression on him—his mother's hair black against the whiteness of her pillows, the blue-green satin slippers she often wore. And by an uncanny coincidence, when he met Lola Bourchet on the stairs that night these well-loved details were repeated—Lola's hair against her white fur, the color of her satin slippers. His physical state had intensified his sensitiveness to suggestion.

Why, then, should he not have recognized Lola in spite of any change of costume? But since he had not, what ought she to do about it? And need she do anything about it? Perhaps her feeling that Lola was not good enough for him was due to something she had now to face: She wanted him to have what he wanted because she loved him. She had known she loved him since that evening when they saw Lola on the subway platform. But didn't that fact make it more imperative she should offer him Lola once more?

Distracted and with her head humming, dinner seemed an endless affair. She was



Rust-Proof
Because
PARKERIZED

SCRAP piles of iron and steel, in evidence everywhere, bear silent testimony to the enormous waste caused by rust. You are personally interested in reducing this waste because you help to pay for it.

If you use iron or steel in your product you can rust-proof—lengthen the life of every bolt, nut, spring, hinge, stamping or casting—make them *rust-proof because Parkerized.*

The rust-proofing solution is developed by mixing PARCO POWDER, an inert dry chemical, with boiling water. The process renders the surface of the metal rust-proof without changing dimensions or tensile strength.

In many instances it is possible to use iron or steel as a substitute for more expensive metals. It makes a perfect base for paint or enamel.

Parkerizing offers you the benefit of years of research work, insuring positive results. You need not experiment. Our engineers are qualified to advise you concerning the use of Parkerizing as applied to your particular requirements.

Parkerizing jobbing service plants are located in twenty-one industrial centers.

If you are interested in all the facts write for our monthly publication, THE PARKERIZER, and our book, THE PARKER RUST-PROOFING PROCESS.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit U. S. A.

Rust-Proof
Because
PARKERIZED

The Singing Shave

- the swan-song of whiskers!

HERE, you bathroom baritones, is a blade so keen that it puts new joy in your heart, new notes in your song, and new harmony in your shave!

The Ever-Ready Blade will make you sing through every morning shave, because it actually sings through your whiskers even though it's too swift and keen to *feel*.

EVER-READY Blade is built like a barber's razor. Thick, heavy, tough—Ever-Ready has the substance to take and hold *the keenest edge known to science.*

Reinforced with a solid steel backbone—it has the rigidity to meet the toughest beard without quiver, quake, or quarter!

Sharpened by 3 miles of delicate honing, 1800 feet of careful stropping—its edge has the edge on every blade you know!

We want you to see for yourself how false the old bugaboo is that "blades must run poor now and then". So we make this offer:—

Mail us twenty cents today to cover mailing cost and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial is strictly limited—better write today.

Ever-Ready Radio Blades sold everywhere, 35 cents a package. Ever-Ready De Luxe Razor, $1 complete.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

glad when she could escape the necessity of conversation on the moonlit veranda where they had coffee. And when Geraldine suggested bridge, she felt that would be more than she could bear. She was trying to think of some excuse to say good night, when Roger said, with a quiet finality that admitted of no argument, "Emily doesn't care much for bridge, so I'm going to show her my books."

With a grateful sigh she crossed the hall to the library. When Roger joined her she was sitting, very small and white, in a corner of the divan that faced his mother's portrait.

He sat down beside her and leaned back with a contented sound. "That is my mother," he said, looking up at the picture.

"I know. Your cousin told me. You—you were very fond of her?"

He nodded. "That was her room, opposite yours. I used to come to the door of it a dozen times a day, and whenever she was able, she never failed to put her arms out to me. She was a beautiful and brave woman."

"And you used to put your head down beside hers and feel her hair against your face. I know"—her voice was low—"what she meant to you. But, Roger, you know, if your mother had lived, you would have transferred your feeling for her naturally to some girl. And you wouldn't have expected that girl to be exactly like your mother. It was her early death that made you go always looking for the same hair, the same quality of spirit, and never finding it."

"Do you think I've always unconsciously been looking for those things?"

She nodded. "Isn't that why that first black-haired girl attracted and then repelled you? That was why the girl on the stairs—that night in the hotel ——" She broke off and looked at him piteously. "Do you know, Roger, that Lola's hair is like your mother's? It's only that silly lace thing on her head that ——"

"My dear"—he put a hand over hers, looking at her with amusement, but tenderly—"my dear, dear little redhead, I know all that. For I've seen Lola twice before."

"You've seen her ——"

"Yes, once on a hotel staircase and once on a Subway platform. And why didn't I let you know tonight I'd recognized my unknown beloved? Because she had ceased to be my beloved."

She stared at him with enormous, pitying eyes. "Oh, Roger, you poor thing, don't tell me you have lost your dream?"

"Yes, I've lost it," he said, smiling at her. "But I've put in place of it something better—a real girl. A girl not made out of a left-over love image—I believe that's your word?—but a girl all minted new. I love her with my eyes open. I don't expect her to have the personality and virtues of my mother. I don't care if she's as different as different can be. For I tell you I love her! I love even the color of her hair."

He proved this assertion by putting his lips against the satiny sheen of Emily's copper-red hair.

"It's exactly right, your hair," he sighed. "And you're exactly right, Emily. I love your courage, I love your peppery temper, I love your ——"

"Wait! You've gone too fast!" she gasped. "Let's go back to the beginning and get it straight. When did you begin to think you loved me?"

"I began to love you the night I asked the way to the ambassador's dinner, only I pinned it onto the wrong girl. But I knew I loved you the evening we saw Lola in the Subway. Why, you little idiot, don't you think I could have got to her before the downtown train came in if I had wanted to? I stood at the top of the stairs, all of a shiver for fear I'd be in time. For, you see, it had come to me, as I raced up the stairs away from you, that I was chasing a phantom and leaving the real thing behind me."

"You think I'm the real thing—you honestly think so, Roger?"

He put his arms about her and held her close. "The Arnolds marry late and avoid mistakes," he boasted.

FROM THE INSIDE

(Continued from Page 11)

have been plans for dividing the country into ten zones, each provided with one central distributing station, each of these ten-zone stations to be furnished with several projection rooms in which exhibitors would see a film in advance, before actually contracting for it. These plans, needless to say, are purely speculative, but the very fact that film men generally talk about them makes them interesting.

By way of a presentation of the growth of the film industry, let me present some facts and figures emanating from Herbert Hoover's department—the Department of Commerce. The motion-picture business is commonly referred to as the third or fourth greatest industry in America. In reality it is the eighth, being topped by iron and steel products, manufactured textiles, machinery, chemicals, meat packing, automotive and lumber. It is immediately followed by leather manufacturing—boots and shoes—rubber products and paper manufacturing. It may be a shock to Hollywood to discover that films rank only eighth, but facts are facts, more so when they are issued by the United States Department of Commerce.

The total investment at present in the motion-picture industry is $1,500,000,000. Of this amount 15,000 theater buildings represent $1,250,000,000. Studios and distribution offices figure about $250,000,000. There are 300,000 people employed in its various branches, 50,000 being occupied in production. The average weekly attendance at motion-picture theaters in America is 50,000,000; $620,000,000 was paid in admissions during 1926. Seven million daily patrons attend the movies, as contrasted with a few thousand that represented the daily attendance at the early nickelodeons. There are 20,500 theaters in America, with a seating capacity of more than 18,550,000. Salaries and wages paid at motion-picture studios amount to $75,000,000 annually; $15,000,000 a year is spent in newspaper and magazine advertising.

Seven million dollars is spent annually by producers for photographs, engravings, slides, booklets and other accessories such as lithographs, heralds, and so on, used in exploiting pictures. One hundred and eighty-five million dollars in film rentals was the 1926 intake to all distributors. Thirty to 40 per cent of this was expended for distribution overhead, which provides for sales promotion, advertising, publicity, exploitation and poster departments and branch offices in key cities.

Having something to sell which the people want, we believe in letting them know about it. To do this effectively it is necessary to have systematized and intelligently directed publicity. This entails the employment of a staff of writers and office assistants to take care of the great volume of correspondence with newspapers and magazine editors, exhibitors, exchange managers and film fans, in order to find out what they want and to give it to them.

There is probably no business in the world with as many curious angles as ours. The things we do and the things we don't do when we ought to do them would fill volumes. As someone put it: "Our business is full of loose ends, but not chaotic."

One day a small theater owner came to me and complained that our posters were not sensational enough. He pointed to one which was hanging on the wall. It was a work of art. At least I thought so. It was an effort to elevate the tone of advertising.

(Continued on Page 133)

New 1928 models PEERLESS

Three New Sixes

AGAIN—Peerless leads the way in real car value. The new 1928 models are ready—even finer, even better, even more complete than this year's models that swept Peerless into unprecedented popularity . . . that made Peerless double the greatest production records it had established in a quarter century of outstanding success.

Each is an engineering triumph, new in power, performance, pick-up—new in comfort—new in handling ease—new in value, even for Peerless.

Each has the freedom from vibration made possible only by a big 7-bearing crankshaft.

—the silken smoothness that comes from Nelson Bohnalite Pistons,
—the magical steering ease of a Ross Cam and Lever gear,
—the positive safety given by Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes,
—the riding ease produced by long, yielding springs,
—the long life guaranteed by Timken bearings throughout.

And there are innumerable other advantages to anticipate every demand you make of a car.

Bodies are long—low—smart—rich in color—luxurious in deep pillowy comfort.

And prices are so low as to appeal to the shrewdest buying sense.

—and the new 1928 90° V-type Eight-69

The most famous car Peerless has ever built—even finer—even more truly the leader among cars of highest quality. With that famous motor around which so much of Peerless reputation has been built.

See these new Peerless cars. Select the one that suits you best in price, size, body design. Ride in it. Try it out through traffic, up hills, along the level road. Drive it once and you'll want it for your own.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION • CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Six-60

Wheelbase 116". Bore 3¼", stroke 4". SAE Rating 25.35. The greatest car value Peerless has ever produced.

$1295 to $1345 *(f. o. b. factory)*

The Six-80

Wheelbase 116". Bore 3¼", stroke 4⅝". From 5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds. Upwards of 70 miles per hour in high.

$1395 to $1595 *(f. o. b. factory)*

The Six-90

Wheelbase 120". Bore 3⅛", stroke 5". Thrilling, satisfying power that makes driving a joy.

$1695 to $1995 *(f. o. b. factory)*

The Eight-69

Wheelbase 133". The finest of fine cars. Unparalleled smoothness, coupled with power that's inexhaustible.

$2795 to $3795 *(f. o. b. factory)*

PEERLESS • HAS • ALWAYS • BEEN • A • GOOD • CAR

SUPREME ON WATER AS WELL AS ON LAND

If you will look into the engine pits of the finest power boats at all the great yacht clubs, you will find that two-thirds of them are equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs. This is because the superiorities—sillimanite insulator, two-piece construction and special analysis electrodes—which make Champion a two to one favorite among motorists the world over, are readily apparent in any type of gas engine.

Champion is the *better* spark plug because of its sillimanite insulation which is practically unbreakable, strongly resists carbon formation and is an absolute non-conductor of electrical current. Added features of Champion are its gas-tight, two-piece construction allowing easy cleaning, and its special analysis electrodes which do not corrode

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs are standard equipment on all types of marine engines from out-board motors to the power-plants of the finest yachts. They are also standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Rolls-Royce.

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation. All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. *This is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.* *Champion X*—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40. *Champion*—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50

(Continued from Page 130)

"It has no kick to it," he said. "It is too pretty. There is not enough action in it."

I was peeved. So I waxed sarcastic. In the most biting tones I could command I said, "Oh, I suppose you'd like to have me throw a bucket of blood across this thing to make it more attractive and gory."

His eyes brightened with enthusiasm and admiration and he said, "That's it—that's it! That's just what we need. That will bring the people in."

Just as the motion picture is a development and, occasionally, an improvement of the legitimate drama, so is the motion-picture poster an offshoot of the theatrical poster. Theatrical posters had attained considerable development before the birth of the silent drama, yet the vigor and youth of the budding industry instilled into lithographic paper a new vitality and a greater scope for imaginative and artistic ability.

The Early Poster

The dimensions of the ordinary one-sheet are forty-two inches long by twenty-eight inches wide. Posters are graded in one, three, six and twenty-four-sheet sizes. In the parlance of the trade a three, six and twenty-four sheet are respectively three, six and twenty-four times the size of a one-sheet. These posters, or lithographs, invented to catch the public eye, are only printed in single sheets. No lithographic plant can boast of presses large enough to print anything bigger than a one-sheet poster, consequently the artist's sketches for poster use are divided equally into units measuring twenty-eight inches by forty-two inches. They are then assembled into one poster, depending upon the specifications whether three, six or twenty-four sheets are required. The larger the poster the greater is the chance of compelling the passer-by's attention. In the showman's code posters are often referred to as "paper."

A supply of stock posters representing stock scenes, such as encounters, thrilling rescues, love scenes and the like, which were found in almost every picture, was kept on hand by the lithographers.

The first motion-picture posters, carrying only the title of the production and the name of the company, were printed in one, two, or three colors, and ranged in size from a one, to a three, or occasionally a six-sheet poster. The name of the company on the poster would be altered as many times as the picture changed hands on its round from one state's-right organization to another. This condition continued until the larger companies systematized the business, at least as far as distributors' titles were concerned.

The smaller picture concerns bought stock posters, stripping in a new title. "Stripping in" takes its name from a strip of paper with the imprint of the local theater name and the play date of the picture. This is pasted across the poster either at the extreme top or bottom and is to inform the reader where and when he may see the poster's action visualized on the screen. However, if a picture company filmed a stage play, this addition was not necessary; posters already having been printed for the original stage vehicle.

The early motion-picture posters had stock borders, made up to represent elaborate ornamental frames. These were succeeded by pictorial paper in which a scene still was enlarged to requisite poster size. That the scenes selected were of the most blood-and-thunder variety goes without saying, as there were few restrictions until about 1910–11. Certain subjects, however, had always been taboo, such as scenes showing men shooting one another, stabbing, and too scantily clad female figures. The last-named prohibition was not necessitated by offending motion-picture posters, but dated back to the regulating of paper for burlesque shows.

Although the coloring, situations and action of the early movie posters were very lurid, some of the early efforts were better than present-day examples, because the artist had a freer rein. He would simply see the film run off once and then picture in his mind's eye some of the melodramatic or farcical situations and proceed to make his illustrations. There were no highly specialized sales executives, office or censor hindrances in his path, whereas today almost everyone in the organization must pass upon his sketches before they are ready for the lithograph plant.

At first motion-picture companies farmed out their poster jobs from shop to shop of the various lithographers. About 1909, some of the big lithographers took over the entire poster production and distribution, paying the motion-picture companies so much a week for the yearly privilege. Their income came from the sale to exhibitors. These contracts extended gradually from one year to three and five years, and the bonus to the picture companies increased as the volume of business grew. This continued until after the war, when the bonus was dropped and a mutual, all-around profit-sharing arrangement was adopted

At the time of my entry into the motion-picture industry the demand for posters was very low and frequently limited to 125 or 150. Naturally, little effort was spent in making small quantities artistic, and it was not until we determined to back up From the Bottom of the Sea with an unprecedented number of one, three and six sheets, that the quality of independent motion-picture posters improved.

In the Circus Manner

It was this picture that gave birth to the six-sheet size; a poster size even now peculiar to this industry. I had noticed in my own, as well as in other theaters, that the maximum flash possible on the boards outside the nickelodeons was a three-sheet. Wishing to double this display, I arranged to have a six-sheet printed, which enabled exhibitors to utilize two boards, placed side by side. The idea proved equally feasible on billboard stands, as these, being four sheets high, made it possible for the exhibitor to stick on a one-sheet date strip.

Although theaters and particularly circuses have often used twenty-eight, thirty-two and even thirty-six-sheet sizes, the motion picture has seldom if ever exceeded the twenty-four-sheet size. One of the first instances of a motion-picture poster following the style of circus paper was our display for the film of the Paul Rainey big-game hunt. These chromos were done in the best Barnum & Bailey manner, and crowded more wild beasts onto a one-sheet than are to be found at a half dozen water holes.

New York Street, Universal City. This is a Permanent Setting and is Redressed Every Time it is Used

Try
this new syrup
tomorrow morning

Have pancakes with Wigwam Syrup. The family will declare they never tasted anything so good

There's something about the wonderfully delicious flavor of Wigwam Syrup that makes it simply irresistible. It's hard to tell you just what this flavor is like, because there's no other syrup like Wigwam. Just *taste* it yourself and see. And when you do taste it, you'll know instantly that Wigwam is *your* syrup. Have it tomorrow morning and you'll understand better what we mean by Wigwam's "mellow blend of golden sweetness."

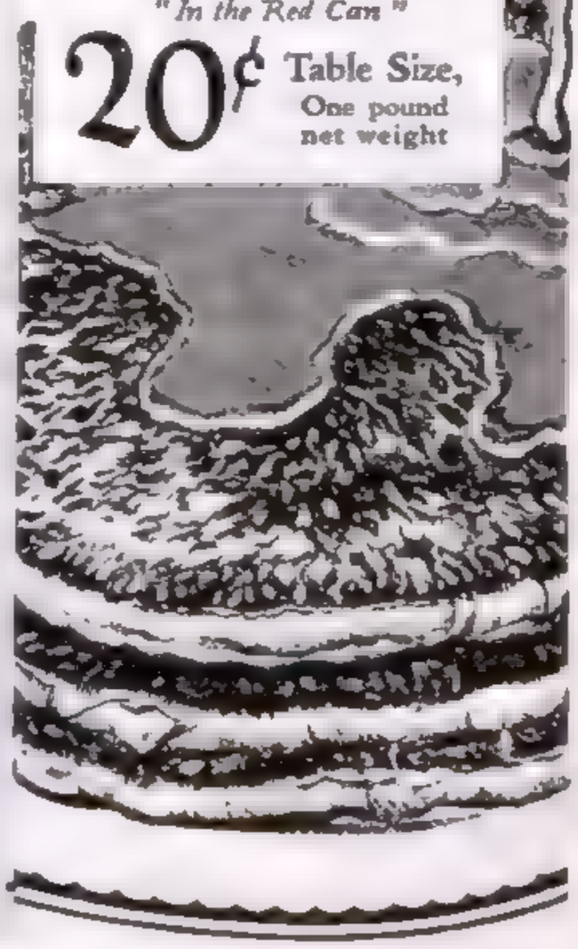
Wigwam is made by a skilful blending of the finest imported and domestic sugars. The kind of a syrup you would expect the makers of the largest selling high grade syrup in the world to make for you. Use it for every syrup purpose. It will give your pancakes, waffles, biscuits, French toast a new deliciousness. And another thing—it actually costs less than you've probably been paying for ordinary syrup.

Wigwam comes in four sizes. Ask your grocer. If he hasn't it now, he can easily get it. Just tell him Wigwam is made by the Log Cabin Syrup people at St. Paul, Minnesota.

"The mellow blend of golden sweetness"

TOWLE'S
WIGWAM
SYRUP
"In the Red Can"

20¢ Table Size, One pound net weight



One of the first examples of a sixteen-sheet used for a picture was its inclusion in the then comprehensive array of posters made for Traffic in Souls. That paper then, as now, possessed patron-pulling power is shown by the fact that there were almost nightly riots at the Weber & Fields Music Hall where the film was being shown.

Universal made the first telegram poster. Delay in the arrival from the California studio of production stills from which posters were to be designed, necessitated sending a wire asking them to outline the dramatic punches of the forthcoming picture. When this arrived the posters were based on the telegraphic information, a method now frequently used when emergency requires. It was our sense of advertising and exploitation that resulted in the first teaser poster. This form of poster is usually so worded as to arouse curiosity without revealing the nature of the picture.

Following the first pictorial posters, which were crude chromos quickly made from stills, an era of better and more dignified billboard advertising began. Many prominent, able and high-salaried artists were engaged, including such well-known designers as Willy Pogany, Charles B. Falls, Arthur Cobey, Arthur Triedler, George Illian, Lou Fancher, Edward Penfield and George Peters. Their designs were mostly done in the flat German technic, examples of the school established by the Beggarstaff Brothers, two English artists who were pioneers in the use of the pure poster styles.

The laws that govern the show business were recognized hundreds of years before the moving picture was invented, and the advent of the screen has not altered them in the slightest degree. They are as direct as a straight line, and will not change so long as human nature does not undergo a radical transformation.

For the Holiday Mood

Men and women attend places of entertainment in a holiday mood, and are not entertained by that which they do not comprehend. If a considerable portion of the spectators at a moving picture fail to grasp the author's intent until the photoplay is half over and do not sympathize with the disposition he makes of his characters, they are not going to like the picture or speak a good word for it to their friends—a method of ballyhooing that has the advantages of being unrivaled and without cost.

Now, ballyhooing, or more properly, exploitation, is necessary, and like press-agenting, must be held in check, lest more evil than good result. The circus method of exploitation has suited many photoplays. The circus itself has been pursuing a flamboyant style of advertising since its birth and it still registers at the box office. For years the biggest attraction with the P. T. Barnum show was Phineas himself, and it was his habit to deliver a ballyhoo from the ring that put all his three-sheet posters to the blush. There is a subtle connection between exploitation and the holiday mood in which people are receptive to all forms of entertainment. It is, of course, necessary to adapt the style of exploitation to the nature of the article being advertised, and highbrow methods must be used only with highbrow attractions.

But it is all part of the game. The eye is caught by the array of high-sounding adjectives. He follows the crowd inside the tent, admires the grace, skill and daring of the performance and goes again next year.

The Ballyhoo Man

That brings in the exploitation department, which is charged with the responsibility of rendering aid to the exhibitor. It is upon the shoulders of this department that the burden rests of planning the ballyhoo campaign for the theater owner; providing, of course, the latter is scheduled to play the picture.

When a story is in the making the exploitation director procures the synopsis and forthwith prepares a campaign in his own mind that shall go hand in hand with the finished product. He selects the outstanding features of the picture, the name of the star, the star's previous successes, the director's name, the supporting cast and the theme of the photoplay on which to work for the prospective booker of the film.

In some original manner, he must devise, create and invent plans, schemes or stunts which will link with the particular photoplay in question, and they must be sufficiently comprehensive to facilitate the showing in the theater. For be it understood, when an exhibitor fails to herald his attraction to the public, there is always a danger of being greeted by slender audiences; a contingency that is up to the exploiter to avoid as far as possible. This may be accomplished through the medium of newspapers, lobbies, theater fronts, window displays, printed matter, special showings, and the like.

In my time I have noted the following ideas which have been staged by exhibitors coöperating with newspapers: Free passes, colorful illustrations, poster contest, model making, to bob or not to bob, similarity contest, tabloid special, ad and lobby contest, treasure hunt, most popular girl, stage recollections, physical contest, special issue, red and green extras, drawing

(Continued on Page 136)

C. K. Woodbridge, President of the Electric Refrigeration Corporation—manufacturers of Kelvinator, Nizer and Leonard Refrigerators. Also President of the International Advertising Association

"It takes up the slack!"

—says C. K. Woodbridge, internationally-known executive, who credits the magnitude of his accomplishments to The Dictaphone.

If you dread all vacation times, with their "shortage slumps," read Mr. Woodbridge's testimony—then our coupon offer.

"Always at my elbow, The Dictaphone is my second self," declares C. K. Woodbridge. "I rely on it absolutely—and have for 8 years. 'Off my mind and into The Dictaphone' is my rule. I turn into it everything of importance that comes up—on the 'phone, in conversation, or correspondence; put every item on record *while the subject is fresh and uppermost in my mind!*

"My Dictaphone never makes mistakes—never forgets—and has no limitations. When I want to take a trip or get off early for a round of golf, I empty my mind and desk into The Dictaphone and leave, entirely care-free. My secretary, at her convenience, transcribes my cylinders (or has them done in the Dictaphone department if there are too many for her); and everything goes on as usual during my absence.

"Even vacation time brings no lowering of office efficiency in the office that is Dictaphone-equipped," Mr. Woodbridge continues. "Executives handle the extra dictation at their own convenience, without upsetting their secretaries' working schedules. Secretaries plan their time to take care of their extra duties in comfort and independence. There's no delay—no waiting and no interruption. The Dictaphone carries all the overload—takes up all the slack."

Miss Short, Mr. Woodbridge's secretary, says she no longer dreads the summer. She's never "worn out by 5 o'clock," never works overtime, and keeps so fit that when her turn comes she takes *"a real vacation—not merely a rest!"*

Lorain Short

Secretary to Mr. Woodbridge and ex-teacher of shorthand in a business college. One day convinced her that the highest opportunity for secretaries lies in The Dictaphone

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corporation, 154 Nassau St., New York City

☐ Please notify your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong with Shorthand?"

Name . . . . . .

Firm . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

8-6 *For Canadian inquiries address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 55 Victoria St., Toronto, Canada*
World-Wide organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.

Building a Set at the Old Metro Studio About 1916

On the job for the Wabash every day

IN the past year the Wabash Railway has further improved its freight service by the installation of International Chain-Drive Trucks and a battery of All-Steel Semi-trailers.

This truck and trailer equipment is operated for the Wabash by the Arthur Dixon Transfer Company, one of the oldest in the country. These trucks and trailers are on the job ten hours every day and they are saving as high as 72 hours per shipment and replacing hundreds of trap cars and line cars every month.

The Wabash is using International Trucks at many points in many capacities and so are all the larger railroads of the country. And that is easy to understand; International Trucks have been giving good service for twenty-three years just as other products of the Harvester Company have been giving good service for almost a century.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. Michigan Ave. (incorporated) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY TRUCKS

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¼-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½ to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Below are given a few points of superior International service and design. Write for folder on Internationals for your business.

International Trucks are served by 136 Company-owned branches in the United States, branches and dealers throughout Canada and service facilities in foreign countries the world over. The branch illustrated is in Boston, Mass.

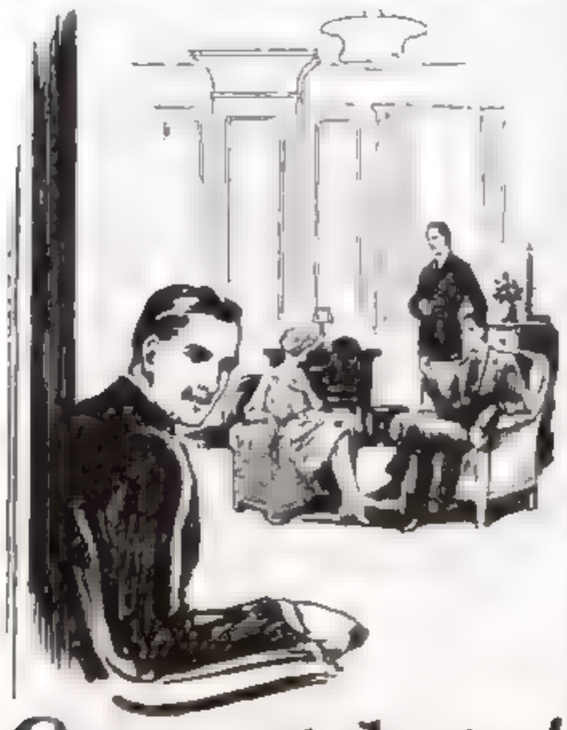
The forged steel radius arm includes a convenient chain adjustment. In the heavier models the live axle has a 2-speed range, assuring efficient power transmission in all going.

Herringbone Gears in double reduction drive models assure greater torque capacity and better all-around performance.

All International Trucks are provided with auxiliary rear springs. These springs come into action when needed and assure correct spring flexibility under carrying loads. The type illustrated is provided for the double reduction drive Heavy-Duties. Another valuable International feature!

The Steer-Easy steering - gear makes the truck drive as easily as a passenger car, relieving the cramped, tiring position of driver

DETROIT'S *Newest* HOTEL



Come right in!

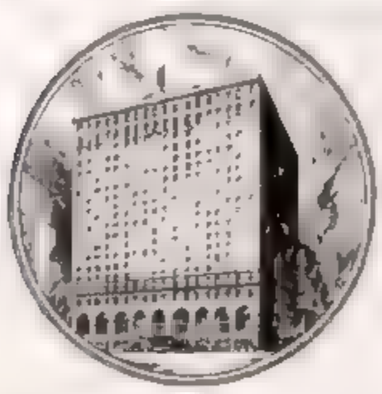
- - - where rooms are larger . . .

and luxury is homelike

You can take pride in inviting your friends or clients to meet you in the larger, more airy, better equipped rooms of the new Detroit-Leland Hotel.

Here you have ample room to entertain guests, a fitting background for business conferences. No apologizing for lack of space or equipment, no necessity for your guests to lounge ungracefully on the foot of the bed.

Centrally located, but outside the din of the traffic belt, this splendid new hotel is rapidly establishing a national reputation not only for its larger rooms, lounges and galleries but for the exclusive quality of its cuisine and the superior excellence of its service.



700 Large Rooms with Bath
85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

Bagley at Cass, Detroit, Michigan
(a few steps from the Michigan Theater)

WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Larger Sample Rooms from $5.00 to $8.00 per day

(Continued from Page 134)

contest, photo identification, window questions, title writing, war heroes, fashion clinic, telegram stunt, popular mothers, timely slogan, most-words contest, street photos, scrambled movie star, fashion designing.

As for the lobbies, I have seen them changed into every conceivable shape, such as a college, desert, South Sea isle, circus and Western atmosphere, miniature stage, prize ring and jungle scene. I have seen them house war relics, revolving fans, electric anvils, aeroplanes, burglar tools, handcuffs, fashions, and so on. The following were also utilized for theater fronts: Photographic reproductions, masks, lithographs, sidewalk trenches, banners and electric flashers. Street stunts have included floats, gypsy girls, masked motorists, stationary balloons, horsemen, painted barrels, sheiks, a caged bear and an auto parade.

The following tried and proved tie-ups have been made upon countless occasions: Better-films committee, book tie-up, cartoon strip, shoe-fitting contest, libraries, star identification, typist stunt, flower matinée, merchants' association, key stunt, prize from star, ukulele contest, and so on.

Press Agents' Stunts

Windows in the vicinity of a movie theater have at one time or other displayed money bags, books, a ship model, photos of stars, snow settings, animated signs, old costumes, make-up demonstration, gown display, and the like.

As for other novelties, such as special showings and prologues, they have been repeated as often as the tides, bearing in mind that in no instance could the picture's title, play dates and name of theater be omitted.

Under the guise of exploitation some of the weirdest hoaxes have been perpetrated on the public, which only served to alienate newspaper editors. It appears that every newcomer who manages to ease himself into an exploitation department, carries with him a rather vague idea that his duties consist solely of grabbing off some extra space in the newspapers without having his employer pay.

He has had handed down to him all the freakish methods employed by P. T. Barnum; he knows all about the late Anna Held's milk bath that always brought her a free puff wherever her attraction appeared; he is aware how Anthony Comstock lent himself unwittingly to further the sale of Elinor Glyn's Three Weeks, and how millions of prints of September Morn flooded the nation some fifteen years ago, due to a wily trick perpetrated by a Broadway press agent. And so the new addition to the exploitation department loses all sense of proportion and allows his imagination to run wild. He can concoct some of the strangest, most nonsensical and pointless pranks that the human mind can conceive. Not infrequently his plans bring the desired results, in so far as they find their way in print.

I have yet to learn of a single instance wherein any of these free space seekers have ever contributed a single exploitation campaign that spelled success for their employers. Take for example, Tarzan of the Apes, filmed by a large company. Before this picture was scheduled to open on Broadway the management negotiated for the services of one of the highest salaried press agents in captivity. A glance at the title and synopsis of the story was enough for this ingenious chap. Immediately his brain commenced functioning, and a procedure was decided upon. He went down to Coney Island, rented a lion and ordered the animal to be boxed and forwarded to a certain hotel in New York. Next he arranged for one of his aides to register at the hotel as T. R. Zann and leave word with the clerk that his piano was on its way and must be sent up immediately to his quarters.

A Carnivorous Piano

Accordingly, the piano was duly received and sent up to the aid's quarters. Thus far no suspicion of any kind was aroused, but when T. R. Zann ordered ten pounds of sirloin steak sent up to him daily, the room clerk became suspicious, and during the absence of the guest, dispatched the house detective to the former's suite to make a silent investigation. One glance revealed a lion in the partially opened piano box, and made the house detective beat a hasty retreat.

When the mysterious T. R. Zann returned he was told to leave the hotel with his lion. All of his protestations that his lion was as playful as any lap dog proved of no avail. But before he caged his pet he disappeared in a telephone booth, rang up the City News Association and told them to hasten up immediately to the hotel, where a Mr. Zann was being ejected from the hotel for maintaining a lion in his suite.

A reporter was not slow in making his appearance, and verified the information from the hotel officials, who even led him to T. R. Zann's room, where he witnessed with his own eyes the chief bone of contention—the king of beasts caged in the piano crate.

Here was a rare spectacle, indeed, to catch the eyes of metropolitan newspaper readers; something apart from the accustomed daily happenings in a workaday world. No city editor, having the proof from his reporter, could let this story escape, and as a result the newspapers the following morning greeted New Yorkers with:

MAN AND LION EJECTED FROM HOTEL

T. R. ZANN CLAIMS LION IS PET

and went on to treat of T. R. Zann's difficulties in a humorous vein. The very captions enticed readers to finish the narrative of Zann and his lion. Somewhere in the distance was the man who engineered this hoax, chuckling to himself and presenting, I suppose, marked copies of the dailies to his employer and receiving congratulations for having put across a clever idea at the expense of the newspapers and the public. Let us carry the ingenious press agent's idea out to its logical conclusion and see whether the effort and expense warranted the outlay of all this energy.

Tarzan of the Apes opened on Broadway, aided by an extra large advertising expenditure which went for billboards and newspaper advertising, yet it failed to bring the people in droves. At the expiration of a week Tarzan of the Apes folded its tents and stole silently out of the theater.

As to our own organization, we plead guilty of having been a participant in one of these artless stunts. As president of the organization, it is the fashion for me to shoulder the blame, although I personally was not involved.

We had a film that was also booked to open on Broadway. This was the Virgin of Stamboul, with Priscilla Dean as Shari in the leading rôle. One of the special exploitation engineers was assigned to make all Gothamites pause in their daily tasks to learn something about the Virgin of Stamboul.

In as much as the plot concerned itself with a street singer who had escaped from a harem, the exploitation agent secured a confederate whom he instructed in the commonly accepted mannerisms of the Turks. He sent him first to the Turkish quarter and next to the lobbies of the leading hotels. In the latter places he approached the register, made a deep salaam and then struck a serious posture with both arms folded. Each day he would go through the same performance, and it soon aroused considerable curiosity. It became whispered about that the grim, turbaned visitor was a secret emissary of the sultan, who had been deputized to affect the return of one Shari, an escaped girl from his master's seraglio. But still no newspaper nibbled at the rumor and our Turkish friend kept up the deception.

Publicity That Does Not Pay

Finally news filtered into Park Row of this mysterious Turk who was searching for his sultan's favorite, and it led the managing editors to dispatch reporters to trail him. The man appeared more mysterious than ever, and persistent questioning only drew from him a few stray scraps of information that seemed to deepen the mystery. That was enough for the newspaper gentry, and some of them returned to Park Row with a story while others continued to trail him.

He entered the Astor Hotel one day and went through his customary poses, but this time the usual salaam was more sweeping than ever. It revealed a starched collar with a recognizable trade-mark from Troy, New York, which, purely by accident, caught the unerring eye of a certain reporter, who at once detected the suave hand of press agentry. Having a bond of sympathy with his fellow reporters, he passed his observation on to the members of the guild.

A few papers, however, fell for the Turk and gave their readers their version of his mission. To all purposes, the press agent managed to score in two or three dailies with notices of his invented scheme.

I don't know whether the efforts of the exploiter helped to swell the attendance when the Virgin of Stamboul made its debut, but I do know that editors don't like to be victimized, and I put a stop to such methods of publicity, which, to my mind, make enemies instead of friends.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Laemmle. The next will appear in an early issue.

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

For the home there is no other writing instrument like this

Especially for the home desk these tapering fountain-pens, with their beautiful receptacles, have brought a new beauty, a new economy and a new order. No more dried-up ink-wells and stubborn pens. The desk fountain-pen is ever ready for instant service no matter how seldom used. And it is always found in its place. Unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime, it *costs more* and is *worth more*. No repair charges. The Lifetime® pen spends most time in the writing hand and least in the repair shop. Clear your desk of obsolete writing tools and enjoy this new-day writing equipment.

Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Sets for home and office, $10 to $100. Others as low as $5

Regular Lifetime pen, $8.75. Others lower

At better stores everywhere

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It is impossible to open this padlock in any other way

INSTANTLY the Sargent Cylinder Padlock yields to its proper, smoothly fitting key. But to nothing else! Hammering will not break its sturdy case. The steel shackle with hardened exterior and softer interior is strong and tough. The locking mechanism (which is the same as in the Sargent Cylinder Locks used on front doors of modern homes) resists all twisting and prying.

Your garage and car deserve Sargent Cylinder Padlocks. Your cellar doors and windows, your chests of valuables—in fact, anything that is worth padlocking should have the fullest padlock protection you can buy. There are sizes and shapes for every purpose. Those for automobile use have keyhole covers to keep out the dust. Others have chains attached. All have self-locking spring shackles. Prices are slightly higher than for ordinary padlocks—but increased security and years of service make Sargent Cylinder Padlocks the most economical you can buy.

For those places not generally subjected to lock-smashing tactics, the lower priced Sargent Subcylinder Padlocks are recommended as being among the most practical of this type ever made. See both kinds at your hardware dealer's and write us for descriptive folders. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE

FORESIGHT

(Continued from Page 23)

Barricaded by those women with stubborn backs, Old Reliable couldn't find a place to squeeze in, and got crowded away from the lunch counter. So his disgusted coat tails flopped toward the landing place where a steamboat was fixing to tie up. Soldiers were making the people get back, and stretching ropes—strange soldiers. Must have been ignorant hill billies, unacquainted with Old Reliable or his privileges, for one of them ordered him to get back, too, same as everybody else. Of course, Zack thought he was only fooling, and remained on the inside.

"Here! I told you to get outside of these ropes. Now stay out."

That white boy acted so biggety in his uniform, and hustled him so rough, that Zack scrouged amongst the people behind the ropes. Such a humbug of automobiles and trucks! Such a jam of folks crowding forward to see the drowned-out negroes come ashore.

The oldest river rat along the levee could not remember when the Mississippi had risen so high. It seemed as if that steamboat, with her barge, aimed to climb up the hill to Washington Street; but she stopped and made her landing against the railroad tracks where sleeping cars used to be set out. On the barge, which had no cover, hundreds of negroes were massed together—men and women, mothers with babes, wide-eyed children—all standing thicker than oats in a field. Huddled there so long, it almost seemed that those dazed people had taken root. None of them stirred until men of the American Legion began leading them ashore. Lots of the folks staggered along, could hardly walk, and the young white men seemed mighty sorry, especially for worn-out mothers. As the bedraggled refugees stumbled off their barge, Zack noticed that Captain Ed Buford was forming them into four lines, each column headed for a different table to register.

"Ugh! Ugh! Now dey's goin' to git deir ration tickets. An' I won't git none. Ugh! Ugh!"

Too much for negro nature to endure. Old Zack squirmed and fidgeted, he fretted and he sweated as those refugees marched past, until desperation pointed a way. When the grouchy soldier wasn't watching, a skimpy black man ducked under the rope. Another nimble instant and Zack Foster had taken his place in the ration line, undistinguishable except for better clothes. Being cleaner and having no salvage from the overflow might give him away.

"Huh!" he considered. "I must get somethin' to tote."

Immediately ahead of him an old negro woman wabbled along, bending beneath her bundle of quilts.

"Sister," Zack whispered, "you's plumb wore out. Lemme tote dem bed clo'es fer you?"

"De Lord'll bless you, brudder."

Women carried babies, men carried dogs. One had a fiddle. One had a phonograph. A fat yellow mammy clutched her sack under one arm—a sack with a hole cut in it out of which a dejected rooster stuck his head. Nobody toted more convincing credentials than Old Reliable himself, a burden of soppy quilts tied by a plow line. With this he trudged along unchallenged.

Painfully the file hobbled on, a few feet at a time, halting as those at the front were being registered. And does anyone still contend that a colored person never looks ahead? Zack did look ahead, and batted both eyes when he saw that his column was marching straight for Miss Betty's table.

"Ugh! Ugh! She won't never give me nary ticket." So Zack sidestepped, and squeezed into another column which led toward a strange white lady from up North. This worker wrote out tickets and wrote out tickets, swift as that string of refugees could pass her. Nobody got turned away. Plenty of rations, clothes and railroad rides for all. And twarn't no tomfoolery about her cards. Good as gold in the bank. As soon as a negro got one, he began to cash in at the sandwich counter—hot dogs and coffee. Nearer and nearer Zack drew to the registration table, hoisted the bundle of bed quilts to his shoulder so that Miss Betty wouldn't glimpse his face. Only three stood in front of him. Now! His turn.

"Your name?" The Red Cross lady kept so busy writing that she didn't glance up.

"Zack Foster, ma'am, but ev'ybody, white an' black, calls me Ole Reliable."

"Zack Foster. Where do you come from?"

"Cunnel Spottiswoode's, ma'am. Bearbrake Plantation."

Perfectly safe. Hadn't struck a snag. Lots of negroes were registering from Bearbrake.

"Do you need assistance?"

"Who? Me? Need 'sistance? Yas'm. Yas'm."

"Food? And tent?"

"Sholy, ma'am."

"How many children in your family?"

Shooting a crafty glance at the Red Cross lady, Zack tried to guess what size family she would stand for.

"Chillun, ma'am. Yas'm, I got six—nine—'leven chillun. Yas'm, I got 'leven chillun, ma'am."

"Their names and ages?"

"Lordee, lady, I can't 'member de names of all dem young niggers."

For the first time the worker lifted her eyes and inquired, "Where are your children?"

"Where dey? Where dey? I kin 'splain dat. You see, lady, I got cut off from dem chillun in de high water."

"Expecting them on the next boat?"

"Yas'm. Yas'm. Dey'll sho git here on de nex' boat. But you mought as well issue dem rations right now."

"We'll attend to that when they arrive. Wife with you?"

"No, ma'am." Emphatically. Not for sake of one measly ration would Zack be pestered with Selina.

"Do you require clothing?"

"Yas, ma'am. I'd love to git three or fo' o' dem linen suits same as cunnel wears. An' a red necktie. An' some low quarter shoes, wid silk laces. An' ——"

"You'll get a card for clothing tomorrow. Do you desire to remain in Vicksburg or go somewhere?"

"I 'zires to travel some place."

"Where?" Her pen was poised and waiting.

"Most any place, ma'am. I loves to ride on de railroad."

"We'll see about that. Here's your card. Fort Hill Camp. Move on, please."

Like most of the other men Zack stuck the ticket in his hatband, a passport, a key to everything. Now he was fixed for rations, and turned to make a start on sandwiches.

The rosy world was his. A friskiness tingled in Zack's legs and jaws. He wanted to crack jokes, to be funny. Near the hot-dog table he spied a country negro with ravenous eyes, who grappled Zack's arm and inquired, "Brudder, how much does you have to pay for dat grub?"

"Shucks, nigger," Zack answered loftily, "Vicksburg's lousy wid hot dogs. Don't cost nothin'. Jest open yo' mouf an' chunk 'em in." Which Zack did, chunking down sandwiches on top of Colonel Spottiswoode's roast beef and thick brown gravy. But whenever Mrs. Cowden, or ladies who knew him, glanced in his direction, Zack took the precaution to hold that bundle upon his shoulder and hide behind it. His skittish eyes kept roving, his agile legs kept dodging.

With so many ladies at four different tables writing out cards, it didn't take long to diploma that flock of negroes who graduated to the grub department and got a preliminary feed. When their first enthusiasm for food had abated somewhat, Legionaires began to pass among them, calling out, "Good supper waiting for you at camp. All who have cards for Fort Hill come get in the trucks."

Everything seemed to be arranged mighty nice. White folks made it easy for negroes. Capt. Ed. Buford assembled them in squads and pointed out a truck for each man. Many of these bewildered refugees had stood up on a barge for two days and a night, mothers with babes at their breasts. After fighting through an overflow and waiting for rescue on the levee, all the skylarking was gone out of them. They did precisely as they were told, and herded like sheep toward the trucks.

In this perfect system, with everything provided free, it appeared like the white folks had forgot a most important matter. A cog had slipped. Zack hustled mightily, searched the waiting room, the express office, baggage room, but couldn't see a sign of any commissary where rations were issued. Had to ask a soldier boy who stood guard at his truck.

"Mister, here's my ticket. Where does I draw rations?"

"Rations at camp. Here, get in."

Before Zack realized it, that husky guardsman had boosted him aboard his truck, and kept boosting negroes until he packed 'em just as full as they could stick, all standing up and holding on to one another. Then he waved his hand to the driver.

"Beat it, buddy. Fort Hill Camp."

Twarn't no ifs and buts about the way they hustled. The driver was already pulling out when Miss Betty came running. "Wait a minute, captain. Wait. I want to see a man on your truck."

"Dere now! Miss Betty!" Zack exclaimed to himself, "Huh! She can't fool nobody. Aims to take dis ticket away from me."

It might have been possible that Miss Betty wanted to see Zack. But she never glimpsed him, for Zack saw her first. Long before she reached the truck, Zack was out of it, scampering over its side like a squirrel and dropping to the ground.

"Hi, there! You!" the driver shouted. Too late. The vanishing negro was gone. Zack hadn't craved a ride to camp anyhow. It was better to get his new clothes and take a longer ride on the railroad.

In the flurry of debarkation Zack left behind the old woman's bundle of quilts, which didn't worry him. Nothing worried him while he kept that ticket in his hat. From a cautious distance he eyed the truckload of negroes as it went rasping up a steep hill, then jumped and started to run when somebody touched his arm.

Nobody to be skeered of. Only a round-faced young white man, a stranger who wore enormous horn-rimmed specks and talked like a Yankee. Talked powerful nice—for a Yankee—and gave Zack a cigar.

"Just out of the inundation?" he inquired gently.

"Jest out o' which?" Zack glanced again at the disappearing truck. That's the last thing he'd got out of.

"Out of the inundation—the overflow? Have a match?"

"Thankee, suh. You means did I come out o' de high water? Yas-suh. Sho is glad to git out o' dat."

His cigar fired up magnificently. Gold band. Must have been a two-for-a-quarter, which encouraged old Zack into his most affable mood.

"You don't object to talking, do you?" the stranger asked.

Such a fool question! Selina would have busted out laughing. Zack? Object to talking? Especially when the horn-rimmed Yankee showed a dollar bill, which he twisted in and out between his fingers. No, sir-ree. Zack immediately proceeded to speak a dollar's worth.

(Continued on Page 140)

INTERPRETING MODERN NEEDS

No other home furnishings, perhaps, better express the ideas of this generation than bathroom fixtures. Claiming no descent from examples in history, they ape no period styles. They are not Chippendale, not Jacobean. They are modern and beautiful, with a crisp cleanness of line and surface.

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Try This at Home

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CAN you touch the wall with the back of your head, shoulders, hips, calves of your legs and heels, and hold this position as you walk away from the wall?

Or grasp the two knobs of a door and make every inch of your spine touch the edge of the door?

Or touch the wall only with chest and toes, then step back and hold your body in the same position?

Now stand naturally and ask some candid member of the family whether or not you stand correctly with head up, chin in, back straight, shoulders flat, abdomen in, weight on the balls of your feet

WHY stand straight? For better appearance? Yes, partly. For added poise and dignity?—That also. For the stimulating effect upon self-confidence and courage?—Still another valuable benefit. But—most of all—because erect posture is an immediate tonic with no bad after-effect. It makes one feel more buoyant, gives a physical sensation of freedom and ease in the body.

But there is more than that to be gained from good posture. A straight body, carried correctly, gives one better health and added strength—it frequently corrects physical troubles that no amount of medicine will cure.

Those headaches of yours, those spells of indigestion, that dreadful feeling of depression—that the world is against you—may easily have resulted from the way in which you are carrying yourself.

Much of your nervousness, your fatigue and your backaches, your "rheumatic" pains and the possible poisoning that comes from intestinal sluggishness, often may be traced to faulty posture.

Your heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, liver—working machinery of the body—are meant to be free and uncrowded.

When you "stand tall" and hold your spine straight, these organs have sufficient room to carry on their work

When you slump over with rounded shoulders or spine curved in at the waist, you squeeze the organs together. The free action of your heart is threatened. Your stomach and liver cannot do their work so well. The kidneys may be forced out of place. Your blood cannot circulate so free y some parts of your body may get too little blood, others too much.

When your chest is contracted your lungs cannot expand. Shallow breathing starves your blood for the life-giving oxygen which every part of your body must have.

It is not necessary to have a perfect figure to stand or sit properly. But a perfect body can be ruined by bad posture.

Stand tall—stand correctly—stand straight.

Progressive Boards of Education, all over the country, recognize that pupils must sit properly during study hours. Curvature of the spine is sometimes caused by desks and chairs which do not permit the child to sit straight. Posture is taught in the daily calisthenics classes. Fatigue and malnutrition are guarded against, as frequent causes of bad posture.

Magazines and newspapers, more and more, are urging their readers to learn not only the advantages of correct posture, but also the dangers that attend bad posture.

In the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company stocking physical improvement among our employees has been brought about by our Director of Posture. Bent backs have been straightened. Headaches and other ailments of obscure origin have been made to disappear. Low spirits have been raised. Learning how to stand and sit correctly has added to health and happiness.

A valuable booklet on the subject of posture has been prepared and one copy will be mailed free to each person requesting it. Send for "The Importance of Posture".

HALEY FISKE, President.

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"Mister, what you want me to tell you?"

"Your adventures in the overflow. I am a magazine writer, gathering material, and would like to hear your personal experience."

"Pussonal 'sperience. Yas-suh. I gits you." He reached out, but didn't acquire the dollar. Not quite. Had to do a lot of talking, scary talking, the kind that Northern people love.

"Where were you when the levee broke?"

"Who? Me? Yas-suh, I was on de plantation at cunnel's house. Miss Betty she done invited ev'ybody dere for a dance. Big ballroom jammed wid young ladies an' gent'mun. Lord, Lord, mister, dat water riz up so sudden an' climbed so high dat cunnel's house nacherly floated off. Sho did. Floated off easy an' slick, same as slidin' downhill on butter. Nobody never felt it. Music didn't stop. Young folks dancin', same as if dat house was standin' still."

Out came the author's tablet. Rapid notes while Zack kept an eye on that dollar bill as he continued:

"Us floated mighty swif', ontil atter while I took notice dat de lamps was kinder shakin'. 'Ugh,' I says to myself, jest dis way, 'sumpin' ails dis house. She's tremblin'.' Dem very words, mister—dem very words. Co'se I didn't aim to skeer de white folks, dey bein' so nervous concernin' levees, so I jest rambled by myself out on de front gallery to take a look. An' Lordee, mister! What you reckin? Right away I seen dat us done floated plumb out o' Washin'ton County, an' was a-scootin' through Sharkey—kin I take dis dollar now?"

The horn-rimmed stranger didn't turn loose his money, so Zack let out a cloud of smoke, sucked in a long breath, and piled on the harrowing details.

"Dere us was, right over Major Egremont's plantation in Sharkey County, racin' like de gutter off a roof. Goin' at sech speed, mister, I figgered dat us would ha' 'rived in Vicksburg an' tied up 'ginst dis railroad track at a quarter to six o'clock dis mornin', 'ceptin' cunnel's house hit a steamboat."

"Struck a steamboat?"

"Yas-suh. Sho did. Right smack in de middle o' Major Egremont's mule lot."

"A steamboat? In a mule lot?"

"Sholy, suh. I kin 'splain it. Dat boat must ha' got sucked in from de Miss'ippi River whar de levee broke. An' likewise, I fergot to tell you, water was percisely eighty-fo' foot deep across Major Egremont's cotton field. An' here come de boat! Here she come, like hell-a-beatin'-tanbark, headed direct fer our house."

"Steam up?" More notes on the tablet.

"No-suh. Her b'ilers done squenched out. Fires 'bleeged to be out, 'cause whilst I was watchin' dat boat, not more'n half a minute, she turnt over nine times. I counted 'em, suh—nine times. An' jest as she was gettin' fixed to turn over ten times, she hit de corner of our house an'—thankee, suh, thankee, suh." Zack deftly pocketed the dollar and hushed, while the stranger questioned breathlessly:

"What happened when the boat collided with you?"

"Happened? Ugh! Ugh! Dat house spinned around more swifter dan a whirligig, an' popped me right off cunnel's gallery same as a cracker off a whip. Shucks! I got tired o' sech tomfoolery, an' went on to de levee to ketch dis barge."

Emitting a copious puff from his cigar, and with the swagger of a brave yarn well told, Old Reliable started to stroll away when the stranger caught his arm. And Zack didn't relish the glitter of unbelief in his eye as he said:

"Hold on! I do not wholly understand these inundations. Please explain how you went from that floating house to the levee."

"Oxplain dat? Sholy, suh. Sholy." Old Zack gazed downward as he scraped a puzzled foot upon the gravel, then glanced up with his justly celebrated smile. "Muster, I jest nacherly can't oxplain dat, no kind o' way. You see, suh, durin' overflow times, things takes place in sech a scramble dat a man gits bumfoozled an' can't oxplain nothin'. Good-by, suh. Good-by. Gotter go now."

Any reasonable white man would admit that for a colored person Zack had displayed good judgment. He had dodged Miss Betty in time to save his ration ticket and escaped from the doubting author in time to save his honor. Two shining instances of foresight. And yet, subsequent results demonstrated the folly of looking ahead. As an unavoidable fact, after using all precaution, bad luck bushwhacked him from the rear.

At that crucial moment, with a hard-earned dollar in his pocket, Zack wasn't studying about Rev. Oriole Jones, had never laid eyes on that fawn-hatted parson in the swing-tail coat. Zack merely exercised his prerogative as an Afro-American citizen to promenade and smoke, when the Reverend Jones approached.

Bighead Jones was obliged to approach somebody, for he had butted up against a solid wall and must seek a crevice through it. His boss kept urging him to get two hundred negroes, and the Red Cross lady refused to issue him a pass for the purpose of holding religious services. More than that, worse than that—far worse—Reverend Jones had betrayed such insistence upon getting into camp that the worker suspected him and tipped off a secret-service man. If Bighead Jones had known that cunning eyes were on him he would never have tarried in Vicksburg or touched one of those Delta negroes with a forty-foot pole. However, it is from what we don't know that adventures are made.

Zack's sweet simplicity lured him, and the ticket in Zack's hatband seemed an easy mark. Therefore it was that danger in the form of Bighead Jones accosted that guileless colored person.

"Howdy, brudder; what mought be yo' name?"

"Deacon Foster," Zack responded with becoming dignity. "I belongs to Moanin' Pilgrim Church."

"Glad to meet you. I'm de Reverend Oriole Jones, pastor o' de Fust Baptist Church in Memphis."

The twain engaged in godly converse as they rambled, discoursing upon salvation of souls and kindred topics. Without visible intention Bighead steered toward a negro boarding house, a shack so dilapidated and precarious that none dared enter except such as reposed an abiding trust in Providence. Its blistered door hung crazily. The hallway bulged up and down, wavering like a scenic railroad. At the rear the house jammed into a hillside. Zack knew the joint and went in without fear. They were argufying a high p'int of Scripture wherein location cut no ice. Passing through to the back door, Reverend Jones paused to express the desire of a Christian heart, that he craved the privilege of ministering to the distress of his people whom God had chastened.

"An' dem white folks won't 'low you in camp?" Zack burst forth indignantly.

"No. Dey cast me forth, same as de Midianites scorned dem prophets o' de Lord."

"Ugh! Ugh! Ain't it a shame? Ain't it a shame? All dem niggers what's got tickets rides out dere in trucks."

"Is dat yo' ticket?" Bighead queried as he eyed the card in Zack's hatband. "Wish I had one like dat."

Their negotiations opened upon a high plane, soaring amid ecclesiastical ether. God's work, race pride, then simmered down to finance.

"No, sir-ree," Zack declined, "I won't take no fi' dollars fer my ticket. Wid dis ticket a man kin draw rations, stylish clo'es, free rides on de railroad. Huh! It's wuth a hundred dollars of any nigger's money."

After a haggling disputation the traders compromised on ten, which Zack was collecting with one hand while he delivered his

(Continued on Page 143)

"They hardly ate a bite!"

GRACIOUS adieus . . . light words of appreciation . . . laughing chatter as the guests departed.

But meaningless.

The luncheon was a failure! They hardly ate a bite. *Something* was wrong!

Beautiful surroundings and generous hospitality cannot alter fact or change circumstances.

Appetite is often largely a condition of thought easily affected by unpleasant suggestions.

■

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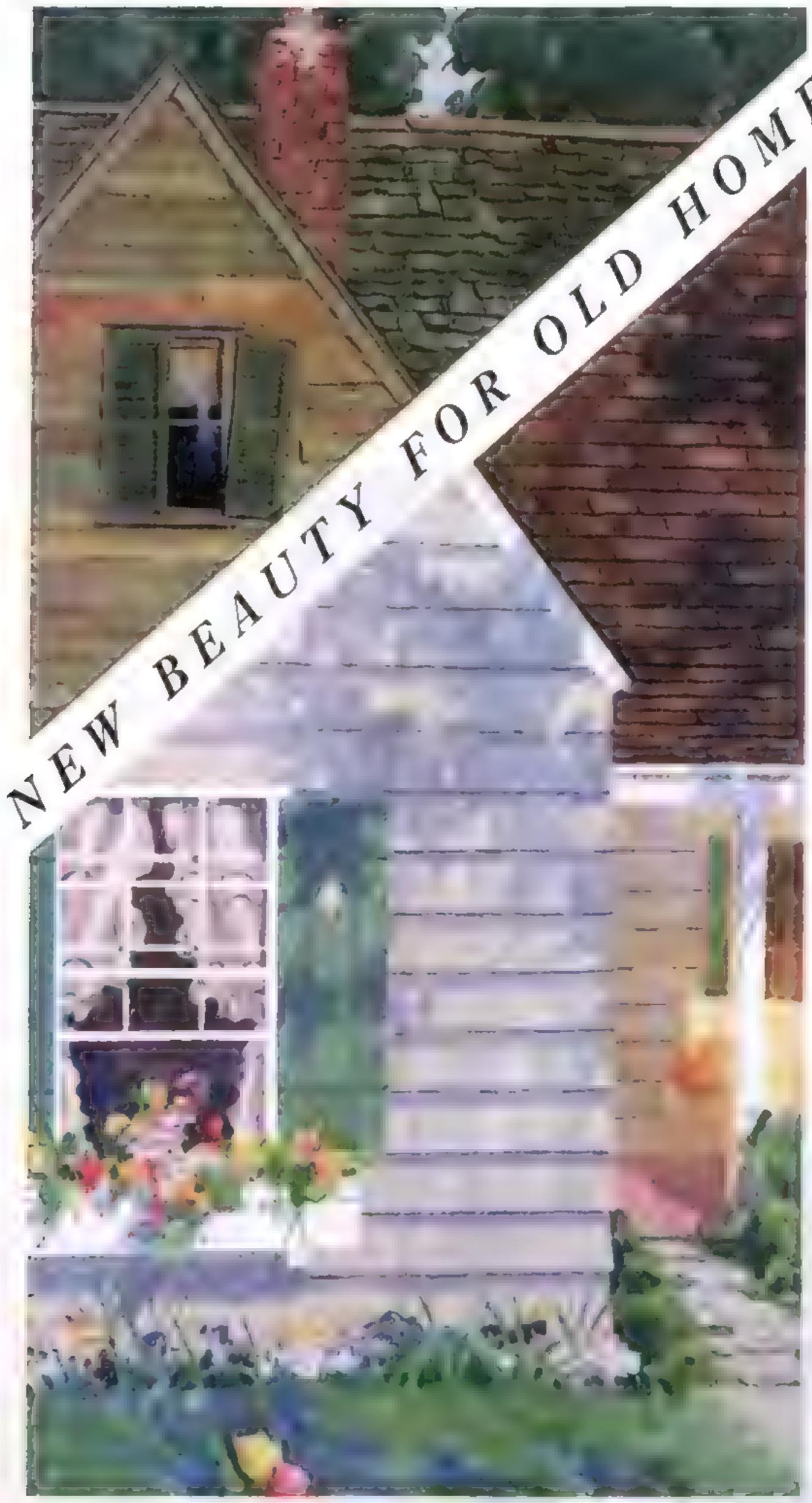

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(Continued from Page 140)

ticket with the other, when a shadow darkened the front door. A strange white man strode in, quick stepper, hesitated a moment, adjusting his eyes to the gloom before he could discern two black negroes in a dark hallway. Then the detective advanced toward them.

Having had sixty-odd years' experience in reading white folks' minds, Zack knew what that fellow was coming after—coming after them.

"Run, parson, run," he whispered, and shoved Bighead through the back door. Behind that boarding house, in a labyrinth of débris and mulberry trees, two colored lives divided. Every rat hole of escape was familiar to Zack, who left the parson scrambling, while he saved his own hide by scuffling through an empty warehouse which had an exit on China Street. Like a cautious old coon Zack first peered out, then sauntered negligently to the sidewalk.

"Hey! Uncle Zack!" A friendly voice called to him. "Hop in! I'll take you up the hill."

An automobile, shiny and providential, had stopped at the curb, with Mr. Fred Magill holding open his door. Zack glanced all around. No detective.

"Thankee, Mister Fred. Thankee, suh," as he settled upon the cushion. "I is kinder wore out, workin' so hard fer de Red Cross."

In those times everybody worked for the Red Cross, every private car became a common carrier. Folks that had automobiles picked up those who had none, all rushing about the relief work.

"Uncle Zack, where are you going?"

"I did aim to go home, suh. Cunnel needs me quick."

"All right. I'll run you out. Won't take but a few minutes."

Five minutes from that active moment when Zack had bolted out of the rear of a negro boarding house on Levee Street, he went strolling up the cement walk at Colonel Spottiswoode's. What befell Parson Jones did not concern him, for Zack carried ten good dollars in his pocket—eleven, counting the contribution from the stranger with the horn-rimmed specs. Neither did Zack seem in the slightest disconcerted by his failure to telephone the colonel, which had slipped his mind until he came face to face with Spottiswoode himself, who called from the front door:

"Oh, Zack! What's wrong with our boat? She won't get in tonight?"

"Yas-suh, cunnel," Zack answered promptly; "dat boat's done arrived too long ago to talk about."

"None of my tenants on it?"

"Sholy, suh. Jam full o' yo' niggers."

"Then why the devil didn't you phone me?"

Angrily Colonel Spottiswoode advanced across his porch. From the top step he towered and glowered down at Zack, a harmless old negro who gazed upward with a smile of infantile sincerity. The glib tongue never faltered.

"Y'onderstan', cunnel, it was like dis: You been puttin' up tents all day an' warn't skacely able to drag one foot atter t'other. Done gone to sleep. So when dat boat 'rived in here, Cap'n Ed Buford—he's de main boss o' dem soljers at de landin'—Cap'n Ed 'spress hisself jesso: 'Zack, here's a bunch o' cunnel's tenants. Me an' you kin handle 'em.' 'No-suh,' says I, 'cunnel tole me to tellyphome him.' ''Tain't no sense o' dat,' Cap'n Ed corntends, manful, 'me an' you kin feed dese niggers an' ride ev'y one to camp. Let cunnel sleep.' Shucks, cunnel, Cap'n Ed nacherly outtalked me. I never could dispute 'ginst no white folks. So he had his way. Us sho did feed 'em. Got yo' niggers all puffed up wid feedin'—hot dogs an' sandwidges. Den us loaded 'em in nice ottermobiles an' 'scorted 'em to camp. Twarn't nary one o' yo' niggers didn't have a dry tent, wid two blankets. An', cunnel, when I put pillers under deir heads, an' tucks 'em in so warm, dey jest smiled in deir sleep, suh—jest smiled in deir sleep."

"Put them all away comfortably, did you?"

"Sholy, suh. None o' dem niggers never turnt over atter his head hit de piller."

Not being as young as he used to be, the veteran planter was now too weary for contention, and glad that he need not spend the night in settling his tenants on Fort Hill.

"All right, Zack," he said, sinking into a big chair while the negro dropped on the steps.

Peace, perfect peace. The shadows lengthened. Dusk slowly deepened into darkness. The unmoving glow of a cigar marked Colonel Spottiswoode. An occasional thump of his head against the post told where Zack had dozed off. Peace, perfect peace at colonel's house on the hill. Yet even then a ghost was rising—the ghost of Reverend Jones.

At first Zack failed to hear a mud-spattered car that came laboring up the slope. His sleep-dulled ears paid no attention, even when it stopped at their gate and four men tumbled out—four men in a rush, mightily pestered. They had tramped up the front walk, got nearly to the house, before Zack roused himself with a jerk. All strangers, Delta men.

And Zack didn't like their looks. Somehow or other he felt a hunch that their business lay with him. So he shrank into shadow and abstained from too much prominence.

"Come in, gentlemen." The planter rose and greeted his unknown guests.

"Is this Colonel Spottiswoode?" their leader asked.

"Yes, sir."

Then Zack observed something. The black-bearded man with the heavy boots wore one hat on his head, and also carried a second hat—the fawn-colored top piece of Rev. Oriole Jones.

"Dar now! Done hung Rev'ren' Jones an' wants me next." Shriveling smaller and smaller in the darkness, Zack's two white eyes stared at the leader, who said:

"I'm John Marlow, Issaquena County. We've got our tenants on Fort Hill. Can you tell us where to find a man named Zack Foster?"

At that brusque question—almost a demand—Zack yanked both feet out of the light while the colonel replied:

"Yes, Mr. Marlow, I know an old colored man by that name."

"Where is he?"

"What do you want with him?"

"Goin' to hang him."

"For what?" Spottiswoode took one resolute step nearer, while a smothered groan came from beside the post. "Tell me what old Zack has done?"

These men were farmers from the Delta, drowned out, ruined, desperate. Their words came short: Half an hour ago, it seems, a sentry at Fort Hill Camp heard whisperings in the brush—a labor agent promising one of the refugees fifty dollars to entice a gang of hands. The guardsman broke in on them and grappled the agent, who struggled and tore loose. The negro got away, but dropped his hat, which bore a Red Cross card with the name of Zack Foster, from Spottiswoode's Plantation.

The outraged farmers talked all at once. "Gentlemen," Spottiswoode spoke very calmly, "there must be some mistake. Would you mind letting me examine that card?"

Still sticking in the band of Bighead's fawn-colored hat was Zack's ration ticket, his name on it, plain as day, and Marlow urged:

"Colonel, we must catch that fellow before he gets clear away. Teach these labor thieves a lesson."

"It's a serious matter, gentlemen, to hang a man."

"We might not hang him—not quite. Just come so nigh that he can't tell much difference."

"Ugh! Ugh!" A groan from Zack.

"Wait, gentlemen, wait. When did this occur?"

"Not more than twenty minutes or half hour ago."

"Then," the colonel announced positively, "it could not be my Zack Foster. He's been sitting on these steps for two hours. There he is now. Wake up, Zack." The colonel prodded with his foot. "Wake up and tell these gentlemen if you know anything of a labor agent."

"No-suh. No-suh." As Zack staggered to his feet, trembling, four white men surrounded him, but the colonel lifted a deterring hand.

"Be patient, gentlemen. Give Zack a chance to explain."

"I ain't been to Fote Hill. 'Fo' Gawd I ain't. Mister Fred Magill fotch me home at fust dark. I been settin' right here, talkin' wid cunnel, an' 'sleep."

"That's true," the boss corroborated. "Zack has not moved from that step for at least two hours."

The four Issaquenans stirred doubtfully, glanced at one another, and Marlow insisted, "But, colonel, here's this man's hat."

"'Tain't my hat! 'Tain't my hat!" Zack almost screamed. "Here's mine."

"But this hat has your name on it."

"No diffunce what name it's got. Dat hat don't fit me." Zack snatched the big fawn-colored hat and clapped it on. It fitted him as a washtub fits an apple. "See dere, mister. I can't wear no sech size as dis."

"It doesn't seem to be yours," Marlow was compelled to laugh. "Who does this hat belong to?"

Far be it from any colored person to squeal on his own race, but this Bighead Jones had mighty nigh thrown Zack's business in a jam. So after deep cogitation he exclaimed:

"I got it! I got it! Dis hat b'longs to Rev'ren' Jones."

"Who is Reverend Jones?"

"Big black nigger. Claims to be a preacher. Swing-tail coat. Weighs two hund'ed."

"That's right, John," one of the men behind Marlow nodded. "Nearly the same description that we got from the soldier."

"Hurry, mister, hurry!" Zack urged, and began shoving them toward the gate. "Ketch 'im, mister, ketch 'im. Dat Jones nigger had no bizness stealin' my ticket to sneak in camp, makin' trouble fer me wid de white folks. Hopes you hang 'im, mister. Hopes you hang 'im."

Zack followed the Issaquenans to their car, protesting against any form of leniency. "As I was tellin' cunnel dis mornin', ef I had my way wid dese labor agents I'd bile ev'y one of 'em—bile ev'y frazzlin' one. Good night, suh. Good night." Then Zack hung limply to the gate as they drove away.

Colonel Spottiswoode had resumed his chair, and with twinkling eyes observed old Zack, who came shuffling from the gate to sit again upon the steps. After allowing time for him to catch his breath, the colonel inquired:

"Zack, how did you happen to have a Red Cross card? You are no refugee?"

"Cunnel, I jest been settin' here ponderin' over dat fack. 'Tain't but one way to 'splain it, suh. You onderstan', dat white lady writ down names so swif' dat she made a mislick an' writ mine too."

At the end of their long, hard day a silence fell upon them, the crooning silence of a Southern night. Bedtime. The colonel yawned.

"Zack, you must be tired too?"

"Yas-suh I sho is been hustlin'."

"Then mix us a couple of toddies."

Peace, perfect peace.

A mellow light suffused the colonel's wide hallway. Its soft glow went tumbling down the steps where old Zack sat, drowsily sipping his toddy. The languid stirring of a spoon. An odor of sweet mint. A tinkle of ice.

"Cunnel, I was jest studyin'. It don't signify how rough yo' day gits to be, 'tain't no sense borrowin' trouble what never arrives. Ef a man keeps his head an' don't git excited, things turn out all right. . . . Mix another toddy, suh? Jest one mo?"

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SCHOOLDAYS are here again and everywhere pupils are proudly displaying their new school bags, pencil boxes and sweaters that open and close with the convenient HOOKLESS Fastener.

Even the kindergarten tots take special delight in their rompers and leggings fitted with this modern fastener.

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Toe and Heel

Socks

THE BEST WEARING SOCKS MADE

THAT BUNGALOW CAMP

(Continued from Page 37)

was taken wasn't worth much in itself. Coal hods and small coal shovels seemed to be particularly hard to resist, while dippers and water buckets, together with anything else that could be used to fill radiators, were apparently regarded as public property. Even tourists who were scrupulously honest in everything else seemed to feel they had a moral right to annex a dipper, to be used in a radiator emergency.

All sorts of parties came to the camp. Big, new $5000 limousines would be parked next to rusty, worn-out little touring cars that rattled like junk wagons. A bank president, driving to the West for some trout fishing in the Sierras with a chum, would run his shiny coupé in beside the shabby five-passenger of a shop foreman taking his wife and children to Arizona. Two California school-teachers, driving East in the smallest roadster known to commerce, might occupy the cabin next to a wild-cat promotor taking a prospect out to look over a Nevada gold mine. And in the next cabin there might be the family of an Ohio farmer who had sold his place to move to the Coast, with baggage piled over both running boards and overflowing onto a trailer behind.

Catching Up With the Budget

During January and February we closed the camp entirely, although we kept the store open for local trade. But by March, even though there was still snow on the ground, tourists began coming through again.

The summer tourists, besides being more trustworthy, had more money to spend. They were usually taking and enjoying vacations that they could afford. They showed more disposition to talk and fraternize with others in the camp, while the travel tourists, for the most part, kept pretty much to themselves, paying little attention to the occupants of cabins to the right or left of them, and getting away for an early start in the morning.

Frequently, I came to understand, even the petty thievery of the least desirable 10 per cent was due to actual need. The pinch came when, estimating the expense of a trip on a low basis, travel tourists would run into totally unforeseen expenditures—a smash-up or unusually large repair bill, the unreckoned expense of a new tire after a stone bruise and blow-out, or something of the kind. Then, with hundreds of miles still to go and not enough money to meet the expense of the rest of the journey, the whole party would become panic-stricken, trying desperately, almost like animals, to fight their way through without utter catastrophe.

Each year the tourist traffic increased—both the vacation tourists and the travelers. We put in ten additional cabins and enlarged the central dining hall. Also, we improved the accommodations by adding a heating plant for hot water. These things took money and, although our increased returns justified the expenditure, I found myself getting more and more dissatisfied. The whole business of tourist camps has been a mushroom growth in this country, still almost too new to be fully appreciated, and has changed rapidly from year to year. Just as my original camp site had fallen behind the procession, with the opening of municipal camps and free-parking places, so now our cabin camp was becoming out-of-date.

For one thing, the location was wrong. It had seemed almost ideal at the beginning—a field close to the highway, near the city, just where tourists would stop to take on more gas and buy provisions, or stop for the night. As far as its location for a filling station and camp for travel tourists was concerned, these advantages remained. But the cream of the new trade—the vacation tourists, with more money to spend and a greater disposition to spend it—were beginning to look for more attractive locations, with shade trees, or brooks and hillsides, farther from town. In our camp cheap trade was beginning to drive away more fastidious campers.

By the time the business had developed to a point where it could look out for the wages of a hired caretaker my partner and I talked it over and decided to split up. He gave me $10,000 for my half interest in the store and camp—we had cleared up all the indebtedness, and he was able to swing the necessary financing on a new mortgage—and started in to carry along alone with his wife and hired assistant. For my own part, becoming foot-loose again through this deal, I decided to study the camping situation more fully and start in over again. This was in 1924.

As automobile touring has become general throughout the country, five distinct types of stopping places have found favor. When you start from Wisconsin to motor down to Florida for the winter, or decide to make your summer trip stretch clear from Virginia to the Pacific Northwest, all five are at your command.

First of all, there is the camping place beside the road—just any old spot that takes your fancy when night shuts down, where you can pitch your tent, gypsy fashion, or sleep on the ground with the sky above you. For this sort of camping, orchards, groves, hillsides and river banks, or any other spots of natural beauty, are, of course, in greatest demand. The problem now, however, is where to find them. Along the main highway they no longer, for the most part, exist at all. No Camping Allowed, or Camping $.25 a Day, is the usual sign. The days of good free-camp sites, except on little-used roads far from the paved highways and main lines of travel, are gone. They have retreated to the state parks and national-forest reserves, and even there are found, in large measure, only in particular localities and under careful supervision.

To run in under the trees of an unposted orchard, nowadays, usually means a visit, about the time you have your tent nicely set up, from a small boy who announces shrilly:

"Pop says to tell you this is private property. Camping ain't allowed."

When it was allowed it cost, I imagine, too many water buckets.

The Camp Census

With good free-camp sites rapidly disappearing from the main highways, Class B camp grounds have come strongly to the fore. These are the Camping Privileges $.25 a Night class. They may be places of real beauty, and they may not. There may be tables and benches, and there may not. Usually, though, as when I first put up the tourist-welcome sign beside my Western Kansas store, there is a place where you can buy necessary provisions. It may be only a roadside dog stand, trading in all-hots and soda pop, with a few bottles of milk and half a dozen varieties of canned goods on the side; it may be a farmhouse with fresh eggs, butter and milk available for the satisfaction and profit of all. Usually, the best recommendation of these places is their informality—a small Tourist Camp sign nailed to a fence post, or Auto Camping tacked against a tree. That and natural attractiveness of hill or stream or grove.

Then come the more formal auto camps, provided free by many towns and cities, or, if private, charging twenty-five to fifty cents a night. Water, electric lights and some form of police protection are usually provided, often with tables and benches, outdoor fireplaces, shower baths, and the like, as well. One of the American Automobile Association folders lists 2270 auto camps having at least this degree of formality. In a still larger, privately printed list one finds 5435 such camps, exclusive of hundreds more located in state and national parks and forests.

The fourth classification brings us to the cabin or bungalow camp, such as I have described. Today a folder issued by the Automobile Club of Southern California lists 390 of them in that state alone. Already, it is safe to say, California bungalow camps represent an investment of $6,000,000 or $8,000,000.

Last of all there are the hotels, ranging all the way from the little Tourists Taken boarding houses along the highways to the great chain hotels in the big cities. Many auto tourists, of course, still leave camping alone and stay only at hotels.

After looking the entire field over, I decided that a better class of bungalow camp appealing particularly to vacation tourists was what I wanted, and since California was, I was told, ahead of other states in the development of this particular type of camp, I went to the Pacific Coast.

A Camp De Luxe

At San Diego, after a couple of weeks of looking around, I met a man whose ideas to quite an extent paralleled my own. He was an older man than I, and had for many years worked along on a walnut ranch in the Pomona Valley, making a fair living. Then, as the population of the region increased, he had subdivided his grove and sold it off, bit by bit, for a $50,000 profit. He liked my plans for an up-to-date bungalow camp and we decided to go into the venture together. I had $15,000 to invest; he matched that with another $15,000, with the understanding that if further financing were necessary he would put more of his own capital in on a straight bank-loan basis.

Our first job was to find the right location. We finally decided on a splendid corner with hills behind, fine shade trees, and the Pacific Ocean in front. It was an ideal camping spot. It was on the main highway to Los Angeles and so near the city that it seemed a good investment as a realty speculation alone. For the entire corner—about five acres in extent—we paid $14,000. That our judgment in making the selection was not altogether wrong may be judged from the fact that within two months we received an offer of $19,000 for the plot.

We put up twenty bungalows. The cheapest cost us about $400 apiece and the most expensive nearly $1000. A complete plumbing system, with hot and cold water for every bungalow, cost $8000. Bath houses and showers, aside from the plumbing and fixtures, cost $1000 more. A central pavilion, with a small dance floor, comfortable chairs and tables for card parties, radio and phonograph and all the fixings, took another $1000. Each cottage had a kitchenette off the main room, and the larger and more elaborate bungalows had a bathroom as well. We decided to charge a varying scale of prices, ranging from $1.00 for the smallest bungalows to $3.50 a night for the biggest ones that were furnished with rugs, comfortable armchairs, and big beds with box springs and mattresses.

We decided, to keep away the cheap trade, to charge fifty cents a night for general camping privileges, including the use of the casino and main bathhouses. We laid in a small supply of bedding to be rented at an additional charge of fifty cents a night to those who wanted it. At that time our camp was one of the first to go as far as this; tourists supplied their own bedding, as they still do in most cabin camps the country over. Today our lead has been followed so far, however, that more than one of the larger Western hotels have come to the point of adding an automobile court to their other attractions, in which you find even three and four room

Better Jellies Easier Made

What is home without crowded shelves of jellies, jams and other tempting dainties of the kind?

Kiddies love such things. And no other food so thoroughly possesses every element of goodness.

Easy to prepare when you have the proper tools—of which none is more essential than an

EVEREDY Strainer Set

Fits any kettle or crock. Consists of Stand, Strainer Bag and Filter Bag. Folds up when not in use. Price complete, $1.25.

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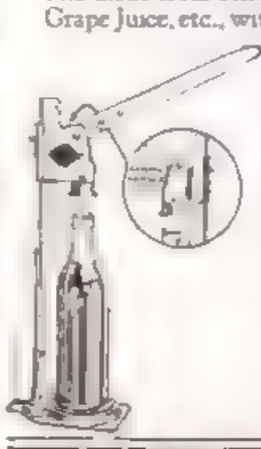

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Tomorrow morning, *after* you lather your face, *after* you shave, *after* you shower, let this cream prove that your face is still only half clean.

Pore-dirt hides in every face. It gives you a grey, lifeless tone instead of the ruddy glow you might well show the world.

Pompeian Massage Cream will remove pore-dirt from the clearest complexion. That's our *claim.* But the *test* that convinces thousands is this:

Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face as clean as you know how. Then massage Pompeian into the pores. What happens?

The cream rubs in **pink,** ***but*** **ROLLS OUT DINGY GREY!**

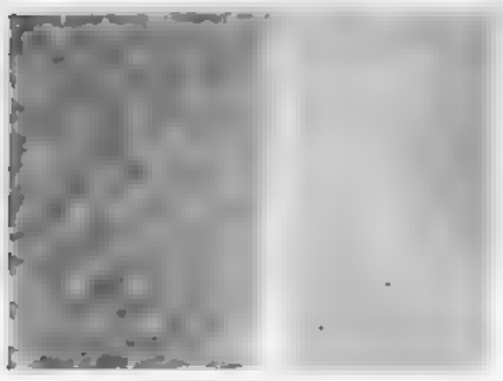
The picture below, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the side shows the cream spread on the skin.

Compare it with the picture at the right. That's skin that is really clean! Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream, black with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free. Dirty, aren't they? And remember, *that* dirt could never have been washed out!

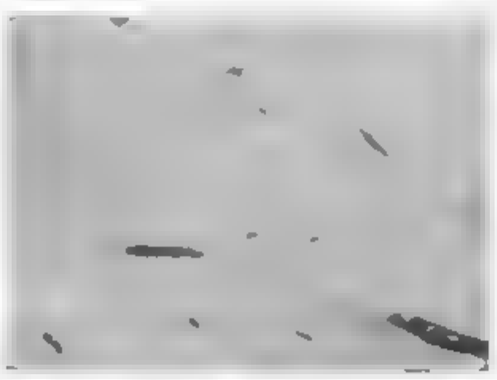
Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the athletic glow that clean skin boasts. A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day!

FREE test convinces thousands

Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us—right now, while you are reading this publication.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.



Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

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The Pompeian Company, Dept. 306-H, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

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bungalows completely furnished, from bedding to table silver, at $5 or $7.50 or $10, or even more, a night.

From the start our venture went well. We found little trouble in renting all our bungalows for almost every night. Sometimes we would have three or four vacant, but those nights were exceptional. On the other hand, we adopted from the first a policy of accepting only the best class of tourists. By charging only twenty-five cents a night, say, for camping space, and letting anyone in, we could have filled every available corner of the grounds—and promptly driven our best customers away. As it is, I look over every car that drives in, or, if I'm not on hand, have my assistant do it—my partner takes no active part in the camp management—and size the party up. If they appear to be too far down in the scale, morally or financially, I simply say we have no space for them. By following that policy, we have drawn away from the cheap trade entirely, and hardly a thing is ever stolen. Even water buckets are safe. No city hotels, I imagine, experience less trouble.

With one exception that's not without humor. That is in the matter of brooms. Each bungalow is equipped with a broom, so that the tenants can do their own cleaning up as far as possible. The brooms I buy are black-handled. But if you should make the round of the cottages today, you'd find at least three white-handled brooms. I take it, that's because I keep the cottage brooms fairly new; whenever a party coming through is carrying along a broom that's not so good, they leave it and take the new one.

An All-Year-Round Resort

Our trade is quite different from that of the Kansas camps. During the winter we get many Easterners, and some of them stay for days or weeks at a time. Last year one Pennsylvania couple—a retired merchant about sixty years old and his wife—stayed with us all winter. There is far more fraternizing and visiting back and forth than there used to be in my first camp. The tourists get together to play bridge, or listen to the radio at the casino, and those who stay more than a single night soon get well acquainted. For the most part, though, it's a quiet, middle-aged crowd all winter long. The Eastern tourists thin out during April, and May is apt to be the quietest month of all. Then, about Decoration Day, the local tourists begin to come in—two-week vacationists down from San Francisco or Sacramento, or week-end parties from Los Angeles. This vacation trade is much gayer than the winter crowd, and younger. There's a lot of dancing, and either the radio or the phonograph is going all the time.

It's always interesting to watch new parties coming in. Most of them nowadays are seasoned campers. When they give a first appraising look around, and nod in approbation, I know they're accustomed to bungalow camps, and are rating ours as one of the best—which it is. But occasionally—for the auto-tourist army is still swelling—we get parties that are taking to the road for the first time. They hardly know what to make of the camp equipment and are as curious as monkeys. Often they're rather disdainful, comparing the camp, I suppose, with hotel accommodations, or perhaps trying to conceal their own lack of knowledge by appearing critical—the very thing that is quickest to give them away. Whenever there's a good chance to do so, I steer these hoity-toity ones on their way. There will be plenty of others along who will appreciate what we have to offer.

Choosing Between Two Peas

Take the way people choose a bungalow. All the cottages, of course, are as much alike as two peas in a pod—that is, the dollar bungalows are all alike, just as the two-dollar ones are alike, and so on. But you should see the way some of this country's touring dames like to pick and choose. There may be four bungalows vacant altogether. It'll take 'em an hour to decide whether they want the one under the tree, or the one just like it up by the casino.

Today you can find bungalow camps with simple tent houses, others with more elaborate stucco cottages, others of the Hawaiian-village type, and I don't know how many more. Our own cottages are of wood, painted yellow with brown trimmings. But within a few miles of us there are now half a dozen other bungalow camps—a whole colony. And so far as I know, all of them are prosperous.

On our entire investment of about $50,000, we cleared last year almost an even $9000—18 per cent on the total layout, without allowing anything for my own time. Since, by our initial arrangement, the money above $30,000 is in the form of a loan, my partner gets only $1600 on that—8 per cent on $20,000. That leaves $7400 that we split fifty-fifty, with $3700 as my share. I throw in my own time and, incidentally, get my own living expenses as a partial return. My partner each year puts some of his share back into the camp in improvements. In that way we're able to keep up-to-date, making the camp better all the time. And we're both satisfied.

"——— And Help Me to be a Good Boy. This is Jimmie Jones Signing Off. I'll be on the Air Again Tomorrow Night at Seven-Thirty"

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Ingersolls are dependable. Ingersolls are sturdy. Ingersolls are durable. Ingersolls are more than ordinarily good-looking. New closer casing, silver dials, newly designed bows and crowns have given them a sprightliness and up-to-the-minuteness that may well cause envy in those who have paid more than Ingersoll prices for their watches.

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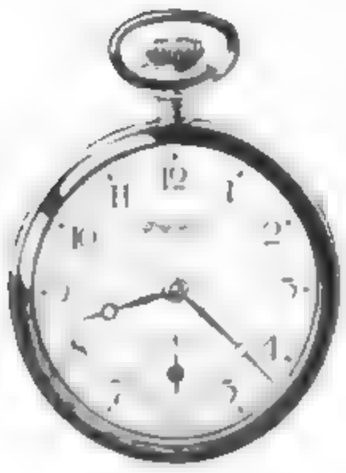
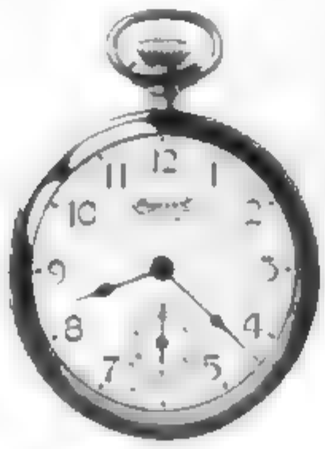


YANKEE $1.50
YANKEE RADIOLITE $2.25



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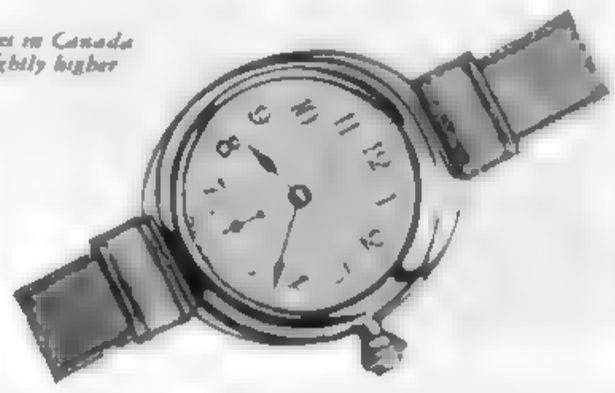

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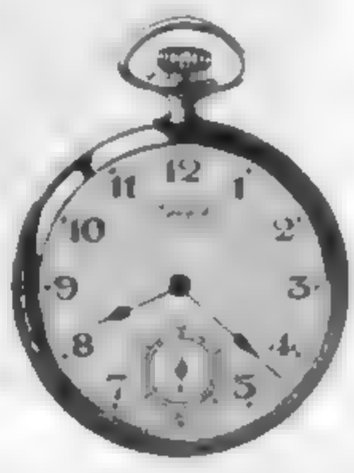

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FERDINAND OF RUMANIA, KING AND MARTYR

(Continued from Page 7)

to lie, to pretend to be something different from what he really was, and this inevitable falsehood pursued him all his life.

He had to pretend, in the first place, that he was something very different from a German—a Rumanian. A Catholic, he had to pretend to be the chief of a schismatic church. He had, above all things, to pretend that he was something else than an ordinary man, and this, of all the obligatory pretensions, was the most painful for his scrupulous soul. When a little American girl watched for him in the forest of Sinaia, and jumped into a ravine at the risk of breaking her neck, to have "the privilege of shaking the hand of a king," a cry escaped from him, "But I am nothing but a man."

Uneasy Lies the Head

This incurable timidity, which made him walk sideways, which made him hot and cold, which made him blink his eyes and twist his mouth, was the exterior manifestation of the trouble in his struggling soul, and it was increased by the thought he suspected to be in all those who approached him. He felt they misunderstood, despised, ridiculed him, and at the same time rushed and elbowed one another to bow before him. When he blushed, sometimes to his ears, it was often for the others. He was born with a belief in the dignity of mankind, and that is enough in itself to make a king unhappy. That is why he sought solitude, why he preferred children to grown people, and more than either, his dogs—his black cockers—which never left him. That is why, that spring on the Black Sea, he chose me as his companion. I was the youngest, the only child.

In spite of my early age I was, however, already as ungrateful as the others, and impressed only by appearances. Although he was nice and kind to me, organized fishing parties for me, and even a race between lobsters on the deck of his yacht—a race backward that was so funny that I can laugh at it yet—I did not care very much for him, and preferred his wife, the Princess Marie, that fascinating creature, surely the prettiest of princesses, even the prettiest woman in Europe, and born to eclipse. I realize now, with the perspective of years, that she also served the designs of Providence by adding, to the obscurity which this man sought for his sacrifice, the brilliant contrast of her magnificent presence. To be the husband of the queen is a sufficiently difficult rôle to play even if one is the king. He occupied this position for thirty-five years, and he was grateful to the end to her who left him all the shadow because she was all light.

During this stay at Constantza, where I saw Prince Ferdinand every day for three weeks, I won his sympathy for the negative reason that I have already given—that I was not yet a grown person. When I grew up, his friendship had become a habit; and he was constant by nature, faithful in everything, to beings, to objects, to memories, to habits—to all that he had once chosen, cherished, or simply tolerated, even to the point of tolerating the tyranny of an old servant, the bad smell of an old dog, the discomfort of a room to which he was habituated.

As I must make a choice among the impressions which have accumulated with years, I will choose only the events and circumstances which struck me most and which contributed to the gradual revelation of his character, leading me finally to the conclusion that he was the chosen victim.

I remember a review of the troops before King Carol. The regiments paraded in perfect order. The cavalry came last; Prince Ferdinand, inspector general of the cavalry, at the head. There was a flutter among the ladies in the grand stands as the heir to the throne approached.

When the moment came for his horse to break into a trot and to bring him up in salute before the king, this indifferent horseman miscalculated his speed and did not succeed in making this easy maneuver which all the generals had made before him. All four feet of his horse went out from under him on the sanded asphalt, bringing the rider to earth. The gendarmes jumped forward, the prefect of police at their head, to rescue the horseman. Impassible, well-seated, without even turning his head, King Carol continued to review the troops. There were one or two handclaps, worse than silence, when the prince picked himself up, unhurt but prodigiously pale and discountenanced.

The King and the Herb Doctor

In those days the crowd did not care for him or admire him. Every time he appeared in public he made a bad impression or made people laugh.

There was nothing left of the beauty which passed so quickly and completely. When I knew him, his low brow was already creased with wrinkles. His hair, when it came back after his illness, was no longer fair, but a dull brown mixed with gray. His cheeks were hollow, his tired blue eyes burned feverishly; his beard was not handsome; his gait and his gestures were nervous; his hips, which were too heavy, supported a body that was too short. Although he had long legs, this made him always look small at table, on a horse, in a carriage, or in his box at the theater. He only appeared tall when standing up, and on account of his position he was almost always seen sitting.

Did I say there was nothing left of his beauty? I was wrong. There was something left—he had the most beautiful hands in the world, and they were beautiful to the last; long and clever and joined like flowers to the stem of a narrow wrist. Hands such as these one might see in a dream, on the steel of Spanish swords, on the gray velvet of Velasquez. His hands were so pure they seemed made rather for the offertory than for arms. Together, they recalled wings the spires of a Gothic church. They were made to be joined above a communion

The Royal Wedding Group at the Marriage of Princess Marie of Rumania and King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia. This Photograph, Taken After the Wedding Ceremonies at Belgrade, Shows the Royal Bridal Pair, the Rumanian Royal Family and Royal Guests

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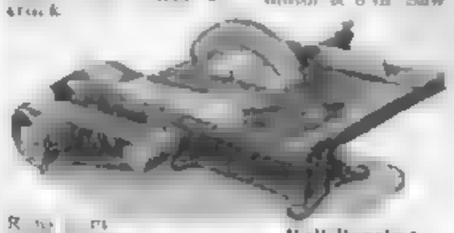

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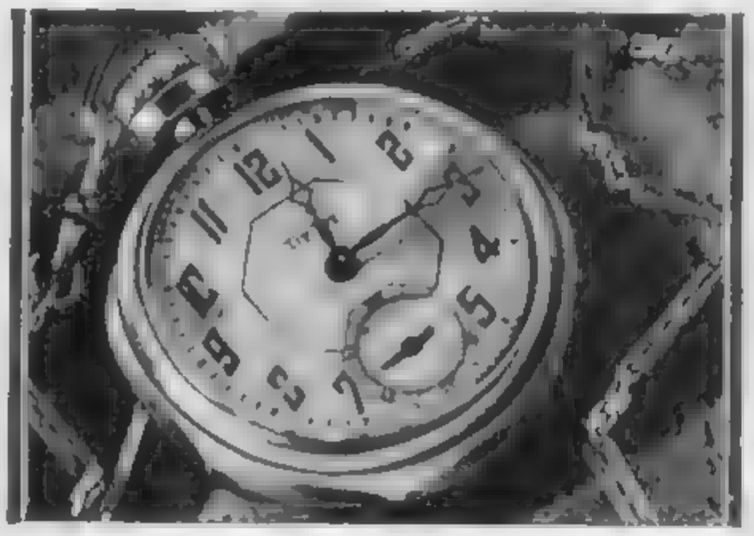

bowl; closed, they accepted the chalice; open, they seemed ready to receive the stigmata. Sainted hands of King Ferdinand which have held the future of people, do not return to dust without being thanked.

I see him in his garden, picking roses and trying not to hurt the rosebush. For this he had his own methods, and he had an ingenious clipper which held the flower delicately after detaching it from the stem. How he loved flowers! With him it was more than a taste, more than a fancy or a mania—it was a profound and reasoned passion. His knowledge of botany surpassed the ordinary knowledge of a professor. It was thoroughly scientific, but he took care to keep the knowledge to himself. During a voyage in Dobrudja, a province of Rumania which is Palestinian in the richness of its wild flowers, he excited the mocking sallies of his entourage when he entered into a passionate conversation with a local herb doctor. They exchanged the Latin names of the plants they came upon, the syllables of which struck the uninstructed who formed the royal suite as prodigiously comic, simply because they were unknown to them.

One of the worst embarrasaments of this continually embarrassed man was this difference of intellectual level between him and his family, between him and all who surrounded him. From his instruction, which often reached the point of erudition, to the instruction less than rudimentary of the people with whom he lived, the gulf was too wide to bridge. I do not accuse the country, which has its scholars and savants as another, but only the court as the army and the politicians had created it. Besides, I do not accuse anyone, least of all his children, who did not have the same bringing up as he did. They were the product of a modern education, which has made of them men and women with a better knowledge of the mechanism of an automobile than of the delicate organs of the *saxifraga stellaris*. So it was that he was always to be found in his study, a sad room into which filtered only what was left of the light by a great tree which absorbed all the air and sun. There he sat alone with his thoughts, alone with the Odes of Horace, alone with a world of acquaintances which he divided with no one under his roof.

Alone in His Palace

When the life of King Ferdinand is written I hope the historians will make no one responsible for his unhappiness; it would diminish the beauty of the sacrifice to substitute human action for that fatality which isolated him in the midst of the court, in the bosom of a large family—as his ancestor Saint Mainrad the hermit was alone in his hut on the slopes of Mount Etzel, Ferdinand-Victor-Albert-Mainrad was alone in his palace. He understood the difference between himself and those closest to him, the unattainable distance that separates people of high culture from the others. Sad for having measured the distance in his favor, he hid himself to offend nobody.

It took an accidental encounter with a botanist in Dobrudja to make him show for an instant the depth of his knowledge of flowers. Not until he visited the excavations of Istria, where he was lured into translating a Greek inscription, was it known that he understood Greek. It was only through an accidental conversation in my salon in Paris with the witty Abbé M that he was led to confess that he knew Hebrew, and he would have taken pains not to say so if there had been more than two of us present. By accident one day I learned that he who spoke French, English and German perfectly, also knew Russian.

The care which people ordinarily take to show off what they know, this man took to hide his knowledge. An impostor on account of his humility, he played the ignorant as others pretend to be clever. It was done so as not to offend others who were not equally erudite. Such fine qualities of the mind as are cultivated in long moments of leisure in the gray libraries of old castles had no place in the surroundings and the age in which he lived. He knew it; he knew that his exquisite knowledge, his fine learning, would be despised by the ignorant and, as it was to his eyes respectable and charming, he did not wish to give a glimpse of it to those who did not care.

The habit he acquired of keeping to himself everything that really interested him and never expressing his thoughts, finished by making him stammer. He got into the habit of repeating whatever his interlocutor said to him, several times even, and with emphasis. This habit was so odd that finally strangers were warned of it, to prevent them from being mystified. The wife of a British minister, who was herself American and had the national habit of speaking out whatever she had to say, after hearing the king repeat two or three times a banal phrase which she had prepared in advance, interrupted him frankly by saying:

"Now, sir, let us have a serious talk, and don't repeat what I say."

The Prince's Christmas Tree

He blushed and excused himself by saying that in his youth he had lived with deaf people and that he had got into the habit of repeating louder whatever they said, to convince them that he had understood. I fear this explanation was specious. He had simply given up expressing any of his thoughts to anyone, and as he had to say something, he discovered that the only way not to displease people was to say the same things they did.

This taciturn exile—for all kings are exiles, including those who are on their thrones—was also an expatriate. Born a German prince, he remained one. He continued to be "faithful and true" even under the foreign crown which had been imposed upon him by the pride and wickedness of men who needed, to be governed, to make of a man a king. He remained the true son of the father and mother who gave him life, a son also of the German county of Sigmaringen, where his eyes first saw the light.

His son Carol is a real prince of Rumania, because he was born in a valley of the Carpathians and his memories of childhood were born there with him. Ferdinand was King of Rumania without ever having been a prince of Rumania in anything but name. There we have one of the secrets of the drama.

This land for which he destroyed all that he loved, all that he was, and for which he sacrificed perhaps even the hope of eternal salvation, was not for him a fatherland. For Rumania he was an adopted grown-up son; Rumania was for him a duty. To prove this needs nothing more than an apparently unimportant story which one of my uncles, formerly a member of the government of King Carol, once told me.

Three or four years after the parents of Prince Ferdinand had accepted for him the succession to the throne of Rumania, my uncle, then minister of war, and the Premier of Rumania, Mr. Catargi, were sought out by Prince Ferdinand in the antechamber of the king one day during the Christmas fêtes. He indicated to them that he had something to tell them, and led them timidly and cautiously toward the little apartment he occupied in the king's palace. Noticing the mysterious expression he wore, the ministers presumed he had something important to relate; but when they came to his study, to their deception, he did not say anything to them, but showed them on the table a little bit of a Christmas tree covered with toys and candies and brilliantly lighted.

The little tree and everything on it had been sent from Sigmaringen by his mother, the good Princess Antonia, and it was this marvel which affected nobody but himself which he had the naïve idea to show to these skeptical old ministers. They paid

(Continued on Page 153)

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LAFAYETTE AND FIRST
DETROIT

(Continued from Page 150)

their ironical compliments to the Christmas tree and were hardly able to suppress a pitying smile as they went out. This big boy in uniform seemed to them ridiculously and dangerously puerile. Alas, it was his soul he showed to them that day without getting the least sympathy. Too sensitive not to understand his mistake, he never repeated this timid attempt to confide the best that was in him. He also learned that the memories of childhood cannot be communicated from one race to another. In most of the Latin countries the manger where Christ was born takes the place of the Christmas tree, and in Rumania the children go about with luminous stars.

More than once I have seen King Ferdinand at the family Christmas tree, and his eyes always filled with tears when the doors opened and revealed the transfigured fir tree. For him this moment was the sweetest of the year—the moment when he celebrated silently the genius of his race, murmuring in his heart the old song of Germanic childhood:

"*O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum. Wie grün sind deine Blätter.*"

In one of the last letters he ever wrote me, he spoke at length of the gentle joy he experienced in seeing again the tree, the candles of which were not to light for him next Christmas.

One's real fatherland is, after all, the land of one's childhood. A man, even to the last day of his life, holds tightest to the memory of his first days. No doubt it was necessary, in order that destiny might accomplish its purposes at the price of the cruelest sacrifice, that the king of Rumania who made war on Germany should be that king, born in Germany, and come from Germany as the collateral successor of his uncle, and not the first king, who had of his own free will run the risks of this crown, or the following heir who at least born in Rumania, might consider himself Rumanian. Ferdinand alone fulfilled perfectly the conditions of Calvary. King Carol came to Rumania because he was called by politicians who wished to put an end to the interminable dissensions about the elective throne, and Bismarck, after having advised him against the adventure, finished by saying:

"Go along then; you will always have an interesting recollection of your youth."

An Obligatory Vocation

The adventure became a prosperous reign of forty years, but all the pleasure of success was for the uncle—he who had chosen the vocation. The nephew had no choice. He was like the poor actor who played the rôle of a satyr frightened by the nymphs, and who said in a whining voice, "I am a satyr because my uncle was a satyr."

Victim of this obligatory vocation, King Ferdinand would not have been sufficiently sacrificed if he had loved royalty and if he had not loved his Germany, but the exigencies have no limit on this earth. He must also need be a believer—a faithful one—in the meaning of the church, for his sacrifice to reach heaven. Reasons of state made him six times break the pact he had made with his church; for the day he married, his church had exacted that he swear at the foot of the altar that his children would be raised in the Catholic faith.

Protected by his lucky star, King Carol was happier in having no children living: the heir alone had to bear the burden of the heritage.

Saint Mainrad, *ora pro nobis*. Pray for him, mountain hermits. Fly for him to the throne of God, ye crows who defended the hermit against man's justice. The guidebook of Mount Etzel in Switzerland, which I have visited, reads thus:

Saint Mainrad was an anchorite of the family of Hohenzollern. He founded the convent of Einsindeln, our Lady of the Hermits, on the slopes of Mount Etzel. He lived in a hut with two crows and a squirrel. He constructed a chapel for the miraculous image of the Virgin which had been given him by Saint Hildegard, the abbess of Zurich. He was assassinated by two robbers about 861. The two crows pursued the assassins to Zurich, where they were arrested and put to death, at the spot now occupied by the Hotel of the Crows.

At the period when I first made his acquaintance Prince Ferdinand had already lived through this first part of his Calvary.

A Hermit in a Palace

In the midst of a numerous family composed of a Protestant wife and Orthodox children he lived curiously alone, separated from them by the triple walls of education, religion and nationality. For the law arrived at this monstrosity: This father who loved tenderly his children had to limit himself to giving them life and nothing more—nothing of what made for him life worth living. It was so exacted by the constitution of Rumania, which undertook to turn these Germans into Rumanians in order to save Rumania from the misfortune to which Poland had succumbed: The rivalry of great families quarreling over the throne. It was for the redemption of our sins that this foreigner became the expiatory victim we needed for our salvation. Already he was living like a hermit and seemed to be preparing himself for his fate.

I have never entered his study when he was there alone with his books and his black dogs without thinking of the hut of the hermit on the slopes of Mount Etzel—only the squirrel was missing. A large water color dominated his working table; it was of a meadow filled with flowers—the meadow. It was by the hand of his mother, Princess Antonia, whose talent was far superior to the usual pictorial capacity of ladies. Her son got his passion for wild flowers from her, and she had painted for him what both of them loved the most in the world—a meadow filled with wild flowers.

Before this wonderful picture of the meadow, how many hours have I not passed with him, looking at books. It was his great pleasure, and he loved to share it. Together we have gone over all the beautiful works on architecture, painting and sculpture, works on Mycenean, Rhodian, Persian and Chinese pottery, still others of jade, of cloths and celebrated carpets in color.

He turned the pages slowly and explained—he liked to instruct, I liked to learn. If I said something, he would repeat it several times, according to his wont. Hours passed. He was alone before his lamp when I came. He would be alone afterward when I left. Everything in his surroundings, everything in his bearing, everything in his look, expressed solitude. How did it come about that he was so completely alone?

Often when I have been with him I have meditated in silence on his tragic isolation. Was it because he lost his mother long before she died? Was it because he loved wild flowers? Was it because he was a German? It seemed to me, during all these years of my early youth, that I was visiting an anchorite in his hut rather than a prince in his palace. He always kept up the habit of showing me new books when he received them, and my marriage did not in any way change that. He wanted to forget that I was no longer a child, and it was thanks to this deliberate oversight that our friendship continued.

The year which preceded the death of his mother, Princess Antonia, who was by birth a princess of Portugal, it so happened that my husband and I took the crown princess, later Queen Marie, in an automobile from Munich to Sigmaringen to see her mother-in-law. It was then that I made the acquaintance of the Prinzenhof, the old house of the Christmas trees, and the majestic towers of the uninhabited castle, with the narrow Danube twisting like an emerald serpent at the foot of its old towers.

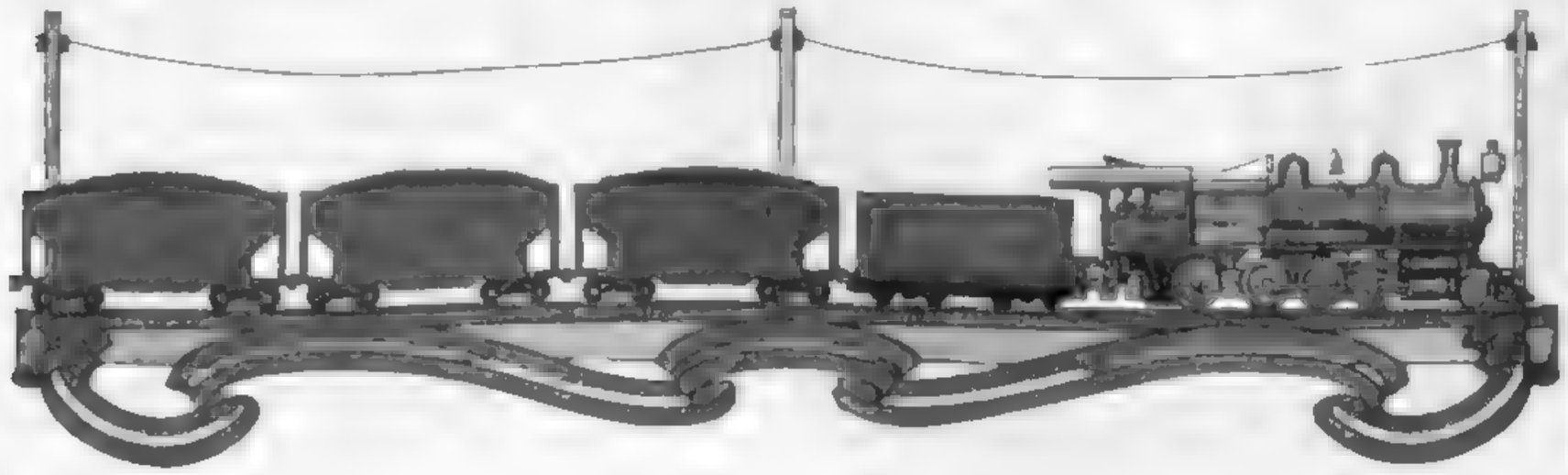
The aged infanta, already grown stiff with years and more than half paralyzed, had abandoned her paint brushes. She no longer left her mechanical chair and had almost completely lost the use of the right hand which had made the marvelous water color of the meadow. She was learning again to write, and she gave us, to take to her son, a page of her writing, so that he could see what progress she was making. Her mind, dulled by illness, had forgotten foreign languages. Before going in, her lady in waiting told us she could no longer make the effort of speaking French; but the notion that we were two Rumanians from that country which kept her son far from her penetrated to her dimmed intelligence. She looked at us fixedly, with a look that went through us to that unknown world to which we will all return, and she said to us in a plaintive voice only these words:

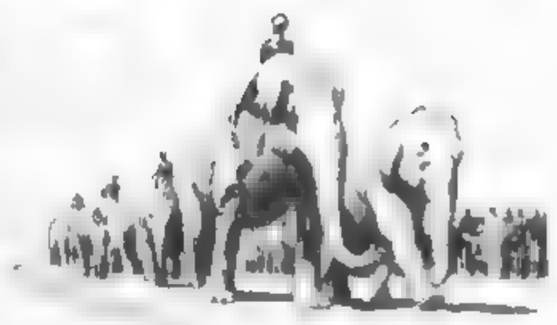
"*Sie haben unseren Ferdinand*"—"You have our Ferdinand." And the reproach in her voice was so gentle that it wrung our hearts.

A Dynastic Crisis

Princess Marie had made it the fashion for the royal family to pass the week-end with friends in the country. I lived in the country, and she and Prince Ferdinand often stayed with us. They were in my house on October 10, 1914, the night when King Carol died. The political situation was menacing for the dynasty. The Crown Council had decided for provisional neutrality, but leading to war on the side of the Entente, against the wishes of King Carol, who wanted his ministers to make war on Germany's side. When they refused he threatened to abdicate. My father, who was a member of the Crown Council, had turned then to Prince Ferdinand and said: "We all have confidence in the patriotism of your Royal Highness."

These few plain words opposed the nephew to the uncle and the dynastic crisis was open from that moment. But the victory of the Marne and the illness of King Carol precipitated events. Ferdinand





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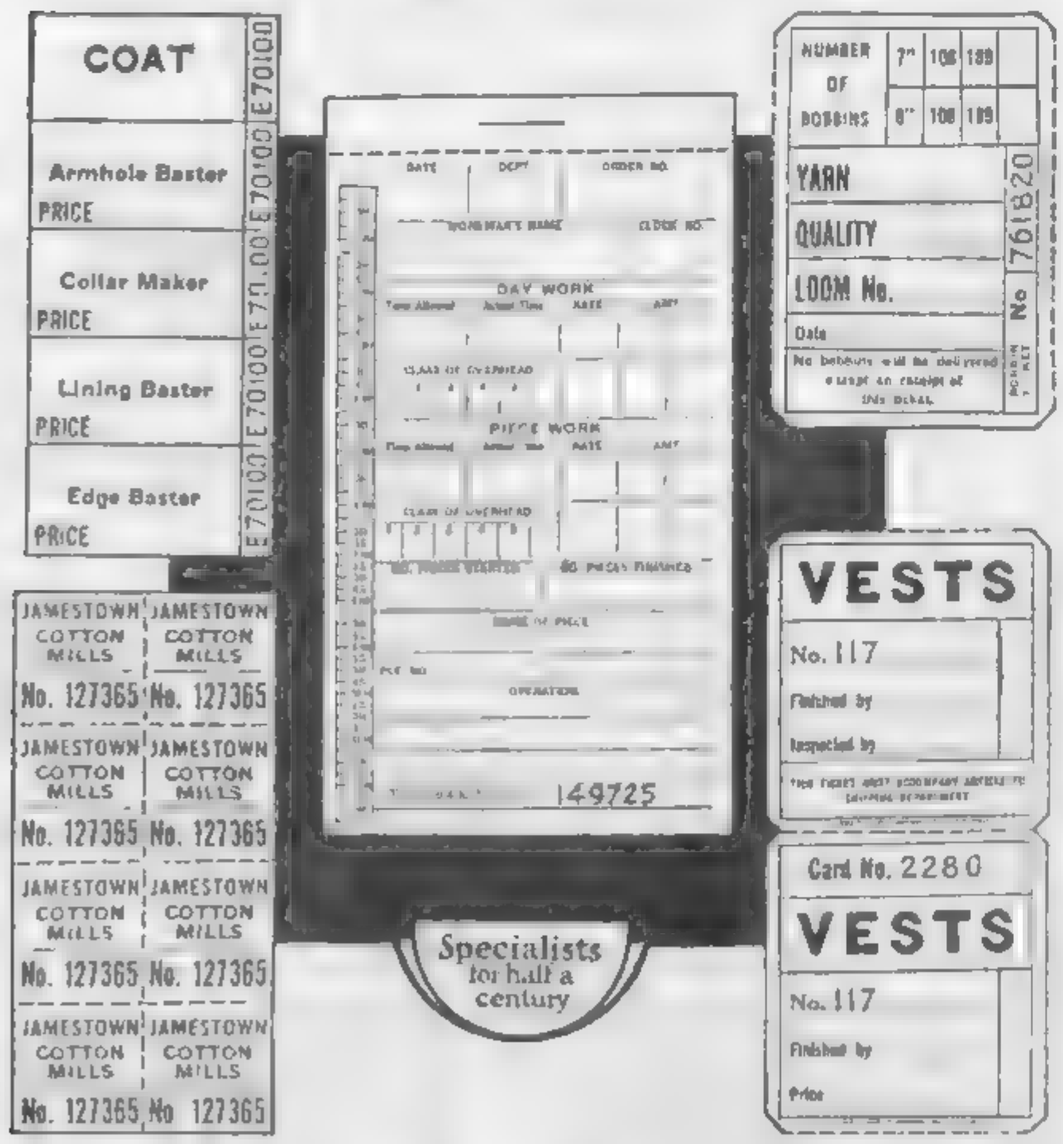

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mounted the throne, October 11, 1914, already warned that he could not ascend it except under the express condition of drawing his sword against his old fatherland.

I remember well that dinner in the country on the eve of this event, when the heir to the throne, the crown princess, their eldest son—the young Prince Carol—and several friends sat at our table. After dinner we had a little movie show, and while it was going on a servant called me to the telephone. The communication happened to be given me in the hall, where the cloaks left by my guests covered a large table. I had to wait a minute for the connection, and my eye fell upon the table. I noticed the military coat of Prince Ferdinand beside the golden cloak of the princess, and the cape and swords laid beside them. Without thinking I began to examine the guard of the prince's sword. I had heard it said, I did not remember by whom or when, that the prince still wore with his Rumanian uniform the sword of an officer of the Prussian Guard, and it was not a calumny—it was true. I noticed it for the first time. On the handle was the ensign of Prussia—the shield of the Hohenzollerns, the black-and-white checks of which signify: To embrace death with a pure heart.

A Necessary Evil

Suddenly I realized that the accepted phrase to define treason—he drew his sword against his country—would not be for Ferdinand a figure of rhetoric, but the naked truth. From this discovery of the sword still in its scabbard dated my conviction that Ferdinand of Hohenzollern was to be the victim who would pay for all. I asked myself why, when he put on the Rumanian uniform, he did not also take the arms that went with it, and finally I believed I had penetrated his motive. He was the traditional son of a country of legend. The sword for him was the sword of Siegfried. In the court of a barracks at Potsdam they had made of him not only an officer of the Foot Guard; they had armed him as a knight, and that was what counted for him. He had not run the cycle of Charlemagne. There must have been, one day, between him and the ferric sword at his side a tragic dialogue, in which the sword reproached him for his deed.

I was present in the gallery in the Chamber of Deputies when Prince Ferdinand took the oath. He said, "I swear," his right hand on that constitution which had made him a stranger to his parents, a stranger to his children, which had robbed him of his fatherland. His voice broke in his throat when he read before the two chambers his first message to the nation. All the deputies, all the senators, all the ministers and generals, and all the great crowd heard him sob. And during this minute when God seemed to crush him with his mighty hand before us all, I thought of the sins of our ancestors which had made this holocaust necessary.

There were Rumanian and Orthodox princes present to whom all that cost, so terribly dear to this German and Catholic prince, meant nothing at all. How was it that we Rumanians had not been able to arrange matters among ourselves and had let things come to such a pass? Quarrels between brothers, uncontrolled ambitions, rivalry, stupidity, had made the exercise of power impossible for a Rumanian. They had drawn from old Prince Bibesco this prophetic cry as he abdicated:

"I will tell you—a foreign prince is an evil, but a necessary evil."

Lost in the crowd, I witnessed that day the tragic spectacle of this German swearing he would be faithful to the faith which was not his faith, true to the will of the people who were not his people.

How many descendants of the former princes of this country breathed, as I did, their *mea maxima culpa* for the ancestors who had not known enough, in the course of so many centuries, to be sufficiently persevering or sufficiently just or sufficiently cruel to procure for this nation, at any price, the benefits of a national dynasty.

Now the die was cast. Destiny was to be accomplished with the greatest violence possible, and the unity of the Rumanian people was to be brought about by the hands of their victim. They trembled, those noble hands, over the loose sheets of the address which was delivering him to the furies of destiny:

> I, Ferdinand, by the Grace of God, and the will of the Rumanian people. . . .

When he descended from the tribune of the Parliament on unsteady feet, his eyes red, his fingers clutched about the guard of his sword, he was king, and he knew he was going to make war on Germany.

I find a signature in my house book dated November 1, 1914—a week after his elevation to the throne. The new king and the queen had come alone to have tea with me in the country. He signed the book ahead of her because she asked him to, and for the first time. I studied his complicated ornamental signature, which formed, with his odd stroke of the pen at the end, the same Japanese landscape which I long ago noticed in our salon in Paris, on the photograph of the handsome stranger who pleased Suzanne. He added for the first time the fated R—Ferdinand *Rex;* and for the first time, also, I thought, "*ecce homo.*"

The queen looked at the book and said, "Now you are a king, you must dot your *i*'s." He had, in fact, never dotted his *i*'s—a handwriting proof of timidity, of voluntary effacement.

It seemed to me that day that he was sad and grown old. The death of King Carol was for him a real sorrow which no one would have expected of a nephew who had just inherited a kingdom.

"It is the grief of the slave who has lost his master and does not know what to do with his liberty," said a lady of the court who, having no heart herself, pretended to have a vast experience of the hearts of others.

It was true that the new king had lost a severe master, who, it appeared, oppressed him and did not love him, and, nevertheless, he was almost the only person to weep over him. It was the fate of this first king of Rumania who had done so much for his adopted country, who had founded its independence at Plevna, who had dedicated his life to it and had given it forty years of political stability, to die in the midst of a general indifference. He died three months too late. In that short space of time the war had raised the question of nationality and the Rumanians—a Latin race—perceived that they were governed by a German. Three months earlier who would have had an idea of it? Who would not have regretted at that time to see the power pass from the expert hands of the old king to the feeble hands of his heir.

A Hohenzollern Vanquished

The presence of Prince Ferdinand in Bukharest had for many years assured King Carol not only of a successor but also of a contrast. Every time they appeared together in public the comparison was overwhelmingly against the heir presumptive. The self-assurance, perfect dignity and natural majesty which accompanied each gesture, each word of King Carol was set off in contrast by the embarrassment, the clumsy gait and the awkward gestures of the prince. On a platform at a public ceremony, one stood like a statue, the other like a clown. Who would have guessed that between these two men the great king would not be he who had chosen to be king—he whom the mayors called, in their harangues, "The Great Captain, the Hero of Plevna, and the Founder of our Independence," but the other, who made the sacrifice?

The mobilization decree in 1916 bore the complicated signature of him who never put the dots on his *i*'s. To sign that decree it had been necessary for him to die within himself—of all deaths the most difficult.

(Continued on Page 167)

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(Continued from Page 154)

The only counselor of the state who tried to induce him to change his decision—the pro-German Peter Carp—said to him:

"Sire, it is not possible to vanquish the Hohenzollerns."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur Carp," replied the king. "I have already vanquished one."

The Hohenzollerns fought the one of theirs who was fighting them, as might have been expected. They killed him genealogically. His name was erased from the great book of the Hohenzollerns. At Sigmaringen they went into mourning for him as if he were dead. The head of his house, William II, King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany, annihilated him by telegraph. He took from him the order of the House of Hohenzollerns, which was equivalent to civil death, and in his lonely chamber he had to support the worst—the tears of Neumann, his old German servant.

Who would have said then that a bare two years later the only Hohenzollern who would still be reigning would be he? The King of Rumania had the courage to keep his family name—the most hated upon earth—and when President Wilson declared the Hohenzollerns fallen, he forgot one—this one.

During the two years which preceded the victory of the Allies, King Ferdinand suffered defeat with a greatness of soul which can only have come from a supernatural force, and this force led him from torture to torture up to the most astonishing of earthly glories. For a thousand years the Rumanian people had dreamed of an impossible national unity. In 1914 the Rumanian soldiers of Transylvania in the Hungarian Army died for a cause which was not theirs, and in the Russian Army, fighting the Austrians, Rumanians from Bessarabia died likewise. To put an end to this great injustice it would have been necessary to make war on Germany, Austro-Hungary and Russia at once. In choosing what the popular will inspired him to, the decision which pained him most—making war against himself—King Ferdinand must have turned the celestial scales in favor of the Rumanian people. In 1918 this king who had reigned but four years united under his scepter not only the freed populations of Transylvania, Bukowina and the Banat, for whose liberty he had gone into war, but also the unhoped-for Bessarabia. The greatest of political miracles had happened—Ally of the Entente, Ferdinand had triumphed with the Entente less Russia. And the fall of Russia permitted him to realize at a single blow the thousand-year-old and apparently contradictory dream of national unity. It took a miracle to accomplish it, and for this miracle a martyr.

A King Unnoticed

I saw him make his entry into Bukharest at the head of his troops to the acclamations of the freed capital. As he rode by on his horse this triumphal day, with the queen at his side, he so short of body and she seated so high on her horse, she alone was remarked, and from a distance she alone was seen. Her graceful horsemanship and the great bouquet of golden chrysanthemums which she had on the pommel of her saddle attracted all eyes, and few noticed that the king was sad.

What caused this melancholy of the king? It was already murmured that it was caused by his son. Carol followed the royal cortège at the head of his regiment; but everybody knew that he—Carol—had left his regiment when the army was not yet demobilized, that he had revolted against the laws of his country, against the even more sacred laws of military honor and against parental authority.

In a little while the tragedy was to become public. We are coming to the last phase of the king's Calvary. He was now to bear his cross before the world. Three times his oldest son, Prince Carol, was to renounce the crown in the name of his changing passions.

Yes, Rumania was now big: yes, the national unity had come about, but the principle of heredity had gone bankrupt.

So the fourth of January, 1925, the Crown Council assembled in the same castle of Sinaia where Prince Carol was born and where his great-uncle, King Carol the founder, died, to pronounce the destitution of the heir presumptive at the request of the king his father. For Ferdinand this solemn act signified inexorable separation; the exile of the son he loved, whom he would not cease to love. For Carol it was a shameful condemnation, but it was also the inherited torture beginning anew. They took away from him his country; the only one that counts—the country of his childhood. As Sigmaringen was lost to King Ferdinand, Sinaia was lost to Prince Carol.

The Stone of Abraham

The winter of 1924 and 1925 I was traveling in Greece, Egypt and Palestine, and when the news came to me of the act of the fourth of January, which deprived a son of his home, by the decree of his father, I had just arrived in Jerusalem, and from Mount Zion I wrote to King Ferdinand. I told him of the visit that I had just made to the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the same spot as Solomon's temple. I told him what I had seen. In the center of one of the most beautiful sanctuaries in the world, polished, carved, lit like a precious gem, I saw the piece of naked rock around which is constructed this monument filled with art and riches. This rough stone is held equally sacred by all the peoples who share the three great religions of earth—the Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan. It was on this spot, before this stone, that Abraham replied to God, "Behold, here I am," and lifted the knife upon his son.

"It is an old story forever new, but he who has suffered from it last has a broken heart."

The day that King Ferdinand went to the mountain of Sinaia to sacrifice his son, neither the angel nor the ram appeared, but every living creature in the kingdom of Rumania, for whose redemption he had given everything, could have said to him, "For now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

A year had passed since he sacrificed his son, and the king was about to die, his body ravaged by that disease which eats slowly those it kills—cancer. The existence of the tumor had become known: all the secretions were analyzed in the newspapers. The sufferings of this unfortunate body had become public property. In the palace "there was death everywhere, except in the mind of him whom the most imminent danger threatened." In his intimate circle they discussed whether he knew or not that he was going to die, and they were astonished that he suffered so little, that he was almost gay even while he was dying.

At the news of his illness the partisans of Prince Carol became active, and it looked as if they might cause difficulties for the government; so, ill as he was, he wrote a letter to the Premier, General Averesco, to declare that he would not change his decision of the fourth of January, 1925, by which Carol had been deprived of his royal prerogatives. They had asked Abraham to lift the knife a second time; he did it with a dying hand.

I went to see King Ferdinand several times before the terrible operation to which he had resigned himself. The doctors still let him get up in the afternoon. Each time I found him in his study with his two dogs, as black as crows, bent over his books, as always. Together, and of old habit, we looked through his books. He showed me an illustrated botany, newly published and just sent him. He pointed out to me the very small Silenae Acaulis, red as blood, and usually found only in the Alps.

"Would you believe it?" he said, "I once found it at Sigmaringen on the Great

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North Tower, almost hidden between the stones."

He went on turning the pages, and next our interest fell upon the gentians.

"These Gentiana Bavarica and Schleich's Gentiana Imbricata," he said, holding the page open with his transparent fingers, "grow all through our part of Germany. I have never found them here in Rumania, except at Sinaia—in that meadow, you know, on the edge of the forest."

I was sure that before he died he would mention to me the meadow.

On a piece of cardboard that was lying on his desk I began, half jokingly, half seriously, to make a picture of him. As I drew there came to my mind the memory of a little holy image of Saint Mainrad, the hermit, which I had once slipped into my prayer book. It showed the saint with his two crows and his squirrel in his hermit's hut.

In my drawing I made a tonsure on King Ferdinand's head and I draped him with sackcloth. The crows became cockers, and for the squirrel, in a corner of the background I put myself, squirrel size. I was trying to leave him with a smile. For tomorrow he was to cease to suffer, to be king, to be alone. But as I went away I was saying to myself, "Fly, crows, to God, that He may receive in His mercy the soul of this martyred man."

On the stairs I met several ladies of the court.

"I wonder if the king realizes he has a cancer," said one of them. "You know, he receives letters every day offering cancer cures—some of them even from America and India—and he reads them. Do you suppose he knows he is going to die?"

Another lady interrupted, "Can one know, my dear? The king is hardened to sorrow and never complains."

They put the query to me: "Does he or does he not know?"

I replied as gently as possible, "I don't know. We would have to ask his dogs."

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

"What did Your Highness dream last night?" asks my maid, Frau Sturm, as she prepares my bath next morning. "One should always remember one's dreams in a strange house."

"But I didn't dream. My sleep was perfectly dreamless." Frau Sturm shakes her head. Why should I dream in my sleep? Dreams are wish fulfillments. My wish is being fulfilled. I am living my dream—the dream of my girlhood days.

Looking out of the window, I see the Kaiser walking up and down in the park. He is waiting to take his pre-breakfast constitutional with me.

He waves to me with a bunch of glorious freshly cut roses. He presents the flowers to me when I join him, after kissing my hand with customary politeness. Arm in arm we inspect the park with its tall alleys of oaks. The branches of the gigantic trees form high arches above us, like the aisles of a cathedral. The Kaiser knows and loves every flower. Many trees he has planted himself.

We feed the wild ducks living in the water of what once was a moat. We throw little squares of bread to the birds darting noisily hither and thither among water lilies.

The rose garden of the Empress Augusta Victoria is in bloom.

"Never," the Emperor says, "have the roses bloomed with such a riot of perfume and colors. The Empress," he wistfully adds, "is dead, but her roses still live. She loved them so. Every bush was dear to her. She could sit for hours in her chair in the little summerhouse, watching her roses."

The Shrine of Augusta Victoria

His Majesty conducts me through the house. It seems small to anyone accustomed to live in a castle or in a palace, but it is furnished with exquisite taste. Every room is alive with memories of Prussia and of Germany's happy days. We enter the room of the Empress—then, as now, the most precious shrine of House Doorn. The spirit of the dead Empress, William's faithful companion for forty years, still clings to the room. Her personality impressed itself ineradicably upon the things she loved. For forty years William II was married to Augusta Victoria; for thirty years he shared the throne with her. Such companionship creates ties that death cannot sever.

Every day we walk under the oak trees. Every day we inhale the incense of the roses. There are many gay interludes in our conversation. The Kaiser still laughs, but his merriment is subdued. Even when his eyes twinkle, one still sees on looking closely something of the anguish that slumbers in the gaze of a caged eagle. He forgets his own sorrow when we discuss politics. I am amazed by the boldness of his conceptions, the unerring logic of his elucidations. His imagination soars high, fancy embroiders his prophecies. But the basic common sense of his hypotheses is incontestable. I am surprised how little bitterness he harbors, how ready he is to forgive offenses against himself, except deliberate unkindness and deliberate treason.

Our conversation turns to religion. "How do you reconcile your own faith with your fate?" I ask.

"I look upon my fate," the Emperor replies, "as a tribulation, a trial, imposed upon me by God, which I must bear like a Christian and a gentleman."

Upsetting the Routine

Every now and then some laborer passes, lifting his hat. The Kaiser returns the greeting with punctilious courtesy, even if it interrupts the most animated discussion.

"I have always," he remarks, "respected labor. My first conflict with Bismarck rose from my desire to protect the workers. I believe in the divine mission of kings. I believe no less in the divine mission of labor. Every labor is God-imposed. This morning I read the story of a traveler in Turkey who saw a poor fellow fashioning a shepherd's crook out of the wood of a tree.

"'Why are you working so hard?' the traveler asked.

"'Because,' the man replied, 'the angel Gabriel commanded me to carve this crook.'

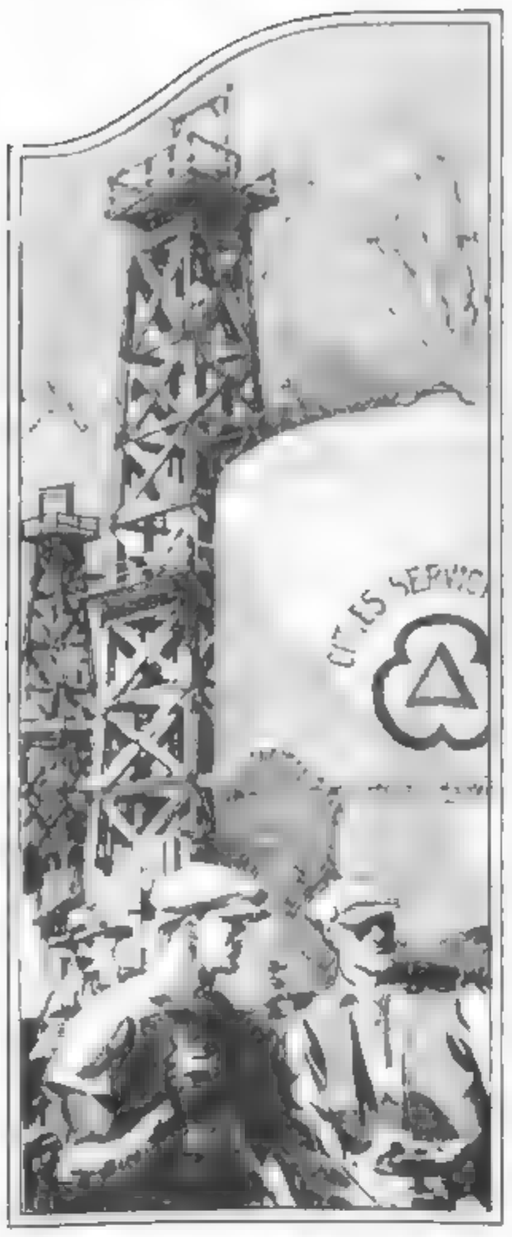
"The man was too modest to claim that his task was imposed directly by God, but realizing the divine origin of the command, he attributed it to Allah's intermediary, the archangel Gabriel. Christians," the Emperor adds, "can profit by this story."

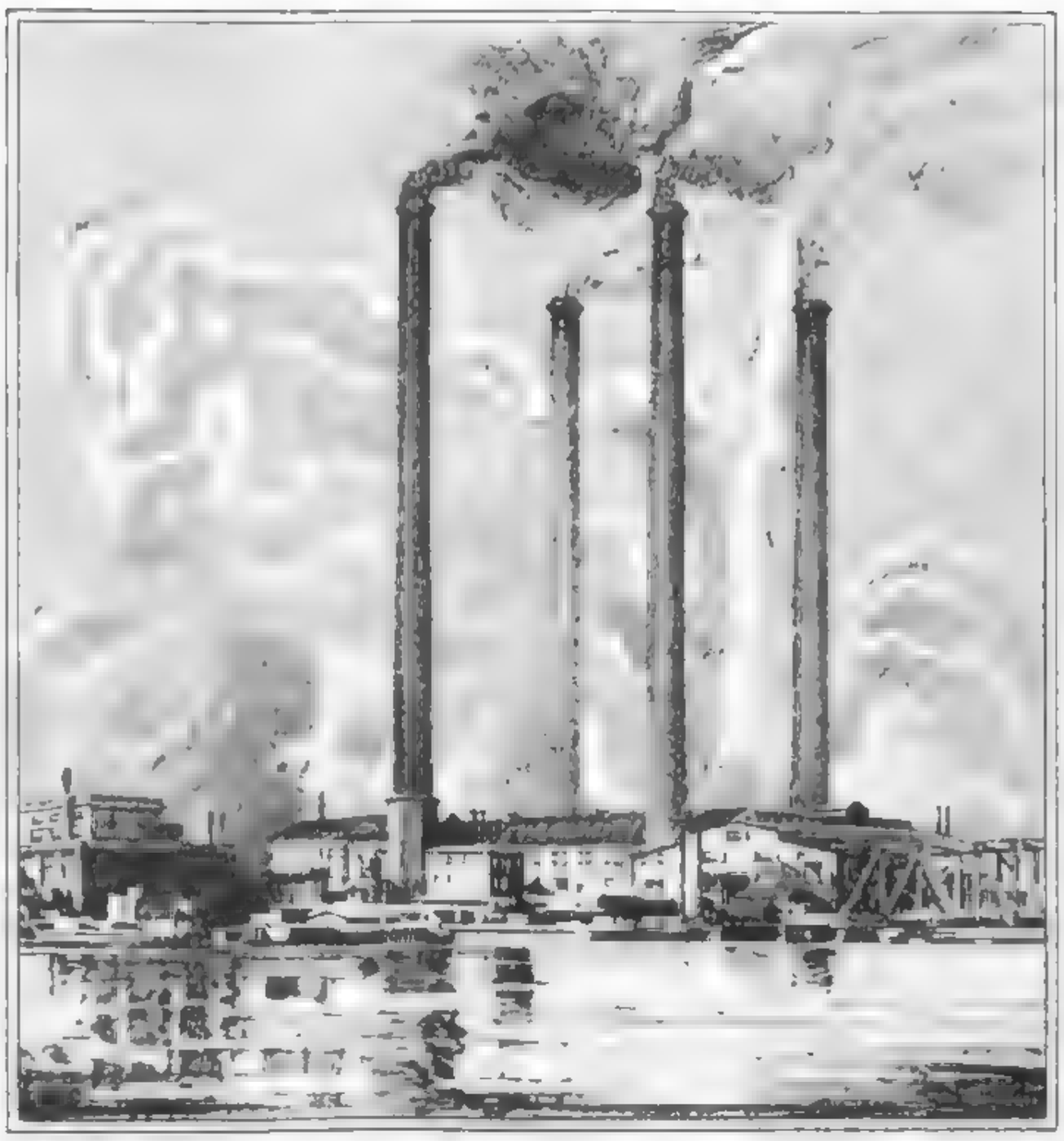
Common interests and mutual friends furnish other topics of conversation. The Emperor's revelations of recent events enable me to decipher the palimpsest of the immediate past.

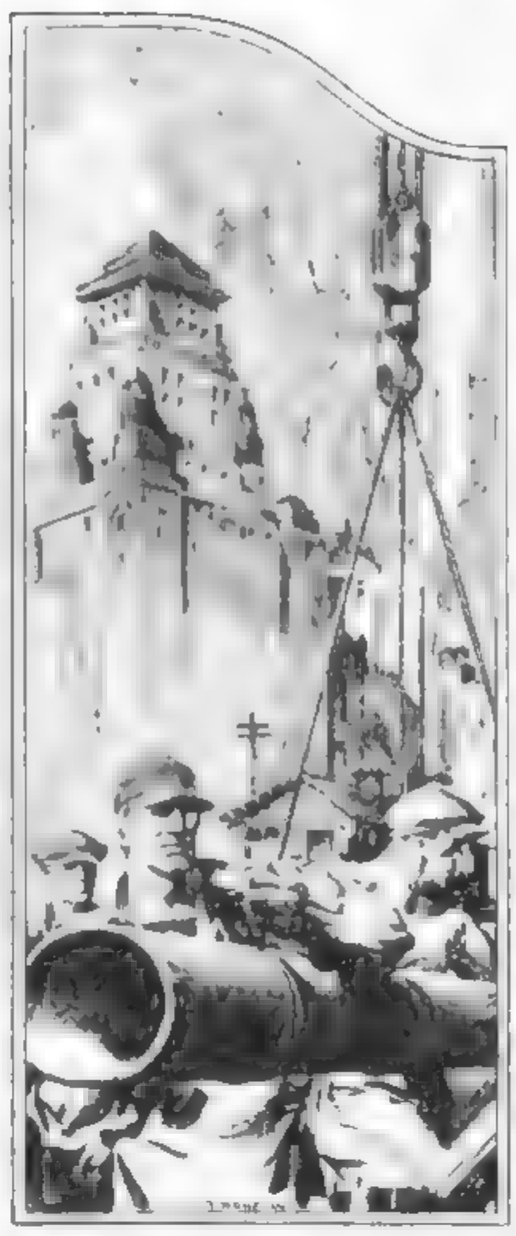
His knowledge is as wide as the horizon, yet some simple facts elude him or have been purposely withheld from him. He is unacquainted with rumors that have been common property for a long time—rumors chirped from the roofs by the very sparrows of Berlin.

We discuss education and are astounded to discover our complete agreement on many fundamentals. Every hour we spend together brings new proofs of our affinity. We frankly examine the problem of love and marriage. Again our views coincide. The Emperor speaks of his loneliness and of the long winters at Doorn. The summer, with its roses and rhododendrons, is lovely, but soon autumn will scatter their glory. I can

(Continued on Page 161)







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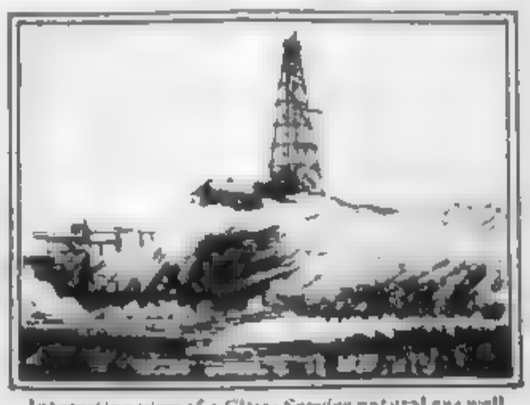

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(Continued from Page 158)

imagine nothing more dreary than the winter in Doorn. Yet the poor Emperor, who loves travel, who draws inspiration and knowledge from every change of scene, is chained to Doorn as securely as Prometheus was chained to his rock.

"What has Your Highness done to His Majesty?" General Dommes, the master of the household, remarked to me a few days after my arrival. I was alarmed. Had I unwittingly committed some offense against the sacred traditions of Doorn? The master of the household reassured me. "The arrival of Your Highness," he said, "has completely upset the Emperor's routine. In the morning the aide-de-camp appears with newspapers and clippings to make his customary report to His Majesty. But His Majesty has no time to listen. In the forenoon I usually make my report, but I cannot gain the ear of His Majesty. I have no chance to speak to the Emperor except at dinner. Whenever I look for an audience His Majesty is walking with you in the park.

"His Majesty's secretaries have an unexpected vacation. The Emperor has not written a letter in three days. Even his daily task in the garden has come to an abrupt end. No trees are felled. No wood is sawed. The Emperor always delighted in pouring huge buckets of water upon his favorite plants. Even this diversion has ceased to interest him."

"But, general," I interposed, "is His Majesty's routine not interrupted in a similar manner whenever a visitor arrives in Doorn?"

"Never! Our day resembles clockwork. Until Your Highness so graciously accepted the Emperor's invitation, no visitor, however distinguished, caused the slightest deviation in the ritual of His Majesty's day. Your Highness," he added with a smile, "is the first guest permitted to feed His Majesty's ducks, the one little pleasure he reserves for himself!"

The Proposal

In spite of my tampering with his schedule, the master of the household did not seem wroth. "Since Your Highness is here," he remarked, "the black clouds have disappeared for the first time from His Majesty's forehead. He no longer moves like a figure in a Greek tragedy. You have restored his human contacts. There is a new light in his eyes, new hope in his carriage. Permit me to thank you for all you have done for my august master."

In the afternoon I had tea with the Emperor in the tower. Suddenly, without any warning, he took my hands in his, looked deep into my eyes and asked me point-blank if I would consent to be his wife. I was thunderstruck. Although we had learned to understand each other perfectly in the few days of my sojourn in Doorn, although we had developed an extraordinary sense of intimacy and of kinship, I was stunned by the unexpectedness of the proposal. I cannot deny that I was pleased, but consternation was mixed with my pleasure. The old fascination still held. I was infatuated with the Emperor, as of old. But, alas, I was no longer a romantic girl, but a woman with a new sense of responsibility and of freedom.

In the two years and three months of my widowhood I had successfully battled against staggering odds for the property of my children. I enjoyed my independence. I luxuriated in the sense of being foot free. I could spread my wings where I pleased. I could travel wherever my fancy lured me. I loved society and the clash of many minds. After being chained to the sick bed of my late husband for so many years, I was unwilling to consider a second marriage, to surrender the precious right to regulate my own life in my own fashion.

"Never! Impossible!" I said to myself.

As Eve Said to Adam

My face must have reflected my thoughts. The Emperor sensed the struggle within my bosom. An expression of utter hopelessness crept into his eyes. The no that had framed itself in my mind refused to cross my lips. I hedged.

"Your Majesty's proposal," I replied, "has taken me completely by surprise." Not an original answer, but it has served every daughter of Eve for five or ten thousand years, in a similar quandary. "I am not insensible to the strong cords of sympathy which connect us; nevertheless I fear that there are temperamental differences between us that are incompatible with a harmonious marriage."

The Emperor imperiously brushed aside this argument. I then pointed out to him that I loved my children too dearly to live without them. "There is no room for them in the limited space of House Doorn. If they lived here with us there would be no facilities for entertaining Your Majesty's guests."

The Emperor quickly overruled this objection, and pointed out certain possibilities of extending the buildings, especially the orangery, to provide additional living quarters.

"Your Majesty," I finally pleaded, "I fear I cannot make you happy. I yield to none in my admiration for the late Empress, but I am a different type of woman. I am Hermine, not Augusta Victoria. Your Majesty will look in me for the qualities that endeared the Empress Augusta Victoria to you, and you will find me

Hermine's Children at Doorn, 1923

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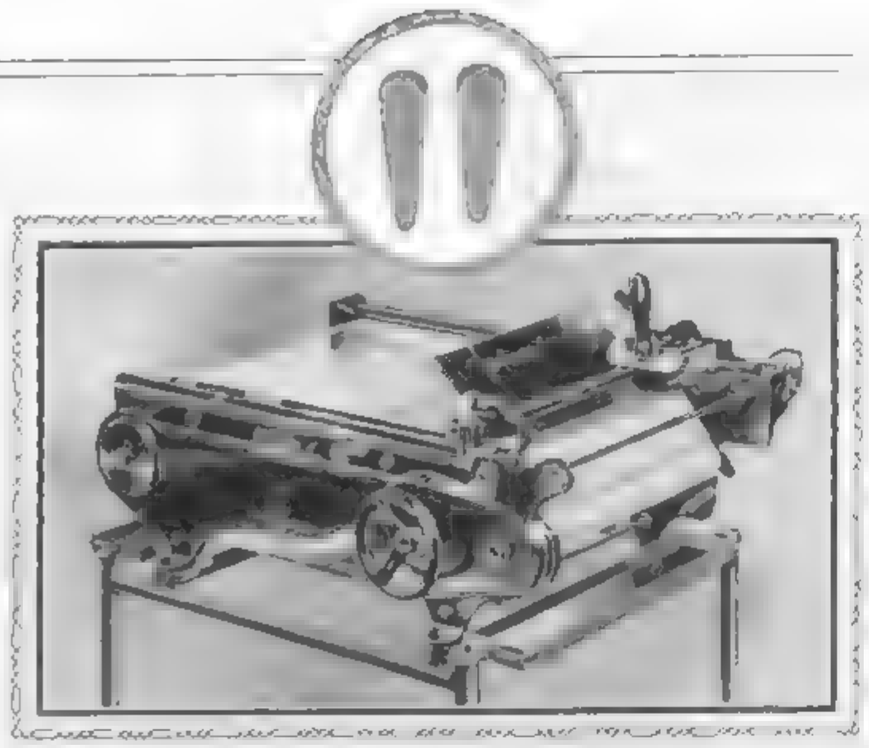

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I did not, of course, deliver this speech in the form of a monologue. The Emperor frequently interrupted me to disarm my scruples. However, he listened seriously to my explanation.

"I don't want you," he finally said, "to share my exile unless you know that you reciprocate my affection. I want your love, not your compassion. Don't say no! Think it over. Much is at stake for both of us. Don't decide without serious reflection."

I was convinced that I was not suited to be the Emperor's wife. Never, I said to myself, can I live in the solitude of a little Dutch village, even with my fairy prince. It was unreasonable. It was unhuman. It could not be. The marriage would surely be wrecked. The forced proximity would bring out hidden incompatibilities. What would be the attitude of his children? What would my children say? What would the world say?

The Former Emperor

"No, no! A thousand times no!" my reason cried. But my heart whispered "Yes."

Every hour the voice of reason grew fainter, the voice of the heart became more imperious. The battle had already taken place in my heart of hearts. The decision had fallen. It was in favor of the Emperor. My heart knew. I didn't.

Problems of a Second Marriage

Leibnitz tells us that the soul has no windows; that we are monads, solitary units, whirling alone through space. Love enables two monads to whirl in unison. It electrifies the monads. It welds them together. It gives us at least the illusion of companionship. To me it is a reality, not an illusion.

The next few days riveted our affection. Thereafter the world would not be the same to either of us. Neither would be happy without the other. Suddenly I knew I would share his hard lot and face life with him, come what may.

When I had reached this reckoning with myself my heart sang with joy. The intuition of my childhood was right. No man in the world could be more to me, no man could surpass him. When the Emperor reiterated his question he read the answer in my eyes. It was not necessary to articulate my consent.

It took me three days to make up my mind. Perhaps I would not have hesitated for three days if I had not seen too many ill-adjusted matrimonial unions. As a young girl I was the confidant of my sister Caroline, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, whose marriage was unhappy in spite of the sterling qualities of her husband. I had seen so much domestic misery, in my own family and elsewhere, I had met so many ill-assorted couples, that I realized the hazards of matrimony.

I had lived harmoniously with Prince Schönaich-Carolath. The experience of my life with my first husband helped me to solve the more complicated problems involved in my second marriage. I did not close my eyes to these problems. Our enforced exile deprived us of many intellectual pleasures. The constant close proximity at Doorn was likely to breed irritation. The conflicting demands of children and stepchildren required tact and good will.

We had the courage to face these difficulties and to discuss them with the utmost candor before our betrothal. Mutual respect, mutual help and mutual understanding are the pillars of our union. Neither attempts to dominate the other. Each appreciates the right of the other to an independent existence.

Common sufferings and common experiences serve to knit our hearts and our lives ever more closely together.

Conditions

We are strangers to ostentation. The simplicities of our existence would be intolerable to many. Each gives to the other; our lives are rich. Comrades, we roam together through the realms of art. We read the same books. History, current and past, intrigues us both.

Love alone is not enough to make a marriage happy. Love is not always considerate. Where mutual consideration is lacking, happiness is apt to take flight. There must be a clear definition of reciprocal obligations and reciprocal rights. I made certain conditions to assure our mutual happiness. Being a mother I could not accept another husband except in accord with my children. I was not willing to buy my happiness at the price of theirs. The Emperor agreed joyfully to permit my three youngest children to live with us in Doorn. My oldest boys, Hans George and George William, being both at school, were to spend their vacations with us.

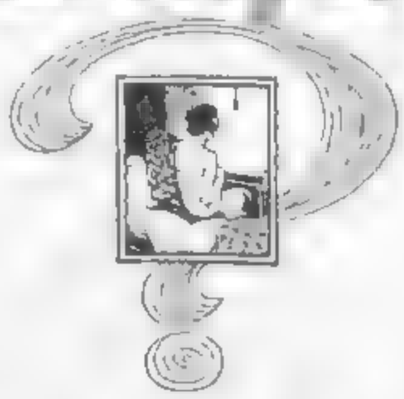
I stipulated the right for myself to spend sixteen weeks in Germany every year to preserve my children's homestead and to maintain home contacts. I could not transfer Saabor Castle on a magic carpet to Doorn. My frequent absences from Doorn in accordance with this stipulation have given rise at various times to fantastic rumors of marital difficulties.

Finally I insisted: "I want no court and no ladies in waiting. I must think my own thoughts and choose my own friends. I cannot bear to be enslaved or trodden down. I resent inhibitions. I must be myself. Like yourself, I can brook no restraint."

The Emperor agreed magnanimously to all my conditions. He violates neither the spirit nor the letter of our covenant. Never, not for a moment, have I had reason to regret my consent. The character of the Emperor compensates me for my sacrifice in sharing his exile. His love outweighs all injuries inflicted upon me by

(Continued on Page 165)

Why is this CLOCK on the Minneapolis Heat Regulator?



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(Continued from Page 162)

others. If I have been persecuted and reviled for his sake, his love is worth the price. The Emperor is a father to my children. He understands them and returns their affection. My relations with his children are equally satisfactory.

A tall, somewhat lanky young man with premature gray hair leaps from a small runabout and embraces the Emperor. The young man's face is browned by the sun. He is a sportsman from head to foot. Easy grace characterizes his movements. Cordially he salutes me. The new arrival is Crown Prince Wilhelm, once the heir to the imperial throne, now an exile like his father, summoned at my request from his island prison at Wieringen.

The Crown Prince was not literally a prisoner. He was permitted to travel through Holland in his automobile, whereas the Kaiser was forced to confine himself to the vicinity of the little village of Doorn. An understanding with the Dutch Government restricted his movements to the narrow sphere between Doorn, Amerongen and Amersfoort.

I had insisted upon acquainting the Crown Prince with the situation. The acquiescence of the Kaiser's children seemed to me essential to assure the success of our union. It was not possible to ask all the Emperor's children to Doorn. Such a step, even if feasible, under the circumstances, would have aroused too much talk. But the Crown Prince, being in Holland, was a frequent visitor. His presence would not be misconstrued in the capitals of the Allies and in Berlin.

The Crown Prince, whose life was as lonely as his father's, grasped the situation at once. He could understand better than his brothers the agonies of solitary confinement in a foreign land. The Crown Prince immediately pledged himself to take up the cudgels for me. I had asked for no such pledge. It is not my habit to ask for favors. With spontaneous generosity he gave me his word as a gentleman to explain my delicate position to his brothers and to his sister.

Children instinctively resent a parent's remarriage. In my case political considerations and the element of surprise increased the complexities of the problem. The Crown Prince assured me that his worldly-wise and experienced wife, Crown Princess Cecilie, would graciously accept the new situation.

The Crown Prince and His Father

The late Empress had never permitted the shadow of the throne to come between her and her progeny. The affection between mother and children had been exceptionally deep-rooted. Human nature is the same in cottage and palace. It was only natural that the children should look with anxiety upon the appearance of a stepmother. They feared the new match would make their father unhappy. I honored this feeling, which, fortunately, no longer exists.

The Crown Prince and I were friends from the first. We are friends still. The fact that we frequently disagree in no way perturbs the relationship established by our encounter in Doorn. The attitude of his eldest son pleased the Kaiser immensely. There are naturally often disagreements between father and son, representing the clash of two irreconcilable periods and temperaments. This conflict is accentuated by that peculiar ambivalence, discovered by Freud, which exists in the relations between parents and children. This conflict only conceals a deep and fundamental affection. Even if fathers and sons at times repel one another, love, charging the field with its magnetic currents, unites the two opposite poles.

When my brief visit to Doorn culminating in my engagement ended, it was the Crown Prince who accompanied me to the railroad station. I left by way of Utrecht, a more convenient station than Amersfoort. It was forbidden ground for the Kaiser. His movements, as I have explained, were circumscribed. The Dutch Government, by a gentlemen's agreement, expected the Emperor to remain within a few miles of Doorn. He was not to leave the limits in question without notifying the Dutch Government. His Majesty never asked for permission to leave the bounds thus set to his freedom of movement.

However, of late these restrictions have been relaxed. Today he can tour Holland in his automobile if he so desires. The restrictions in question were inspired largely by the anxiety of the Dutch Government for the safety of its imperial guest.

My last look lingered upon the Kaiser, who remained behind, once more alone. He waved till the automobile disappeared from sight. The solitary figure of the Emperor on the stoop of his house wrung my heart. I made a vow to myself to brighten his life, to bring to him such happiness as a captive eagle may know.

The Crown Prince, noticing my sadness, earnestly talked to me of many things to distract my attention. He waited on the platform until the train started to move. Affectionately I bade farewell to my prospective stepson, who was five years older than I! His last words were, "If I could only go with you! If I could only return to my country!"

A few years later fate and Herr Stresemann enabled the Crown Prince to join his family and his wife.

A Secret Engagement

Had I made a mistake? On the train doubts assailed me, flapping their wings like birds of ill omen. With each revolution of the wheels my anxiety grew. I was no longer under the immediate spell of the Emperor. Marriage was a fateful and irrevocable step! Its effect upon me and my children would be far-reaching. It would alter completely the texture of our lives.

Would I measure up to my task? Would I be a good wife to the Emperor? Would he keep his promise to me? I had told him that I was entirely different from the adored wife of his youth. Did he realize the significance of my words? Would he appreciate my attitude after the first sweet June fever of love had passed? For thirty-four years life and fate had molded my being. I was a clearly defined personality. Would he expect me to transform myself at thirty-four?

I was too old to change completely, but I was young enough to adapt myself. I had determination. I had good will. I had love. The deep affection for Emperor William, sprouting in my heart since I was nine years old, had burst into bloom at Doorn. I drew new courage and new resolution from these reflections. It was possible to be true both to myself and to the Emperor. I was resolved to make every concession reconcilable with my self-respect. Love would show me the way to adjust myself to his needs without ignoble surrender of my own personality.

Our engagement was a secret, escaping the keenness of the reporters besieging Doorn. It remained a secret for three months.

I did not return immediately to Saabor. An indefinable instinct impelled me to interpose distance and time between my visit to Doorn and my return to my children. The lovely Harz Mountains tempted me to visit my youngest sister, Ida, living at the foot of the Kyffhäuser. Both she and her husband, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, immediately read in my face that some great experience had shed its radiance on my life.

Without a word from me Ida knew. She was my youngest sister. It did not seem so many years ago that I had seen her in her wedding gown. I was then the mother of several children. It seemed strange that we were to meet again with changed parts, that I was to be the bride! Both Ida and her husband were sympathetic and kind.

I traveled through the Harz region and passed the foot of Barbarossa's mountain.

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It would not have surprised me if the cavern where the emperor is said to dwell had opened to greet me. Was not Barbarossa the liege lord of our house? Was I not the bride of another emperor in another retreat? The red-bearded emperor in the Kyffhauser Mountain and the white-bearded Emperor in Doorn were both emblems of Germany's hope. The blood of the one flowed in the veins of the other. For Hohenzollern and Hohenstaufen are blossoms of the same tree. Somewhere in the past the roots of the two dynasties intertwine.

I was now ready to meet my children. They were astonished by the news, but they made no objection. My happiness was theirs. Carmo, my eldest daughter, was especially sweet.

I cannot resist the feeling that William II and I were predestined to meet in this or in another life. I feel that fate had wound the thread of our lives around the selfsame spool. Our love was inevitable. It was written in the stars that we were ordained for each other. We were bound to meet in infinity. But if George William had not written that letter we might not have met for a thousand years!

"What is he like?"

"What does he think of Germany?"

"How has he changed?"

"Does he expect to return?"

Thus questions were fired at me with the rapidity of a repeating gun. Not one of my questioners knew that he was addressing the future wife of the Kaiser.

The Storm of the Rain Makers

On September third I visited my aunt, the Duchess Hermine of Würtemberg Regensburg, to bid her farewell. After a brief stay in Munich I accepted the invitation of the Emperor's aunt, the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, who had adopted me as her foster child after the demise of my sister. The venerable Grand Duchess had heard the rustling of the wings of the angel of death. She wanted to clasp me once more to her bosom before my marriage to the nephew whom she adored. I spent unforgettable days with her on the shores of the Bodensee. She spoke to me like a mother. Though myself the mother of three boys and two girls, I felt like a child in her presence. The parting was hard. I felt that I would never meet her any more.

The love and the encouragement of the Emperor's aunt were a great comfort. I needed both, for the storm of popular resentment against our marriage was already gathering. I suspect that it was not a natural storm, but the product of rain makers anxious to exploit the downpour for their political purpose.

Sincere Congratulations

Prince Eitel Fritz, my future stepson, and his cousin, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, joined me at Mainau Castle on the Bodensee, the summer residence of the Grand Duchess Louise, for a heart-to-heart talk. We parted as friends.

My next objective was my old home, Greiz. Although the revolution had ended the rule of our house after eight hundred years, the people of my father's former capital were vitally interested in my fateful decision. The women with whom I had cooked coffee as a child came up to me and congratulated me heartily. The only one unable to show the slightest feeling was my unfortunate brother, still the slave of the inexplicable malady that paralyzed his will and impaired his intellectual functions. Poor Henry XXIV! He does not even know that Reuss, his father's realm, is a republic today.

After a prayer at the tomb of my parents in the little forest where I had roved as a child, I paid a visit to Oels to exchange ideas with Crown Princess Cecilie, my childhood playmate. She was as amiable and as charming as ever, combining these qualities with an astuteness rare in a woman.

On October twenty-second, the birthday of my august predecessor, I sent a wreath to be placed upon her tomb in the ancient temple in Potsdam. My wedding with the Emperor was to take place the following month, one year and seven months after the death of Augusta Victoria.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

And can savvy how the mourning doves
produce their sobbing call.
But until I know this other, I'll be broken-
hearted, brother!
There's no solace in the knowledge of the
green cicada's legs.
I must know, or die of sorrow ere the coming
of the morrow:
Does the purple grackle cackle when she
lays her brindle eggs?

Now this purple grackle cackle's all the prob-
lem I can tackle
Till I've learned the truth about it and
have put it in a book.
I shall keep investigating everything to this
relating,
Till the answer is as plain as burning
bacon to a cook.
I shall labor daytime, nighttime; at the wrong
time, at the right time;
I shall study through the hours set apart
for thugs and yeggs.
But I'll know before I finish – then my efforts
may diminish—
Does the purple grackle cackle when she
lays her freckled eggs?

—*Strickland Gillilan.*

As It Might Have Been

EXCLUSIVE STORY OF BOSSIE'S MOON HOP

Cow Writes Tale of Throbbing Interest for Post Readers Following History-Making Voyage Into Highest Altitudes.

BY BOSSIE T. HEIFER

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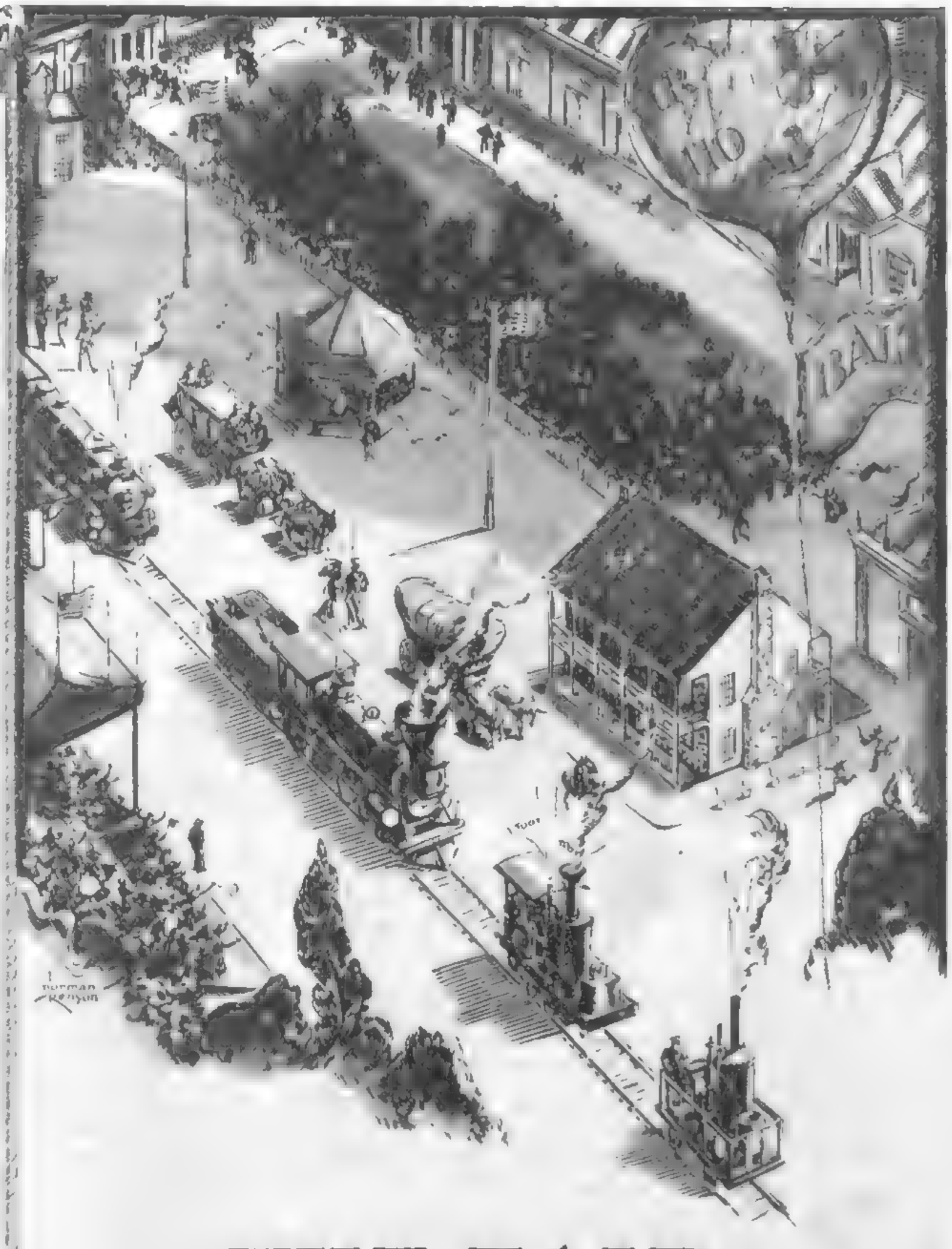
THE Land of Nod, September 1, 1927. Some of them did not think I could do it but I did. For weeks I have been waiting for favorable weather before attempting to jump over the moon. My runway had been prepared and I had been fed a balanced ration of oats, hay, bran mash and carrots for weeks. Every day I took my exercises in order to become supple and keep down excess flesh. In this connection I wish to pay a tribute to all who have helped me. Old Dog Tray, Mother Hubbard, Little Miss Muffett and others gave priceless information relative to the names of the stars, the position of the moon at different times and probable weather conditions.

Mother Hubbard's corn always aches just before a change in the weather and her predictions were shown to be absolutely correct.

This morning, as the east was being painted with the first pink streak of dawn, I determined to make the effort. It was a simple matter to gallop down the runway, gaining momentum as I galloped. My friends along the line cheered me, and this I appreciate. Summoning all my strength, or nearly all, I leaped into the air, using my tail as a rudder. The moon, which was full, grew larger and larger, but soon I was on the other side. In my next article I will tell of my return. *Tom S. Elrod.*



THE FAIR OF THE IRON HORSE

AN HISTORICAL EXPOSITION DEPICTING THE PROGRESS IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF RAILROADING . . 1827-1927

One hundred years of the American railroad! A vibrant, pulsating, intensely human record of the passing decades of the first century of rail transport. An exhibition—a miniature world's fair—will show not only the technical details of the development of the railroad but its broader phases as they have helped make railroad life for a hundred years. A dramatic pageant showing in detail the growth of inland transport in America—by highway, by waterway, by railroad.

From the tiny *Tom Thumb* of 1829, the original forefather of locomotives, to the ponderous freight and aristocratic passenger pullers of today . . . The curious "grasshoppers" of the 'thirties . . . . the "camels" of the 'forties . . . Civil War engines, veterans with real fighting records . . All these—and many others—will move under their own steam.

To properly display this pageant of Transportation progress, there has been laid down in Baltimore a circular track, upon which the parade will move. A grandstand to seat more than 12,000 persons has been erected. And other buildings, chief of them all a Hall of Transportation, five hundred feet in length, containing exhibits showing the development of the railroad in its every phase. More than a thousand people will be employed in the production.

NO ADMISSION CHARGE. Reserved seat tickets—as long as they last—and information as to special trains, and special rates, may be had on application to the nearest Baltimore & Ohio agent —The Centenary Director, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

BALTIMORE & OHIO
Centenary Exhibition & Pageant
BALTIMORE, MD.
SEPT. 24 to OCT. 8, 1927

THE fortunate Parents of a Young Daughter may secure for Her, at The Benjamin Franklin a special Boudoir Bedroom with Furnishings of Junior size throughout and with its own Bath

(Arrangd on suite with family sitting-room, double bedroom and large bath room connecting. Reservation by wire or letter is advisable specifying "Suite with Princess Room".)

The boudoir of the junior princess

THE Princess Room is an Example of the thought given to the Comfort and Convenience of the Guest at The Benjamin Franklin.

In Every guest-room are Chairs made for "Mine Ease in Mine Inn". Beds with Box Springs, Mattresses and Pillows full of Real Rest and Sound Slumber; Conveniences and Appointments that leave nothing to be Desir'd; Windows admitting Outside Light and Air.

And with every Guest room is a Private Bath of fresh and snowy Whiteness, with Complete, Modern Equipment—including Ic'd Water on Tap.

Withal, a Home for the Individual or the Family sojourning in this friendly City of Homes.

ROOM RATES *Begin at $4.00*

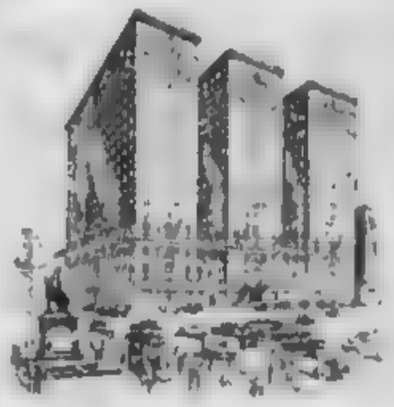
Horace Leland Wiggins, Managing Director

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

Chestnut at Ninth Street

Warm Welcome, Courtesy, alert Attention to your Needs and Thought upon your Comfort, Always.



DIRECTION OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern fire-proof hotels in the world

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

"Wait just a minute, while I get rid of this salesman"

WHEN a business man receives the card of an unknown salesman for an unknown house, his first instinct is to put up a vigorous—and usually successful—defense.

The language of business is full of hard-worked phrases that are constantly used to shut off men who call with something to sell.

"Tell him I am dictating," "Take him to see Mr. So-and-so," "Say that I am in a conference" are the more polite forms.

"Getting rid" of salesmen is an art in which much skilful mental footwork is used. Some men pride themselves on their ability to "kiss a man out of the office" in a matter of seconds. They grasp the caller's hand cordially, place the other hand on his shoulder in friendly fashion, and steer him gently to the door of the elevator that leads down to the street.

This is *WASTE!*

There may be some waste in the use of printing to tell your business story, but there is no such waste as this.

A man who never heard of you will read your printed story with a clear and open mind, because there is never any trouble about getting rid of a booklet or a broadside or an illustrated letter. The defense mechanism of the buyer doesn't begin to function.

Having read one printed piece, he is all the more likely to read another. Before long he knows something about your firm, your goods or your service. If your products are at all worth while to him, and your printing makes their value clear, the buyer is willing to know more. When your salesman calls, he does not send in the card of an unknown company. The first thought on looking at the card is not how to get rid of the salesman, but what can be learned from him.

Men cease to be thought of as salesmen the moment the buyer begins to want the thing they have to offer.

That explains why all salesmen are showing more and more interest in sales promotion printing.

Good printing can unbar many doors for your salesmen. Good printing can break down much initial resistance. Remember this value when you deal with a good printer.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The use of direct advertising for every form of selling has been studied by the S. D. Warren Company for many years. What we have found out about the profitable use of booklets, folders, broadsides is discussed and illustrated in a series of books published from time to time during 1927. Any paper merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers will be glad to put you on the mailing list to receive these books as soon as they are issued. Or, if you prefer, write to us direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

The AFTER-SHAVE is *half* the shave

You simply dash on a few drops of Aqua Velva after you shave—that is all.

Aqua Velva does the rest and what a rest it is! Any little razor cuts are at once made sterile for easy healing. Your face tissues are invigorated . . . toned up . . . conditioned. Your skin is made flexible and pliant; in a word, the flexibility of the youthful skin. And best of all, your skin is protected from the many irritations caused by dust, wind, sun and weather.

No grease to mess around with or collect dust; nothing that leaves a trace. Aqua Velva, a pure, amber-clear liquid made expressly for after-shaving, is the result of 87 years of study of what is best for the skin.

For free trial simply write, "Aqua Velva", on a postcard and address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 48B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

Williams Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

The Poets' Corner

I Listen In

AFTER the long day's struggle and din,
In my slippers and shirt sleeves, deep within
The old armchair, I listen in.

Listen in—there's a flash of wit;
There's a song with a heartache back of it;
There's a speech, and I like what the chap is saying;
There's an orchestra out in the darkness playing,
With a slide and fiddle and saxophone.
It's better than sitting here all alone.
I was never so happy as I have been
Since the day I learned to listen in.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

A Wish

WHEN scarlet maples flame against the hill,
Black pines cast shadows on the blue sky's face,
And brooks run deeper, though their laughter still
Makes pleasant music in a quiet place;

When over all there is the hush of death,
And skeletons of flowers are everywhere,
And on the wind there is the heavy breath
Of sleep that steals away all care,

It's then I hope that Death will draw quite near,
Whistling a lilting tune that I shall know.
In the brave autumn of a dying year
It would be easier then to have to go.

—*Mabel Cleland.*

Change

BECAUSE my eyes are blind with tears, O Spring,
And youth is like a flower at my feet
Because I have forgotten how to sing,
And there is one whom I shall never meet—
I pass your shrine, O Spring, and do not bow;
And though I feel your ever ardent kiss,
My heart is very cool and quiet now.
Because of this, O Spring—because of this!
Yet, as of old, the shining meadows run
In bluebell-crested waves across the hills.
Yet, as of old, the vintage of the sun
Is caught in the deep cups of daffodils,
And baby ferns unfolding by the lake
Stretch tiny fists and tremble, half awake.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Thousands of Food Merchants Know by Experience

HERE is a new McCray case which attracts trade by making it easier to shop. It builds sales by displaying appetizing foods in tempting manner. It speeds up service, cuts out spoilage, reduces expense and increases profit, as thousands of food merchants know by experience.

The McCray No. 103, used with mechanical refrigeration of any type, or with ice, keeps perishable foods perfectly in their original freshness and flavor. And the cost of operation, with either machine or ice, is exceedingly low, as any user will tell you.

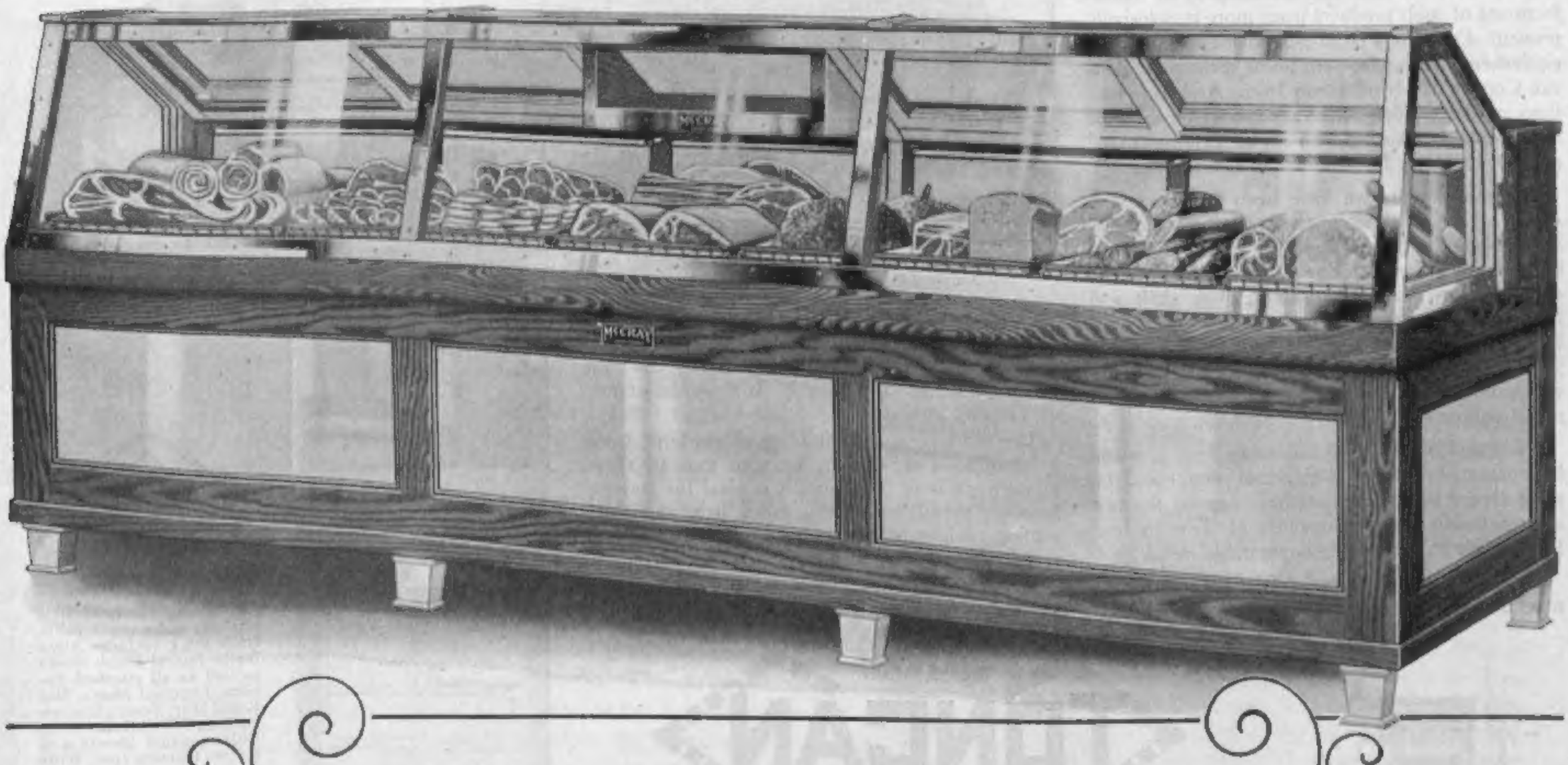
More than a third-of-a-century's experience is embodied in this new McCray case. For every refrigerator need there is a McCray model of suitable size and style, not only in stores and markets, but in hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops and homes, as well.

PURE CORKBOARD INSULATION, sealed with hydrolene cement, insures perfect air-tightness, efficient refrigeration. All McCray models may be used with any type of mechanical or electrical refrigeration. Whatever your need, send now for complete information about McCray equipment to meet your specific purpose.

Food Merchants, ask about our easy payment plan

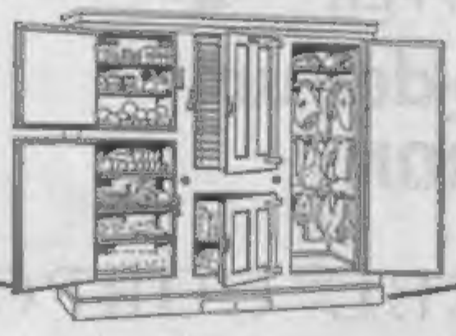
McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION, Dept. 1, Kendallville, Indiana

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS



A New Model for Homes

Popular Cooler for Markets



For Hotels, Institutions, etc.

For Grocery Stores

For Florist Shops

One of the wide range of standard garages made entirely of Toncan Iron (except the doors) by the Wakefield Garage Mfg. Co., Wakefield, Mass.

ENAMELED ON TONCAN IRON FOR PERMANENCE

Look for this label when you buy enameled household appliances. It is a guarantee of lasting satisfaction and a quality product.

LIFE *is* LONG

For Products made of Durable TONCAN IRON

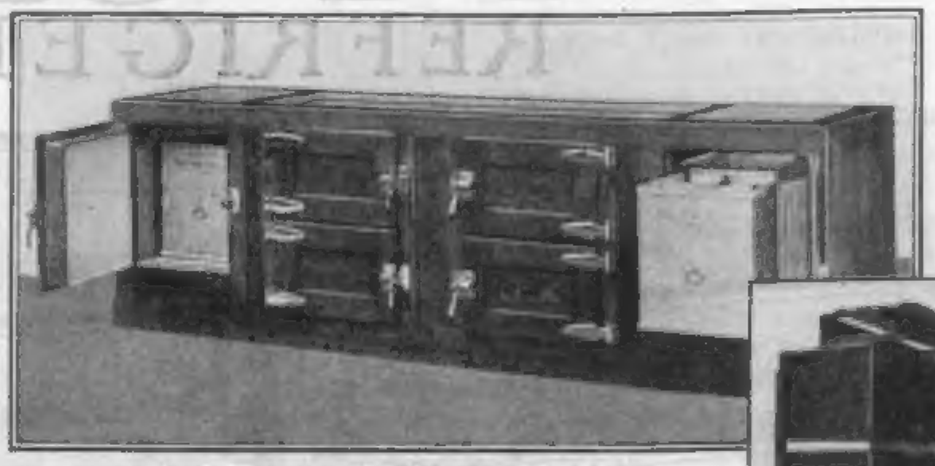
Resists rust and corrosion to a greater extent than any other commercial iron

NEVER before have you been offered metal products that render you more years of usefulness. Never before has the integrity of manufacturers of such products been more conclusively proven. For now a large percentage of the metal equipment you buy for your home is made of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron. And conscientious architects everywhere are specifying this rust and corrosion resisting iron for all exposed metal parts of buildings from homes to skyscrapers.

For many years we have been known as the makers of the finest alloy steels. Our metallurgists are frequently called upon to help automobile builders solve their steel problems. Doubtless the car you drive has a crankshaft, drive shaft and axle made of our steels. And now the same metallurgical experts who formulated the steels that give you added years of service from your car have developed an iron that makes your home and its metal equipment last much longer.

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is made by a patented process. Both actual service and the most severe laboratory tests have proven the rust and corrosion resisting qualities of Toncan Iron far superior to that of any comparable metal.

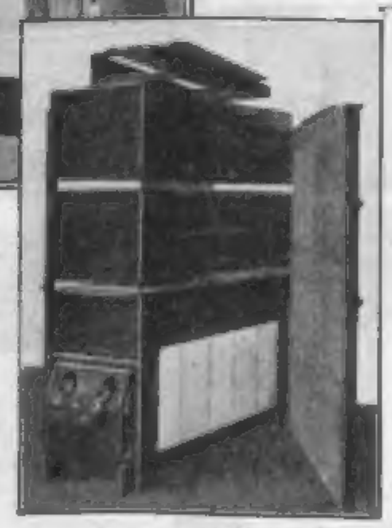
Many makers of stoves, refrigerators, washing machines, furnaces, etc., use Toncan Iron exclusively in their products. Most of them are so proud of the fact that they put the Toncan label on every appliance. Look for it. It's your assurance of a quality product.



The McCray Refrigerator Company of Kendallville, Ind., uses Toncan for ice chambers and freezer cases in various models of coolers and refrigerators.

If you are erecting a building of any kind, from a home to a skyscraper, be sure that all sheet metal work is of Toncan. It is ideal for gutters, flashing, ventilating ducts, metal lath, skylights, roofing, siding, cornices, canopies—in fact, all metal parts exposed to moisture and the elements.

Let us tell you more about Toncan, the super-iron. Write for new book, "The Path to Permanence."



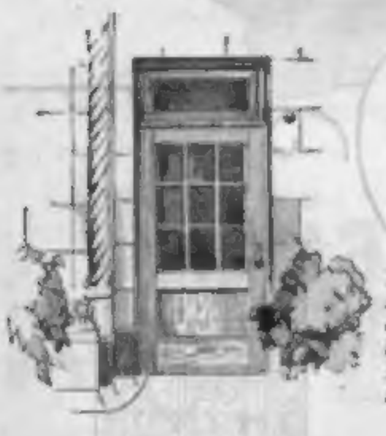
Dryer used in industry, made entirely of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron, by the McCann-Harrison Corporation, Cleveland, O.

No matter where you drive through the country you are almost sure to ride over Toncan Corrugated Culverts. Over 140 steam and electric roads use them, too.

The Reliable Range is one of many in which Toncan Enameling Iron is used.

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.



Toncan Iron is the standard material for exterior doors made by the United Metal Products Co. of Canton, Ohio.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

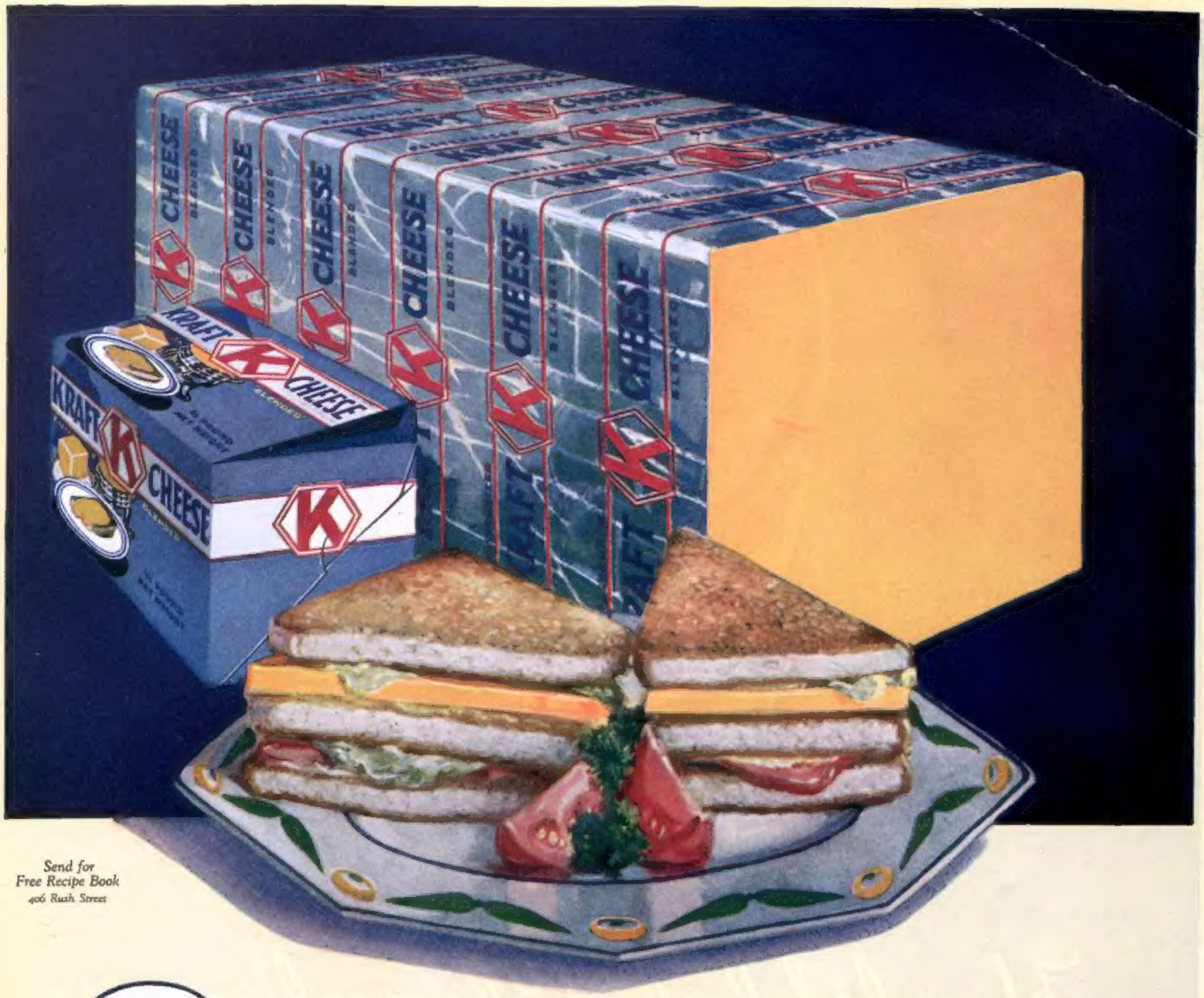
TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS



Send for
Free Recipe Book
406 Rush Street

A Kraft "Club Sandwich"

In this sandwich will be found nearly, if not every, desirable food element of the regular club sandwich, yet the main part is cheese—Kraft Cheese.

And the very first taste of the golden brown toast blended with the delicious, mild, mellow flavor of Kraft Cheese will convince you of the superiority of Kraft quality.

You can have the choice of the best cheese in America simply by asking for Kraft Cheese—we select such cheese for you. Not only select it and ripen it, but we pasteurize it for greater purity, and blend it for the inimitable Kraft flavor. And finally we put our name on it so you may know it when you see it. That's why it's good, easily digested and always the same. That's why it pays to remember to get Kraft Cheese when buying.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, CHICAGO

Kay

The delicious new spread for sandwiches

We have never known a new food product to become popular so quickly. It seems to please everyone's taste. You would never guess it, but Kay is mostly cheese—snow-white, rich, fluffy—Kraft Cream Cheese. To it we have added relish and choice spices (no meat or oils) that make Kay a new product with a new flavor extremely delightful. Try it, it's wonderfully good.

KRAFT K CHEESE

It Slices . . . . . It Cooks . . . . . It Keeps

Open the Way to

Healthful Cleanliness

Simply open the little port-holes in the top of the package and out comes Old Dutch Cleanser to bring you Healthful Cleanliness—so important to every home.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness because it removes the dangerous invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt and grime. It makes everything spick and span, leaves surfaces super-clean, wholesome and hygienic.

Distinctive in quality and character Old Dutch is free from harsh, scratchy grit, it does not make scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities. Under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness.

Old Dutch simplifies housework, it is safe, thorough, economical. There's nothing else like it for porcelain and enamel, aluminum, glassware, cooking utensils, tile, painted woodwork, floors, windows, refrigerators, stoves, etc. Protects the surface and assures its longer life.

Goes farther—lasts longer. As a safeguard to health, as a help to easier cleaning—Use Old Dutch Cleanser.

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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